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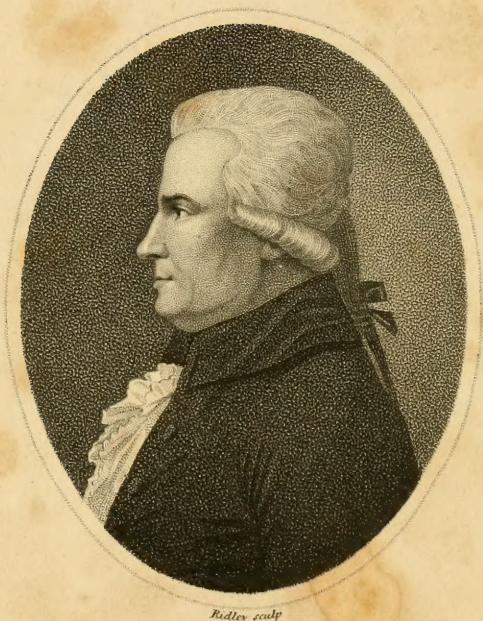
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J.G. Zimmermann.

Published by Verner & Hood, March 1st 1800.

SOLITUDE.

OR

The effect of occasional Retirement

The Mind
The Heart
General Society

IN

In Exile
In Old Age &
On the Bed of Death

In which the Question is considered whether it is easier
To live virtuously in Society or in Solitude

Written Originally

By M. Limmerrman.

*There is a Time
For those whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate Crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low thoughted Vice beneath their feet;
To sooth the Throbbing Passions into peace;
And weep Loose Quiet in her silent walks.*

Thomson's Autumn.

W. Palmer sculp^d



LONDON.

Printed for Verner and Hood, Feb^y. 1800.



SOLITUDE,

WRITTEN ORIGINALLY BY

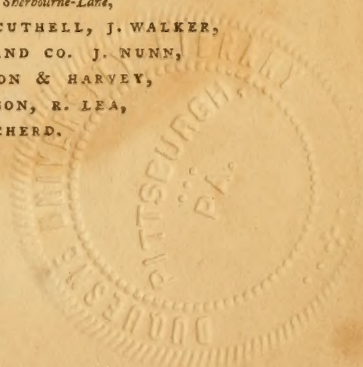
J. G. ZIMMERMAN.

To which are added,
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR;
NOTES HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY;
A COPIOUS INDEX;
AND
SEVEN BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS
BY RIDLEY.



L O N D O N :
Printed by Thomas Maiden, Sherbourne-Lane,
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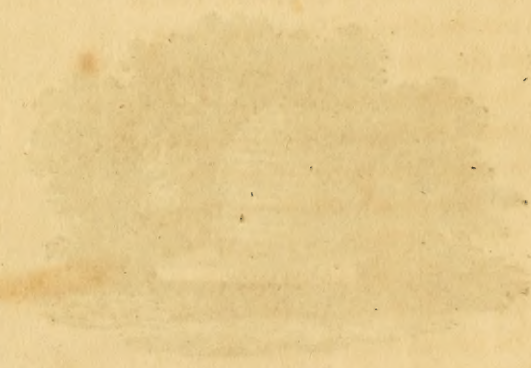
1800.



SOLITUDE

J. G. ZIMMERMAN

NOTES FOR THE STUDENT
OF THE
HISTORICAL AND LITERARY
INSTITUTE
OF THE
UNION
OF AMERICA
BY
J. G. ZIMMERMAN



Gift-Corton Strong Estate - 6.9.51

WRITTEN IN

ZIMMERMAN'S SOLITUDE,

BY A YOUNG LADY.

HAIL! melancholy sage, whose thoughtful eye
Shrunk from the mere spectator's careless gaze,
And in retirement sought the social smile,
The heart-endearing aspect, and the voice
Of soothing tenderness, which Friendship breathes,
And which sounds far more grateful to the ear
Than the soft notes of distant flute, at eve,
Stealing across the waters. ZIMMERMAN!
Thou draw'st not SOLITUDE as others do,
With folded arms, with pensive, Nun-like air,
And tearful eye, averted from mankind.
No! warm, benign, and cheerful, she appears
The Friend of Health, of Piety, of Peace!
The kind Samaritan that heals our woes!
The Nurse of Science, and of future Fame
The gentle harbinger: her meek abode
Is that dear home which still the virtuous heart,
E'en in the 'witching maze of Pleasure's dance,
In wild Ambition's dream, regards with love;
And hopes, with fond Sincerity, to pass
The evening of a long-protracted day
Serenely joyful there!

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PREFACE.

WEAK and delicate minds may, perhaps, be alarmed by the title of this Work. The word "SOLITUDE" may possibly engender melancholy ideas. But they have only to read a few pages to be undeceived. The Author is not one of those extravagant misanthropists who expect that men, formed by nature for the enjoyments of society, and impelled continually towards it by a multitude of powerful and invincible propensities, should seek refuge in forests, and inhabit the dreary cave or lonely cell: he is a friend to the species, a rational philosopher, and a virtuous citizen, who, encouraged by the esteem of his Sovereign, endeavours to enlighten the minds of his fellow-creatures upon a subject of infinite importance to them, the attainment of true felicity.

No writer appears more completely convinced than M. ZIMMERMAN that man is born for society, or feels its duties with more refined sensibility.

It is the nature of human society, and its correspondent duties, which he here undertakes to examine. The important characters of Father, Husband, Son, and Citizen, impose on *Man* a variety of obligations, which are always dear to virtuous minds, and establish between him, his country, his family, and his friends, relations too necessary and attractive to be disregarded.

“ What wonder, therefore, since th’ endearing ties
“ Of passion link the universal kind
“ Of man so close, what wonder if to search
“ This common nature through the various change
“ Of sex, and age, and fortune, and the frame
“ Of each peculiar, draw the busy mind
“ With unresisted charms? The spacious West,
“ And all the teeming regions of the South,
“ Hold not a quarry to the curious flight
“ Of knowledge half so tempting or so fair
“ As Man to Man.”

BUT it is not amidst tumultuous joys and noisy pleasures, in the chimeras of ambition, or the illusions of self-love, in the indulgence of feeling, or the gratification of desire, that men must expect to feel the charms of those mutual
ties

ties which link them so firmly to society. It is not in such enjoyments that men can feel the dignity of those duties, the performance of which *Nature* has rendered productive of so many pleasures, or hope to taste that true felicity which results from an independent mind and a contented heart: a felicity seldom sought after, only because it is so little known, but which every individual may find within his own bosom. Who, alas! does not constantly experience the necessity of entering into that sacred asylum to search for consolation under the real or imaginary misfortunes of life, or to alleviate indeed more frequently the fatigue of its painful pleasures? Yes, all men, from the mercenary trader, who sinks under the anxiety of his daily task, to the proud statesman, intoxicated by the incense of popular applause, experience the desire of terminating their arduous career. Every bosom feels an anxiety for repose, and fondly wishes to steal from the vortex of a busy and

a 4 perturbed

perturbed life to enjoy the tranquillity of Solitude.

“ Hackney’d in business, wearied at that oar
 “ Which thousands, once chain’d fast to, quit no more,
 “ But which, when life at ebb runs weak and low,
 “ All wish, or seem to wish, they could forego.
 “ The statesman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade,
 “ Pants for the refuge of a peaceful shade;
 “ Where, all his long anxieties forgot
 “ Amidst the charms of a sequester’d spot,
 “ Or recollected only to gild o’er,
 “ And add a smile to, what was sweet before,
 “ He may possess the joys he thinks he sees,
 “ Lay his old age upon the lap of ease,
 “ Improve the remnant of his wasted span,
 “ And, having liv’d a *trifler*, die A MAN.”

It is under the peaceful shades of Solitude that the mind regenerates and acquires fresh force; it is there alone that the happy can enjoy the fullness of felicity, or the miserable forget their woe; it is there that the bosom of sensibility experiences its most delicious emotions; it is there that creative genius frees itself from the thralldom of society, and surrenders itself to the impetuous rays of an ardent imagination. To this desired goal all our ideas
 and

and desires perpetually tend. “ There
“ is,” says Dr. JOHNSON, “ scarcely
“ any writer who has not celebrated
“ the happiness of rural privacy, and
“ delighted himself and his readers
“ with the melody of birds, the whif-
“ per of groves, and the murmurs of
“ rivulets; nor any man eminent for
“ extent of capacity, or greatness of
“ exploits, that has not left behind him
“ some memorials of lonely wisdom
“ and silent dignity.”

THE original Work from which the following pages are selected, consists of four large volumes, which have acquired the universal approbation of the German Empire, and obtained the suffrages of an Empress celebrated for the superior brilliancy of her mind, and who has signified her approbation in the most flattering manner.

ON the 26th of January, 1785, a courier, dispatched by the Russian Envoy at Hamburgh, presented M. ZIMMERMAN with a small casket, in the name of her Majesty the *Empress*
of

of Russia. The casket contained a ring set round with diamonds of an extraordinary size and lustre; and a gold medal, bearing on one side the portrait of the Empress, and on the other the date of the happy reformation of the Russian Empire. This present the Empress accompanied with a letter, written with her own hand, containing these remarkable words:—" To M. " ZIMMERMAN, Counsellor of State " and Physician to his Britannic Majesty, to thank him for the excellent " Precepts he has given to Mankind in " his Treatise upon SOLITUDE."



entered on his course of study, when his industry was for a while interrupted by the sudden death of his affectionate father ; a misfortune which bereaved him of his ablest instructor, and tore his heart with the severest affliction ; but as time softened his filial sorrows, he renewed his studies with unceasing diligence and ardour.

The various and frequently complicated systems of philosophy which have been from time to time introduced into the world, excited his curiosity and stimulated his industry ; and, to render himself a perfect master of this extensive branch of learning, he placed himself under the tuition of *Brunner*, one of the most zealous disciples of the *Baron de Wolf* ; but the professor, unfortunately, was only skilled in the metaphysical doctrines of his great master ; and, instead of leading the mind of his pupil into the broad and flowery paths of real ethics, he bewildered him in the dark and thorny mazes of vain and useless learning, until *M. Tribolet* and *J. Stapfer*, two ministers

of the gospel, equally renowned for exalted piety, ardent genius, and extensive knowledge, happily extricated him from this dangerous labyrinth, and taught him, as he frequently afterwards acknowledged with the warmest gratitude, the sound doctrines of true philosophy.

Having passed nearly five years at the university, he began to think of applying the stores of information he had acquired to the purposes of active life; and, with a view of consulting his mother respecting the profession he should choose, he visited, towards the end of the year 1746, his maternal relations at Morges, where she then resided. But, alas! the kind assistance which he fondly hoped to derive upon this important subject from her judgment and opinion, death had rendered it impossible for him to obtain. Distressing, however, as this unexpected event was at such a juncture, it afforded him the advantage of following more freely his own unbiassed inclination; a circumstance which is generally conceived to contribute to success; and, after

mentioning the subject cursorily to a few relations, he immediately resolved to follow the practice of physic. The extraordinary fame of *Haller*, who had recently been promoted by King George the Second to a professorship in the university of Gottingen, refounded at this time throughout Europe; and *Zimmerman* determined to prosecute his studies in physic under the auspices of this great and celebrated master. He was admitted into the university on the 12th of September, 1747, and obtained his degree on the 14th of August, 1751. The promising genius of the young pupil induced the professor to receive him with every token of esteem. He ordered an apartment to be provided for him under his own roof; assisted him by his advice; superintended his studies; and behaved to him throughout his future life as a parent, a preceptor, a patron, and a friend. *Zinn*, *Caldani*, and several other eminent men, were at this time studying under *Haller*. The example of the teacher inspired his pupils with the spirit of industrious exertion; and, by their indefatigable in-

industry, and mutual endeavours to prosecute and perfect his discoveries, they not only forwarded the progress of medical science, but placed the philosophy of the human body on a more sure and an almost entirely new basis. The genius of *Zimmerman*, however, was too powerful and expansive to be confined exclusively to the study of medicine: the frame and temper of the human mind, natural philosophy, and particularly mathematics, engaged a considerable portion of his attention, and, by the assistance of *M. Segner*, rewarded his toils with a large fund of valuable information. Politics, also, both as they relate to the municipal government of nations, and as they embrace that more important subject which has of late years been so well known in Europe under the denomination of *statistics*, did not escape his investigation. To relax his mind from these severer studies, he cultivated a complete knowledge of the English language, and became so great a proficient in the polite and elegant literature of this country, that the

British Poets, particularly *Shakespeare*, *Pope*, and *Thomson*, were as familiar to him as his favourite authors *Homer* and *Virgil*. Every moment, in short, of the four years he passed at Gottingen, was employed in the useful and ornamental improvement of his capacious mind, which appears to have been stimulated by a secret presage of his future greatness: for, in a letter written during this period, to his friend Dr. *Tissot*, of Berne, he says, “ I pass every hour of my life “ here like a man who is determined “ not to be forgot by posterity;” and even so early as the year 1751, he produced a work in which he discovered the dawnings of that extraordinary genius which afterwards spread abroad with so much effulgence.* But the ardour of his mind imposed upon his corporeal frame a task too laborious to be continually sustained; and at length his unceasing assiduities, and close application, af-

* *Dissertatio Physiologica de irritabilitate quam publicè defendet.* JOH. GEORGIUS ZIMMERMAN, Goet. 4to. 1741.

fectcd his health, and produced many alarming symptoms of that grievous malady the *hypochondria*.

“ For knowledge is as food, and needs no less

“ Her temperance over appetite to know,

“ In measure what the mind may well contain ;

“ Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns

“ Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.”

To divert his mind, and dissipate the baneful effects of this disorder, he quitted the university, and travelled for a few months through Holland, where he formed an acquaintance with the celebrated *Gaubius* ; and afterwards visited Paris, where his great abilities, as a scholar and a physician, soon rendered him a conspicuous character. The amusements of Paris, however, and perhaps the envy which his superior merits raised against him in the minds of certain professional competitors, made his residence in this vitiated and tumultuous metropolis irksome and disagreeable to him ; and towards the year 1752 he returned to Berne, where he enjoyed the double satisfaction of acquiring a considerable degree of practice, and of being received by all his former friends

with open arms and unfeigned cordiality. During the early part of his residence at Berne, he published many excellent essays on various subjects in the *Helvetic Journal*; particularly a work on the talents and erudition of *Haller*. This grateful tribute to the just merits of his friend and benefactor, he afterwards enlarged into a complete history of his life and writings, as a scholar, a philosopher, a physician, and a man. It was published in 1755, at Zurich, in one large volume octavo, and received, as in the opinion of *Tiffot* it highly deserved, with uncommon testimonies of applause.

The health of *Haller*, which had suffered greatly by the severity of study, seemed to decline in proportion as his fame increased; and, obtaining permission to leave Gottingen, he repaired to Berne, to visit his friends, and to try, by the advice and assistance of *Zimmerman*, to restore, if possible, his decayed constitution. The benefits he experienced in a short time were so great, that he determined to relinquish his professorship, and

to pass the remainder of his days amidst the caresses of his friends, and the comforts of his family, in this city. He accordingly requested *Zimmerman* to settle his affairs at the university, and to accompany *Madame Haller* and her household to the new abode which had been previously provided at Berne for their reception. This embassy he performed with a pleasure flowing not only from the happiness he anticipated from the company and conversation of this agreeable and friendly family, but from a cause which was perhaps still more interesting to his heart. In the family of *Haller* lived a young lady, nearly related to him, whose maiden name was *Meley*, and whose husband, *M. Stek*, had been some time dead. This lady, besides a sound and highly cultivated understanding, a refined taste, a quick and lively fancy, and a very brilliant imagination, possessed, what is perhaps superior even to these endowments, those polite and elegant manners, that amiable mildness and serenity of temper, and that winning soft-

ness of voice, which render the sex so irresistibly charming, and insure the happiness of a husband. *Zimmerman*, whose devotion to study had not extinguished the tender sensibilities of his heart, became deeply enamoured of her charms. He offered her his hand in marriage; and, after passing some time in the gentle assiduities of love, they were united at the altar in the bands of mutual affection. During the short time Heaven permitted her to bless his arms, he experienced in her fondness a soft refuge from worldly cares, and a secure asylum for his afflictions.

Soon after his union with this amiable woman, the situation of Physician to the town of Brugg became vacant, which he was invited by the inhabitants to fill. The regular salary annexed to this appointment was extremely small, considering the extent and population of the town; but there is something particularly fascinating to a sentimental mind in the place of early infancy; and when *Zimmerman* considered the number of

relations and friends by whom he would be surrounded, he relinquished all the pleasures and advantages he enjoyed at Berne, and returned to the place of his nativity, with a view to settle himself there for life. The practice which he immediately acquired throughout the town and surrounding country was, like that of his friend *Dr. Hotze*, of Richterfswyl, of whose amiable character and delightful situation he has drawn so pleasing a picture in the following Essay, more extensive than profitable. His time, however, was not so entirely engrossed by the duties of his profession as to prevent him from indulging his mind, always eager to acquire new information, in the pursuits of literature; and he read almost every work of reputed merit, whether of Physic, Morals, Philosophy, Belles Lettres, History, Voyages, or even Novels and Romances, which the various presses of Europe from time to time produced. The novels and romances of England, in particular, afforded him great delight. The thoughts and opini-

ons which occurred to him during this course of reading, he frequently committed to writing in the form of essays, and inserted many of them in a periodical paper called *The Monitor*, which was then published by the Philological Society at Zurich.

In the course of time *Zimmerman* added to the character of *husband* the pleasing relation of *father*, and enjoyed, in the birth of a son, and afterwards of a daughter, all that could fill the bosom of the fondest parent with joy; health, competency, and domestic comfort. The company of his wife's mother also, a woman of extraordinary understanding, and singular endowments, and who formed a part of his household, contributed not a little to increase his felicity.

But perfect felicity is not the lot of man; and *Zimmerman*, though surrounded by every enjoyment which is usually conceived to bestow happiness, suffered a secret uneasiness to prey upon his mind. The amusements which Brugg afforded were extremely confined; and he fre-

quently sighed for the enjoyment of that general society in which he had found so much satisfaction and delight at Berne, at Gottingen, and at Paris. It is true that he had many amiable friends at Brugg, but they had all their own concerns to attend to, and had little time to devote to the company of any individual. A man of letters requires a public library and periodical publications to resort to, new acquaintances to converse with, professional associates to whom he can communicate his various discoveries; all of which *Zimmerman* was in a great measure deprived of at Brugg; and the want of these resources made such a deep impression on his mind, that he fell into a state of nervous languor, or rather into a peevish dejection of spirits, and neglecting all public society, devoted himself almost entirely to a retired and sedentary life. His family was almost the only company he conversed with; study and composition the sole amusement of his leisure hours; and a correspondence with a few distant friends,

particularly Dr. *Tiffot*, Professor *Bonnett*, Dr. *Macard*, Dr. *Lettſom*, and the celebrated Mr. *Deluc*, her Majesty's librarian at Windſor, his only relief againſt the melancholy and vexation that oppreſſed his mind. There is an art in being happy, which every man, who enjoys health, leiſure, and competency, may in all places attain, *omne ſolum eſt patria fortis*; but every perſon is not poſſeſſed of it; and there are, indeed, men of very extraordinary talents, and great abilities, who are ſometimes ſo weak, or rather ſo fooliſh, as to deſpiſe it. It is eaſy to image the happineſs of particular conditions until we can be content with no other; but there is no condition whatever under which a certain degree of happineſs may not be attained by thoſe who are inclined to be happy.

The great *Haller* conceived it to be of as much importance to happineſs to gain the *eſteem* as the *admiration* of mankind; and *Zimmerman* might upon this ſubject have followed, with infinite advantage, the example of his illuſtrious

friend, who, by condescending to indulge the innocent humour and frailties of those around him, rendered himself beloved by all who knew him ; and by this means, while he promoted the happiness of others, insured his own. “ But “ a man of letters,” as Dr. *Johnson* observes, “ for the most part spends in the “ privacies of study that season of life in “ which the manners are to be softened “ into ease, and polished into elegance ; “ and when he has gained knowledge “ enough to be respected, has neglected “ the minuter acts by which he might “ have pleased.” *Zimmerman*, indeed, frequently blamed himself for indulging this saturnine disposition, and was far from considering retirement as a duty ; but he seldom had courage enough to renounce the pleasures it bestowed on him ; and it was by reflecting deeply on its effects, that he was enabled so justly to appreciate its advantages.

The love of Solitude, which this disposition so strongly engendered in his mind, was not, however, suffered to interrupt in any degree the regular dis-

charge of his professional duties; all appearance of depression vanished the moment he approached the bed of sickness; and he seldom visited a patient whom he did not afterwards find a friend.

Under these circumstances, this excellent and able man passed fourteen years of an uneasy life; but neither his increasing practice, the success of his literary pursuits,* the exhortations of his friends, nor the endeavours of his family, were able to remove the melancholy and discontent that preyed continually on his mind. The theatre on which he acted seemed too confined for the exercise of his great and extraordinary talents; and his friends conceiving that his mind might be restored to its former tone, by changing the scene, and enlarging his sphere of action, endeavoured to procure him promotion. After

* The following is a correct list of his writings in the order in which they appear to have been published.

1. *Dissertatio Inauguralis de Irritabilitate*, 4to. Gottingen, 1751.
2. *The Life of Professor-Haller*, 8vo. Zurich, 1755.

some fruitless efforts to please him, he was, in the beginning of April, 1768, appointed, by the interest of Dr. *Tiffot*, and *Baron Hockstetten*, to the post of principal Physician to the King of Great Britain, at Hanover; and he departed from Brugg, to take possession of his new office, on the 4th of July, in the same year. But the hopes with which his friends had fondly flattered themselves upon this subject, were, alas! in a

3. Thoughts on the Earthquake which was felt on the 9th of December, 1755, in Swisserland, 4to. 1756.
4. The Subversion of Lisbon, a Poem, 4to. 1756.
5. Meditations on Solitude, 8vo. 1756.
6. Essay on National Pride, 8vo. Zurich, 1764.
7. Treatise on Experience in Physic, 8vo. Zurich, 1764.
8. Treatise on the Dysentery, 8vo. Zurich, 1767.
9. Essay on Solitude, 4to. 1773.
10. Essay on Lavater's Physiognomy, Hanover, 1778.
11. Essays, consisting of agreeable and instructive Tales, 8vo, 1779.
12. Conversations with the King of Prussia.
13. Treatise on Frederick the Great, 1788.
14. Select Views of the Life, Reign, and Character of Frederick the Great.
15. A Variety of Works published in the Helvetic Journal, and in the Journals of the Physiological Society at Zurich.
16. A Work on Zoology.

short time, sorrowfully disappointed. The carriage in which he and his family were conveyed to their new residence was overturned just as it was entering the gates of Hanover, and his wife's mother received a compound fracture in her leg. In three days after his arrival death deprived him of a valuable friend, one of the Lords of the Regency, who had long entertained for him a sincere affection, and most cordial esteem. His colleague, jealous of his superior merit and increasing fame, contrived to vex and thwart him in the discharge of his official duties. A local disorder, under which he had laboured for many years, and which was frequently attended with excruciating pain, grew worse; and, to add still more to his misfortunes, the health of *Madame Zimmerman*, which always very considerably influenced his own, visibly declined. Happily, amidst this variety of vexations, his extraordinary merit forced him into very great and extensive practice, which, together with the company and correspondence he regularly maintained with

his friends, engrossed his time, and prevented the recollection of his cares from preying on his mind. Scarcely, however, had he recovered his health and spirits, when he was again plunged into the deepest affliction by the loss of his amiable wife, who, after many years of lingering sufferance, and pious resignation, expired in his arms, on the 23d of June, 1770; an event which he has described in the following Work * with elegant tenderness and sensibility. The deep and poignant sorrow he felt on this misfortune, increased the local complaint under which he laboured to so dreadful a degree, that he was obliged, on the 11th of June, 1771, to repair to Berlin, and place himself under the care of *M. Mickel*, a celebrated surgeon, for the purpose of undergoing an operation. It was performed with great skill; and he received such perfect relief, as to be able to enjoy society always with vivacity, and frequently with ease. This period, indeed, seems to have been the happiest of his life: he had the inexpressible gra-

* Page 246.

tification of finding himself relieved from a long and cruel complaint, of enjoying the charms of a most agreeable private society, of being universally received with the greatest attention, and of becoming acquainted with many literary characters in Germany. His reception on his return to Hanover was equally pleasing, and he flattered himself that he should at last enjoy a permanent state of health. But he seemed, alas! destined to experience a constant vicissitude of pleasure and of pain; for, in a short time after his return, he experienced another source of inquietude in the death of his wife's mother, who, except his son and daughter, whose education she had undertaken to superintend, was the only companion of his domestic hours. His children too, those common comforts to a parent under affliction, were to him additional causes of the keenest anguish and the deepest distress. His daughter had, from her earliest infancy, discovered symptoms of consumption, so strong and inveterate as to defy all the powers

of medicine. During their residence in Swisserland, a young man, “as handsome in his person as he was amiable in the qualities of his mind,” had, after a long intimacy, conceived a violent attachment for her: he was “the object of her first, of her only affection;” and it was mutually agreed by their parents to unite them, in proper time, in the bands of matrimony; but, soon after her removal to Hanover, it seems that, for some cause, which does not clearly appear, he put a period to his existence. This dreadful event gave a violent shock to her feeble constitution, and threw her into a languishing complaint, which at length ended in a hæmorrhage of the lungs, and in the summer of 1781 destroyed her life. The character of this amiable girl, and the feelings of her afflicted father on this melancholy event, his own pen has very affectingly described in the following Work.*

But the state and condition of his son was still more distressing to his feelings

than even the death of his beloved daughter. This unhappy youth, who, while he was at the university, discovered the finest fancy and the soundest understanding, either from a malignant and inveterate species of scrophula, with which he had been periodically tortured from his earliest infancy, or from too close an application to study, fell very early in life into a state of bodily infirmity and mental languor, which terminated, in the month of December, 1777, in a total derangement of his faculties; and he has now continued, in spite of every endeavour to restore him, a perfect idiot for more than twenty years.

The domestic comforts of *Zimmerman* were now almost entirely destroyed: he had no one, except *Madame de Dering*, the sister of *M. Strube*, Secretary of State, with whom he could “hold communion sweet and large;” and she, to complete his misery, was obliged soon afterwards to leave Hanover, and attend her husband to a distant part of Germany, where he had lately been appointed to a new employment. The unhappy

and comfortless situation of *Zimmerman*, with whom she had lived on terms of the purest friendship during his residence at Hanover, made a deep impression on her mind, and called forth all the tenderest feelings of her heart. Wisely conceiving that the only chance of preventing him from falling a victim to his affections, was by uniting him once more in matrimony with some object worthy of his choice, she carefully examined the character and disposition of her female friends, and at length fixed upon the daughter of *M. Berger*, the King's Physician at *Lunenbourg*, and niece to *Baron de Berger*, as a person in every respect qualified to make him happy. *Madame de Dering* managed the introduction with great delicacy and address; and had the pleasure to observe, soon afterwards, that the sentiments of the parties corresponded perfectly with her own. A friendship founded on a reciprocity of taste and disposition, ripened very quickly into the tenderest affection; and they were united to each other in marriage about the beginning

of October, 1782. *Zimmerman* was nearly thirty years older than his bride : but genius and good sense are always young ; and the similarity of their characters obliterated all recollection of disparity of age. She was well acquainted with the English language ; spoke Italian with great elegance and correctness ; revised his compositions with critical taste and sound judgment ; and continued to the last moment of her life his tutelar deity, a pleasing companion of his prosperity, and his support and consolation in adversity. He went with her into company, had frequent parties at his own house, and enjoyed an agreeable society, which restored him occasionally to his former gaiety and good humour.

It was at this period that he composed his great and favourite work on *Solitude*, thirty years after the publication of his first essay on the subject. It consists of four volumes in quarto ; the two first of which were published in 1784 ; and the remaining volumes in 1786. “ A work,” says *Tiffot*, “ which will always be read with as much profit as

“ pleasure, as it contains the most fu-
“ blime conceptions, the greatest saga-
“ city of observation, an extreme pro-
“ priety of application, much ability in
“ the choice of examples, and (what I
“ cannot commend too highly, because I
“ can say nothing that does him so much
“ honour, nor give him any praise that
“ would be more gratifying to his own
“ heart) a constant anxiety for the inte-
“ rests of *religion*, with the sacred and
“ solemn truths of which his mind was
“ most devoutly impressed.”

During his residence at Berlin, in 1771, he had been invited to Potzdam by the King of Prussia, and had frequent conferences with his Majesty respecting the state of his health. The particulars of these conferences he communicated by letter to a friend, who, anxious to promulgate the honour *Zimmerman* had received, shewed it very injudiciously to several persons, from whose communications it was, without the author's consent, at length published ; but in so false and mutilated a state, that he was induced to print a genuine copy of it

in his own name. The king, while he was reviewing his troops in Silesia in the autumn of the year 1785, caught a severe cold, which settled on his lungs, and in the course of nine months brought on symptoms of an approaching dropsy. *Zimmerman*, by two very flattering letters of the 6th and 16th of June, 1786, was solicited by his Majesty to attend him, and he arrived at Potsdam on the 23d of the same month; but he immediately discovered that his royal patient had little hopes of recovery; and, after trying the effect of such medicines as he thought most likely to afford relief, he returned to Hanover on the 11th of July following,* where he published a very particular and interesting account of his journey, and of the various conversations he had had with the King. He had, indeed, from his youth, attended to the history of the King of Prussia with that interest with which the man of genius follows the career of a great character, and entertained a high

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* The King only survived the departure of his Physician five weeks: he died on the 11th of August, 1786.

admiration of the talents, and a firm attachment to the person, of this hero. But it was not *Frederick* alone who discovered his abilities. When, in the year 1788, the melancholy state of the King of England's health alarmed the affection of his subjects, and produced an anxiety throughout Europe for his recovery, the government of Hanover dispatched *Zimmerman* to Holland, that he might be nearer London in case his presence there became necessary; and he continued at the Hague until all danger was over. The invitation of the discerning *Frederick*, and the selection of the Hanoverian Minister, who had for twenty years witnessed his abilities, gave new and flattering testimonies of his medical skill, and afforded him that highly pleasing gratification which accompanies a consciousness of the public esteem. Beloved by his particular friends, enjoying the confidence of three most potent sovereigns, possessing the voluntary approbation of the public, an ample fortune, and all the comforts of domestic life, his situation seemed to afford him

once more the prospect of returning happiness. But we must not estimate the prospects of felicity by the complexion of exterior circumstances. Disease frequently racked his body with excruciating anguish; and his mind, enervated, perhaps, by the blandishments of prosperity, occasionally recoiled upon itself, and plunged him into languor and despondency. A new series of vexations also, proceeding from two different causes, sprung up at this period, and continued to poison all the sources of his happiness during the remainder of his life.

Zimmerman seems to have either forgot or despised the danger which always accompanies the task of writing the history of monarchs during the lives of their contemporaries; but he admired the character of the *King of Prussia* with enthusiastic ardour; and even so far from viewing it in the light in which it was placed by a work written by *Mirabeau*, and published in 1788, intitled, "*The Prussian Monarchy*," that he boldly entered the lists in favour of his royal friend, and published first a pamphlet,

intituled, “ *A Defence of Frederick the Great against the Count de Mirabeau :*” and afterwards, in the year 1790, a work in three volumes octavo, intitled, “ *Select Views of the Life, Character, and Reign of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia.*” These works, besides many strong political observations and anecdotes of particular characters, contained many severe animadversions on the irreligion which prevailed at Berlin, and drew down on the head of their author all the rancour of private animosity and party spirit. Truth, however, was in general on his side ; and he ought to have treated the malevolent censures and illiberal attacks of his opponents with the cold and silent contempt they deserved ; but men of irritable nerves are apt to be deeply affected by trifles, and the virulence with which he was pursued on this occasion gave him much vexation.

The second cause of his chagrin, at this period, arose from his strong attachment to the cause of religion, the interests of human nature, and the danger

to which he saw all social order was imminently exposed. It was the anxiety and mortification he experienced upon this occasion that gave the fatal blow to his declining health, and at length deprived him prematurely of his existence; for every thing that related to the happiness not merely of individuals, but of mankind in general, was extremely dear to him; and he might well exclaim,

Homo sum, nihil humani à me alienum puto.

Morality and politics, or those principles on which the happiness of private life and the security of public order so essentially depend, had ever been subjects of his attention. The political productions of *Montesquieu* and *Rousseau*, especially those two celebrated works, *The Spirit of Laws*, and *The Social Contract*, he had deeply studied; and his writings in general, but more particularly his works on *National Pride and Solitude*, demonstrate his constant anxiety for the public welfare. The celebrity of *Rousseau*, and the prevailing propensity to follow his political tenets, caused him to regret the many erroneous posi-

tions contained in *The Social Contract*, and induced him to refute those parts of it in which the author endeavours to sap the foundation of all religious principles. In composing his *Essay on Solitude*, he was led to inquire into the rise, the progress, and the principles, of different religious sects, and to estimate their probable influence and effects upon governments; and he became firmly persuaded, to use the expression of *Tissot*, that they are “the cuckow’s eggs, which
“can never be permitted to be hatched
“without endangering the public tranquillity.” A new and extraordinary society had sprung up under his own observation, which engaged his whole attention, and which well merited that of the civilized world, since it is now clear that the great object of it was no less than to abolish all religion, to subvert social order, and to destroy thereby the happiness of mankind. This confederacy, which was denominated “*The Secret Society of the Illuminated*,” had become extremely formidable in Germany; and *Zimmerman*, well acquaint-

ed with the pernicious tendency of its principles, earnestly endeavoured to oppose them, by interesting those whom it most concerned to prevent their effects. The pretence of its members was the *happiness of the people*; and, supposing this happiness to be incompatible with every species of religion and civil establishment at present existing, they cried with one voice, “*Let us destroy them all, and raze their very foundations.*” It included, in short, among its dark designs, the whole of the doctrine which the Jacobins of Paris have since so fatally put in practice; and it has been proved, by the most irrefragable documents,* that they not only maintained an intimate correspondence together long before the revolution, but that the destruction of the Christian religion, and the subversion of every throne, and of all governments, was, ever since the year 1776, the secret aim and sole object of these orders. They adopted, in

* See Memoirs for the Plenipotentiaries assembled at Soissons, in which is demonstrated how prejudicial the society of Jesuits is to church and state.

short, that execrable observation known and celebrated in France, and generally attributed to *Diderot*: “ *Mankind will*
“ *never be perfectly happy and free, un-*
“ *til the last of kings shall be strangled*
“ *with the bowels of the last of priests.*” The society of the *Illuminated* was composed of five distinct classes of members, who were founded, prepared, and raised step by step, as they discovered themselves worthy to be trusted with its mischievous mysteries. This mode of introduction, so consonant to the nature of the assembly, was first suggested, in the year 1782, by *Baron de Knigge*; and, by the insinuating manners and captivating language which the principal managers well knew how to use, the number of affiliated members increased from day to day. Many honest men had grieved in silence, on perceiving the evils which were likely to result from the baleful doctrines propagated, with equal art and industry, by this dangerous combination: but *Zimmerman* was the first who had the courage to unveil the dangerous principles of these new

philosophers, and to exhibit to the eyes of the German Princes the risk they ran in neglecting to oppose the progress of so formidable a league. He convinced many of them, and particularly the Emperor *Leopold the Second*, that the views of these *illuminated* conspirators were the destruction of Christianity, and the subversion of all regular government ; and that many courtiers, ministers, judges, officers in the army, prelates of the Roman church, an immense number of inferior ecclesiastics, and even some of the sovereign princes of Germany, were not only tainted by the new doctrines, but active members of the society. These exertions, while they contributed to lessen the danger which threatened his adopted country, greatly impaired his health. Deeply impressed, however, with the importance of his cause, he prosecuted his labours with unremitting attention, and devoted the hours of repose, both early in the morning, and late in the evening, to this arduous task. He seems, indeed, to have been urged by something like personal consideration ;

for, in a letter which he wrote to his friend Dr. *Tiffot*, on the 4th of October, 1794, he says, “ I may yet, before the
“ year expires, become a poor distressed
“ emigrant, forced to leave his house
“ with the dear partner of his cares,
“ without knowing where to hide his
“ head, or find a bed on which to die;”
and certainly the invasion of the electorate, the sacking of Hanover, and the necessity of abandoning it, were at that time much to be feared; for negotiation alone saved a country which its arms were incapable of defending. These sentiments announce the deep depression of his mind, and evince the loss of that firm tone and vigorous exertion which was necessary to support his last endeavours to repel the impending calamity. His spirits, indeed, had received a shock from which they were unable to recover, even when the danger was removed. In the month of November, 1794, he was obliged to have recourse to strong opiates to procure even a short repose: his appetite decreased; his strength failed him; and he became so

weak and emaciated, that, in January, 1795, when he was induced to visit a few particular patients in his carriage, it was painful to him to write a prescription, and he frequently fainted while ascending to the room. These symptoms were followed by a dizziness in his head, which obliged him to relinquish all business. At length the axis of his brain gave way, and reduced him to such a state of mental imbecility, that he was haunted continually by an idea that the enemy was plundering his house, and that he and his family were reduced to a state of misery and want. His medical friends, particularly Dr. *Wichman*, by whom he was constantly attended, contributed their advice and assistance to restore him to health; and conceiving that a journey, and change of air, were the best remedies that could be applied, they sent him to Eutin, in the Duchy of Holstein, where he continued three months, and, about the month of June, 1795, returned to Hano-ver greatly recovered. But the fatal dart had infixcd itself too deeply to be

entirely removed; he soon afterwards relapsed into his former imbecility, and barely existed in lingering sufferance for many months, refusing to take any medicines, and scarcely any food. He frequently said to his physicians, “ *My death I perceive will be slow and painful;*” and, about fourteen hours before he died, he exclaimed, “ *Leave me to myself; I am dying.*” At length his emaciated body and exhausted mind sunk beneath the burden of mortality, and he expired, without a groan, on the 7th of October, 1795.



SOLITUDE;

OR,

The Influence of occasional Retirement

UPON THE

Mind and the Heart.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

INTRODUCTION.

SOLITUDE is that intellectual state in which the mind voluntarily surrenders itself to its own reflections. The philosopher, therefore, who withdraws his attention from every external object to the contemplation of his own ideas, is not less solitary than he who abandons society, and resigns himself entirely to the calm enjoyments of lonely life.

THE word "Solitude" does not necessarily import a total retreat from the world and its concerns: the dome of domestic society, a rural village, or the library of a learned friend, may respectively become the seat of Solitude, as well as

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the silent shade of some sequestered spot far removed from all connection with mankind.

A PERSON may be frequently solitary without being alone.* The haughty Baron, proud of his illustrious descent, is solitary unless he is surrounded by his equals; a profound reasoner is solitary at the tables of the witty and the gay. The mind may be as abstracted amidst a numerous assembly, as much withdrawn from every surrounding object, as retired and concentrated in itself, as solitary, in short, as a monk in his cloister, or a hermit in his cave. Solitude, indeed, may exist amidst the tumultuous intercourse of an agitated city, as well as in the peaceful shades of rural retirement; at London and at Paris, as well as on the plains of Thebes and the deserts of Nitria.†

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* And also, according to the well known line, "*Nunquam minus solus quàm solus,*" never less alone than when alone.

† "The Solitude," says *Montaigne*, "which I am fond of myself, and recommend to others, is that which enables me to withdraw my affections and thoughts into myself so as to restrain and check my desires and cares without impeding my proceedings. To say the truth, LOCAL SOLITUDE rather expands and sets me at large: I the more willingly embark in the affairs of state, and in the business of the world, when I am alone. At the Louvre, and in the crowd of the court, I keep within my own sphere; the throng makes me retire into myself; and I never entertain myself so wantonly, so licentious, and so singularly, as in places of respect and ceremonious prudence. I am constitutionally

THE mind, when withdrawn from external objects, adopts, freely and extensively, the dictates of its own ideas, and implicitly follows the taste, the temperament, the inclination, and the genius, of its possessor. Sauntering through the cloisters of the Magdalen Convent at Hildesheim, I could not observe, without a smile, an aviary of Canary birds, which had been bred in the cell of a female devotee. A gentleman of Brabant lived five-and-twenty years without ever going out of his house, entertaining himself during that long period with forming a magnificent cabinet of pictures and paintings. Even unfortunate captives, who are doomed to perpetual imprisonment, may soften the rigours of their fate, by resigning themselves, as far as their situation will permit, to the ruling passion of their souls. *Michael Ducret*, the Swiss philosopher, while he was confined in the castle of Aarburg, in the canton of Berne, in Switzerland, measured the height of the Alps: and while the mind of *Baron Trenck*, during his

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imprisonment

tionally no enemy to the bustle of a court. I have spent part of my life, and am capable of behaving cheerfully in great companies, provided it be now and then, and at my own times: but there is an effeminacy of manners, a puerility of judgment, prevailing there that attaches me by force to SOLITUDE."—Mont. Ess. B. 3. Ch. 3. And in another Essay he observes, " True Solitude is such as may be enjoyed even in populous cities, and the courts of kings, though more commodiously apart." B. 1. Ch. 38.

imprisonment at *Magdebourg*, was, with incessant anxiety, fabricating projects to effect his escape, *General Walrave*, the companion of his captivity, contentedly passed his time in feeding chickens.*

THE human mind, in proportion as it is deprived of external resources, sedulously labours to find itself the means of happiness, learns to rely with confidence on its own exertions, and gains, with greater certainty, the power of being happy.

A WORK, therefore, on the subject of SOLITUDE, appeared to me likely to facilitate MAN in his search after true felicity.

UNWORTHY, however, as the dissipation and pleasures of the world appear to me to be of the avidity with which they are pursued, I equally disapprove of the extravagant system which inculcates a total direliction of society, which will be found, when seriously examined, to be equally romantic and impracticable. To be able to live independently of all assistance, except from our own powers, is, I acknowledge, a noble effort of the human mind; but it is equally great and dignified to

* To these instances we may add that of the celebrated *Voltaire*, who, while confined in the Bastille, without any hope of emancipation, composed his poem of *THE HENRIADE*.

to learn the art of enjoying the comforts of society with happiness to ourselves, and with utility to others.

WHILE, therefore, I exhort my readers to listen to the advantages of *occasional retirement*, I warn them against that dangerous excess into which some of the disciples of this philosophy have fallen; an excess equally repugnant to REASON and RELIGION.* May I happily steer through all the dangers with which my subject is surrounded; sacrifice nothing to prejudice; offer no violation to truth; and gain the approbation of the judicious and reflecting! If affliction shall feel one ray of comfort, or melancholy, released from a portion of its horrors, raise its downcast head; if I shall convince the lover of rural life, that all the finer springs of pleasure dry up and decay in the intense joys of crowded cities, and that the warmest emotions of the heart become there cold and torpid; if I shall evince the superior pleasures of the country; how many resources rural life affords against the languors of indolence; what purity of sentiment, what peaceful repose, what exalted happiness, is

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inspired

* “A total retreat from the world,” says a learned Divine, “is so far from being, as the Roman Catholic Church holds, the perfection of RELIGION, that, some particular cases excepted, it is no other than the abuse of it.” *Blair*, Sermon IX.

inspired by verdant meads, and the view of lively flocks quitting their rich pastures to seek, with the declining sun, their evening folds ; how highly the romantic scenery of a wild and striking country, interspersed with cottages, the habitations of a happy, free, contented race of men, elevates the soul ; how far more interesting to the heart are the joyful occupations of rural industry, than the dull and tasteless entertainments of a dissipated city ; how much more easily, in short, the most excruciating sorrows are pleasingly subdued on the fragrant border of a peaceful stream, than in the midst of those treacherous delights which occupy the courts of kings ; all my wishes will be accomplished, and my happiness complete.

RETIREMENT from the world may prove peculiarly beneficial at two periods of life : In YOUTH, to acquire the rudiments of useful information, to lay the foundation of the character intended to be pursued, and to obtain that train of thought which is to guide us through life : In AGE, to cast a retrospective view on the course we have to run ; to reflect on the events we have observed, the vicissitudes we have experienced ; to enjoy the flowers we have gathered on the way, and to congratulate ourselves upon the tempests we have survived. *Lord Bolingbroke*, in his “ *Idea of a Patriot King*,” says, there is not a more profound nor a finer observation

servation in all *Lord Bacon's* works than the following: " We must choose betimes such *virtuous objects* as are proportioned to the means we have of pursuing them, and belong particularly to the stations we are in, and the duties of those stations. We must *determine* and *fix* our minds in such manner upon them, that the pursuit of them may become the *business*, and the attainment of them the *end*, of our whole lives. Thus we shall imitate the great operations of nature, and not the feeble, slow, and imperfect operations of art. We must not proceed in forming the moral character as a statuary proceeds in forming a statue, who works sometimes on the face, sometimes on one part, and sometimes on another; but we must proceed, and it is in our power to proceed, as nature does in forming a flower, or any other of her productions; *rudimenta partium omnium simul parit et producit*: she throws out altogether and at once the whole system of every being, and the rudiments of all the parts."

It is, therefore, more especially to those youthful minds who still remain susceptible of virtuous impressions, that I here pretend to point out the path which leads to true felicity. Dear and virtuous youths, into whose hands this book may chance to fall, adopt with af-

fectionate zeal the good it contains, and reject all that does not touch and penetrate the heart: and if you acknowledge that I have enlightened your minds, corrected your manners, and tranquillized your hearts, I shall congratulate myself on the success of my design, and think my labours richly rewarded.

BELIEVE me, all ye amiable youths from whose minds the artifices and gaieties of the world have not yet obliterated the precepts of a virtuous education; who are not yet infected with its inglorious vanities; who, still ignorant of the tricks and blandishments of seduction, have preserved the desire to perform some glorious action, and retained the power to accomplish it; who, in the midst of feasting, dancing, and assemblies, feel an inclination to escape from their unsatisfactory delights; SOLITUDE will afford you a safe asylum. Let the voice of experience recommend you to cultivate a fondness for domestic pleasures, to incite and fortify your souls to noble deeds, to acquire that cool judgment and intrepid spirit which enables you to form correct estimates of the characters of mankind and of the pleasures of society. But to accomplish this high end, you must turn your eyes from those trifling and insignificant examples which a degenerated race of men affords, and study the illustrious characters of the ancient Greeks, the
Romans,

Romans, and the modern English. In what nation will you find more celebrated instances of human greatness? What people possess more valour, courage, firmness and knowledge? Where do the arts and sciences shine with greater splendor, or with more useful effect? But do not deceive yourselves by a belief that you will acquire the character of an Englishman by wearing a cropped head of hair: No, you must pluck the roots of vice from your minds, destroy the seeds of weakness in your bosoms, and imitate the great examples of heroic virtue which that nation so frequently affords. It is an ardent love of liberty, undaunted courage, deep penetration, elevated sentiment, and well cultivated understanding, that constitute the British character; and not their cropped heads, half boots, and round hats. It is *virtue* alone, and not *dress* or *titles*, that can ennoble or adorn the human character. Dress is an object too minute and trifling wholly to occupy a rational mind; and an illustrious descent is only advantageous as it renders the real merits of its immediate possessor more conspicuous. In tracing your genealogies, rank, ye noble youths, those only among your ancestors who have performed great and glorious actions, whose fame shines in the pages of their country's history, and whose admired characters foreign nations envy and applaud. Never, however, lose sight of this important truth, that

no one can be truly great until he has gained a knowledge of himself; a knowledge which can only be acquired by OCCASIONAL RETIREMENT.

MAY the perusal of the following pages increase your inclination for a wise and active Solitude, justify your aversion from worldly pleasures, and heighten your repugnance to employ VICIOUS MEANS in the attainment even of VIRTUOUS ENDS; for no worldly advantages purchased by dishonourable means can be either solid or lasting.

“ RETIR'D, we tread a smooth and open way;
Thro' briars and brambles in THE WORLD we stray:
Stiff opposition, and perplex'd debate,
And thorny care, and rank and stinging hate,
Choak up our passage, our career controul,
And wound the finest feelings of the soul.
O, sacred SOLITUDE! divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent! envy of THE GREAT!
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair WISDOM, that celestial maid.
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
Strangers on earth! are INNOCENCE and PEACE.
There from the *ways of men* laid safe ashore,
We smile to hear the distant tempest roar:
There blest with HEALTH, with business unperplex'd,
This life we relish, and insure the next;
There too THE MUSES sport *with myrtles crown'd*,
While joys untainted beam on all around.



Kirk del.

Rutley sculp.

Instruction!

Publ. by J. L. Vernon & Co. New York, U.S.A.



CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE INFLUENCE OF SOLITUDE UPON THE MIND.

THE true value of liberty can only be conceived by minds that are free : Slaves remain indolently contented in captivity. Men who have been long tossed upon the troubled ocean of life, and have learned by severe experience to entertain just notions of the world and its concerns, to examine every object with unclouded and impartial eyes, to walk erect in the strict and thorny paths of virtue, and to find their happiness in the reflection of an honest mind, alone are—FREE.

THE path of virtue, indeed, is devious, dark, and dreary ; but though it leads the traveller over hills of difficulty, it at length brings him into the delightful and extensive plains of permanent happiness and secure repose.

THE love of Solitude, when cultivated in the morn of life, elevates the mind to a noble independence : but, to acquire the advantages which Solitude is capable of affording, the mind must not
be

12 . . THE INFLUENCE OF SOLITUDE

be impelled to it by melancholy and discontent, but by a real distaste to the idle pleasures of the world, a rational contempt for the deceitful joys of life, and just apprehensions of being corrupted and seduced by its insinuating and destructive gaieties.

MANY men have acquired and exercised in Solitude that transcendent greatness of mind which defies events; and, like the majestic cedar, which braves the fury of the most violent tempest, have resisted, with heroic courage, the severest storms of fate. Some few, indeed, have retained in retirement the weaknesses of human nature; but the conduct of greater numbers has clearly evinced that a man of good sense cannot degenerate even in the most dreary seclusion.

SOLITUDE, indeed, sometimes renders the mind in a slight degree arrogant and conceited*; but these effects are easily removed by a judicious intercourse with mankind. Misanthropy, contempt of folly, and pride of spirit, are, in noble minds, changed by the maturity of age into dignity of character: and that fear of the opinion of the world which awed the weakness and inexperience of youth,

* *Plato*, towards the conclusion of his fourth letter, warns *Dion* to guard against that austerity or haughtiness which is the companion of Solitude," "η δὲ αὐθαδεῖα ἐρημίας ξυνοικο."

youth, is succeeded by firmness, and a high disdain of those false notions by which it was dimmed: the observations once so dreaded lose all their stings; the mind views objects not as they are, but as they ought to be; and, feeling a contempt for vice, rises into a noble enthusiasm for virtue, gaining from the conflict a rational experience and a compassionate feeling which never decay.

THE science of the heart, indeed, with which youth should be familiarized as early as possible, is too frequently neglected. It removes the asperities and polishes the rough surfaces of the mind. This science is founded on that noble philosophy which regulates the characters of men; and, operating more by love than by rigid precept, corrects the cold dictates of reason by the warm feelings of the heart; opens to view the dangers to which they are exposed; animates the dormant faculties of the mind; and prompts them to the practice of all the virtues.

DION* was educated in all the turpitude and servility of courts, accustomed to a life of softness
and

* *Dion*, the son of *Hipparinus*, was related to, and employed in the service of, *Dionysius* the Elder, the tyrant of Syracuse. He persuaded *Dionysius* to invite *Plato*, the celebrated Grecian philosopher, to his court. *Dion*, listening to his divine precepts,

and effeminacy, and, what is still worse, tainted by ostentation, luxury, and every species of vicious pleasure; but no sooner did he listen to the divine *Plato*, and acquired thereby a taste for that sublime philosophy which inculcates the practice of VIRTUE, than his whole soul became deeply enamoured of its charms. The same love of virtue with which *Plato* inspired the mind of *Dion*, may be silently, and almost imperceptibly, infused by every tender mother into the mind of her child. Philosophy, from the lips of a wise and sensible woman, glides quietly, but with strong effect, into the mind through the feelings of the heart. Who is not fond of walking even through the most rough

precepts, became immediately inspired with the love of virtue; and, by his exemplary good conduct, rendered himself so extremely popular, that he became odious in the eyes of the tyrant, who banished him to Greece, where he collected a numerous force, and resolved to release his country from slavery. In this enterprize he confirmed the observation of his philosophic instructor, "that power and fortune must concur with prudence and justice to effect any thing great in a political capacity." He entered the port of Syracuse only with two ships; and in three days reduced under his power an empire which had subsisted for fifty years, and which was guarded by 500 ships of war, and above 100,000 troops. The tyrant (then *Dionysius* the Younger) fled to Corinth; and *Dion* kept the reins of government in his own hands until he was betrayed and murdered by *Callicrates*, one of his most intimate and familiar friends. "When I exclaimed," says *Plato*, in his seventh letter, "the principles of philosophy and humanity to *Dion*, I little thought I was insensibly opening the way to the subversion of tyranny, and the liberties of mankind."

rough and difficult paths, when conducted by the hand of Love? What species of instruction can be more successful than soft lessons from a female tongue, dictated by a mind profound in understanding, and elevated in sentiment, where the heart feels all the affection that her precepts inspire? Oh! may every mother, so endowed, be blessed with a child who delights to listen in private to her edifying observations; who, with a book in his hand, loves to seek among the rocks some sequestered spot favourable to study; who, when walking with his dogs and gun, frequently reclines under the friendly shade of some majestic tree, and contemplates the great and glorious characters which the pages of *Plutarch* present to his view, instead of toiling through the thickets of the surrounding woods to search for game.

THE wishes of a mother are accomplished when the silence and solitude of the forests seize and animate the mind of her beloved child; * when he begins to feel that he has seen sufficiently the pleasures of the world; when he begins to perceive that there are greater and more valued characters

* "*Mirum est,*" says the younger *PLINY*, "*ut animus agitatione motuque corporis excitetur. Jam undique silvæ et solitudo ipsorumque illud silentium, quod venationi datur, magna cogitationis incitamenta sunt.*"

acters than noblemen or squires, than ministers or kings; characters who enjoy a more elevated sense of pleasure than gaming tables and assemblies are capable of affording; who seek, at every interval of leisure, the shades of Solitude with rapturous delight, whose minds have been inspired with a love of literature and philosophy from their earliest infancy; whose bosoms have glowed with a love of science through every subsequent period of their lives; and who, amidst the greatest calamities, are capable of banishing, by a secret charm, the deepest melancholy and most profound dejection.

THE advantages of Solitude to a mind that feels a real disgust at the tiresome intercourses of society are inconceivable. Freed from the world, the veil which obscured the intellect suddenly falls, the clouds which dimmed the light of reason disappear, the painful burthen which oppressed the soul is alleviated; we no longer wrestle with surrounding perils; the apprehension of danger vanishes; the sense of misfortune becomes softened; the dispensations of Providence no longer excite the murmur of discontent; and we enjoy the delightful pleasures of a calm, serene, and happy mind. Patience and resignation follow and reside with a contented heart; every corroding care flies away on the wings of gaiety; and on every side agreeable

able and interesting scenes present themselves to our view: the brilliant sun sinking behind the lofty mountains, tinging their snow-crowned turrets with golden rays; the feathered choir hastening to seek within their mossy cells, a soft, a silent, and secure repose; the shrill crowing of the amorous cock; the solemn and stately march of oxen returning from their daily toil; and the graceful paces of the generous steed. But, amidst the vicious pleasures of a great METROPOLIS, where sense and truth are constantly despised, and integrity and conscience thrown aside as inconvenient and oppressive,* the fairest forms of fancy are obscured, and the purest virtues of the heart corrupted.

C

BUT

* In speaking thus of the dangers of a Metropolis, the Author can only mean to point out the effects produced by the *bad company* that infest it; for in another part of his work he has given an instance in which THE TOWN is preferable to THE COUNTRY. "The poet *Martial*," says he, "on his return to Bibilis, the village of his nativity, in Spain, after having lived thirty-four years among the most learned and enlightened men of Rome, found it a dreary desert, a frightful solitude! Forced to associate with persons who felt no pleasure in the elegant occupations of literature and the sciences, a painful languor seized his mind, and he sighed incessantly to revisit the beloved METROPOLIS where he had acquired such universal fame; where his good sense, his penetration, his sagacity, were duly applauded; and immortality promised to his writings, by the encomiums they received from the younger *Pliny*, as possessing equal acumen, wit, and ease: but, on the contrary, in the stupid village of Bibilis, his fame and learning only acquired him envy and contempt."

BUT the first and most incontestible advantage of SOLITUDE is, that it accustoms the mind to think: the imagination becomes more vivid, and the memory more faithful, while the senses remain undisturbed, and no external object agitates the soul. Removed far from the tiresome tumults of public society, where a multitude of heterogeneous objects dance before our eyes, and fill the mind with incoherent notions, we learn to fix our attention to a single subject, and to contemplate that alone. An author,* whose works I could read with pleasure every hour of my life, says, "It is the power of attention which in a great measure distinguishes the wise and the great from the vulgar and trifling herd of men. The latter are accustomed to think, or rather to dream, without knowing the subject of their thoughts. In their unconnected roving they pursue no end; they follow no track. Every thing floats loose and disjointed on the surface of their minds; like leaves scattered and blown about on the face of the waters."

THE

* *Dr. Blair*, the author of the highly celebrated Sermons, and of an excellent work, intitled, "Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres," printed at London, for the first time, in the year 1783, and indispensably necessary to be studied by every person who wishes to speak and write with elegance and propriety;

THE habit of thinking with steadiness and attention, can only be acquired by avoiding the distraction which a multiplicity of objects always create; by turning our observation from external things; and seeking a situation in which our daily occupations are not perpetually shifting their course, and changing their direction.

IDLENESS and inattention soon destroy all the advantages of retirement; for the most dangerous passions, when the mind is not properly employed, rise into fermentation, and produce a variety of eccentric ideas and irregular desires. It is necessary, also, to elevate our thoughts above the mean consideration of sensual objects: the unincumbered mind then recalls all that it has read; all that has pleased the eye, or delighted the ear; and reflecting on every idea which either observation, experience, or discourse, has produced, gains new information by every reflection, and conveys the purest pleasures to the soul. The intellect contemplates all the former scenes of life; views by anticipation those that are yet to come; and blends all ideas of past and future in the actual enjoyment of the present moment. To keep, however, the mental powers in proper tone, it is necessary to direct our attention invariably towards some noble and interesting study.

IT may, perhaps, excite a smile when I assert, that Solitude is the only school in which the characters of men can be properly developed; but it must be recollected, that, although the materials of this study must be amassed in *Society*, it is in *Solitude* alone that we can apply them to their proper use. The world is the great scene of our observations; but to apply them with propriety to their respective objects is exclusively the work of Solitude. It is admitted that a knowledge of the nature of man is necessary to our happiness; and therefore I cannot conceive how it is possible to call those characters malignant and misanthropic, who, while they continue in the world, endeavour to discover even the faults, foibles, and imperfections of humankind. The pursuit of this species of knowledge, which can only be gained by observation, is surely laudable, and not deserving the obloquy that has been cast on it. Do I, in my medical character, feel any malignancy or hatred to the species, when I study the nature and explore the secret causes of those weaknesses and disorders which are incidental to the human frame? when I examine the subject with the closest inspection, and point out for the general benefit, I hope, of mankind, as well as for my own satisfaction, all the frail and imperfect parts in the anatomy of the human body?

BUT a difference is supposed to exist between the observations which we are permitted to make
upon

upon the anatomy of the human body, and those which we assume respecting the philosophy of the mind. The physician, it is said, studies the maladies which are incidental to the human frame, to apply such remedies as the particular occasion may require : but it is contended, that the moralist has a different end in view. This distinction, however, is certainly without foundation. A sensible and feeling philosopher views both the moral and physical defects of his fellow-creatures with an equal degree of regret. Why do moralists shun mankind, by retiring into Solitude, if it be not to avoid the contagion of those vices which they perceive so prevalent in the world, and which are not observed by those who are in the habit of seeing them daily indulged without censure or restraint ? The mind, without doubt, feels a considerable degree of pleasure in detecting the imperfections of human nature ; and where that detection may prove beneficial to mankind, without doing an injury to any individual, to publish them to the world, to point out their qualities, to place them by a luminous description before the eyes of men, is, in my idea, a pleasure so far from being mischievous, that I rather think, and I trust I shall continue to think so even in the hour of death, it is the only real mode of discovering the machinations of THE DEVIL, and destroying the effect of his works. Solitude, therefore, as it tends to excite a dispo-

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sition to think with effect, to direct the attention to proper objects, to strengthen observation, and to increase the natural sagacity of the mind, is the school in which a true knowledge of the human character is most likely to be acquired.

BONNET, in an affecting passage of the preface to his celebrated work on the Nature of the Soul, relates the manner in which Solitude rendered even his defect of sight advantageous to him. "Solitude," says he, "necessarily leads the mind to meditation. The circumstances in which I have hitherto lived, joined to the sorrows which have attended me for many years, and from which I am not yet released, induced me to seek in reflection those comforts which my unhappy condition rendered necessary; and my mind is now become my constant retreat: from the enjoyment it affords I derive pleasures which, like potent charms, dispel all my afflictions." At this period the virtuous *Bonnet* was almost blind. Another excellent character of a different kind, who devotes his time to the education of youth, *Pfeffel*, at Colmar, supports himself under the affliction of total blindness in a manner equally noble and affecting, by a life less solitary indeed, but by the opportunities of frequent leisure which he employs in the study of philosophy, the recreations of poetry, and

and the exercises of humanity. There was formerly in Japan a college of blind persons; who, in all probability, were endued with quicker discernment than many members of more enlightened colleges. These sightless academicians devoted their time to the study of history, poetry, and music. The most celebrated traits in the annals of their country became the subject of their muse; and the harmony of their verses could only be excelled by the melody of their music. In reflecting upon the idleness and dissipation in which a number of solitary persons pass their time, we contemplate the conduct of these blind Japanese with the highest pleasure. The *mind's eye* opened and afforded them ample compensation for the loss of the corporeal organ. Light, life, and joy, flowed into their minds through surrounding darkness, and blessed them with the high enjoyment of tranquil thought and innocent occupation.*

C 4

SOLITUDE

* It is impossible to read this observation without recollecting the following beautiful and affecting lines of our celebrated poet *Milton*, in his address to Light:

“ thee I revisit safe,
 “ And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
 “ Revisit’st not these eyes, that roll in vain
 “ To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn:
 “ So thick a drop serene hath quench’d their orbs,
 “ Or dim suffusion veil’d. Yet not the more
 “ Cease

SOLITUDE teaches us to think, and thought becomes the principal spring of human actions; for the *actions* of men, it is truly said, are nothing more than their *thoughts* embodied, and brought into substantial existence. The mind, therefore, has only to examine with candour and impartiality the ideas which it feels the greatest inclination to pursue, in order to penetrate and expound the mystery of the human character: and he who has not been accustomed to self-examination, will, upon such a scrutiny, frequently discover truths of extreme importance to his happiness, which the mists of worldly delusion had concealed totally from his view.

LIBERTY and LEISURE are all that an active mind requires in Solitude. The moment that a character finds itself alone, all the energies of his soul put themselves into motion, and rise to a height incomparably greater than they could have reached under the impulse of a mind clogged and oppressed by

“ Cease I to wander where the muses haunt
 “ Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
 “ Smit with the love of sacred song . . . ”

“ Invention,” says *Dr. Johnson*, “ is almost the only literary labour which *blindness* cannot obstruct, and therefore
 “ *Milton* naturally solaced his solitude by the indulgence of
 “ his fancy and the melody of his numbers.”

by the incumbrances of society. Even plodding authors, who only endeavour to improve the thoughts of others, and aim not at originality, for themselves derive such advantages from Solitude, as to render them contented with their humble labours: but to superior minds, how exquisite are the pleasures they feel when Solitude inspires the idea, and facilitates the execution, of works of virtue and public benefit! works which constantly irritate the passions of the foolish, and confound the guilty consciences of the wicked. The exuberance of a fine and fertile imagination is chastened by the surrounding tranquillity of Solitude; all its diverging rays are concentrated to one certain point; and the mind exalted to such powerful energy, that, whenever it is inclined to strike, the blow becomes tremendous and irresistible. Conscious of the extent and force of his powers, a character thus collected cannot be dismayed by legions of adversaries; and he waits, with judicious circumspection, to render, sooner or later, complete justice to the enemies of virtue. The profligacy of the world, where vice usurps the seat of greatness, hypocrisy assumes the face of candour, and prejudice overpowers the voice of truth, must, indeed, sting his bosom with the keenest sensations of mortification and regret; but casting his philosophic eye over the disordered scene, he will separate what *ought to be indulged* from

from what *ought not to be endured*; and by a happy, well-timed stroke of satire from his pen, will destroy the bloom of vice, disappoint the machinations of hypocrisy, and expose the fallacies on which prejudice is founded.

TRUTH unfolds her charms in Solitude with superior splendor. A great and good man, *Dr. Blair*, of Edinburgh, says, “ The great and the
 “ worthy, the pious and the virtuous, have ever
 “ been addicted to *serious retirement*. It is the
 “ characteristic of little and frivolous minds to
 “ be wholly occupied with the vulgar objects of
 “ life. These fill up their desires, and supply
 “ all the entertainment which their coarse ap-
 “ prehensions can relish. But a more refined
 “ and enlarged mind leaves the world behind it,
 “ feels a call for higher pleasures, and seeks
 “ them in retreat. The man of public spirit
 “ has recourse to it in order to form plans for
 “ general good; the man of genius in order to
 “ dwell on his favourite themes; the philosopher
 “ to pursue his discoveries; and the saint to im-
 “ prove himself in grace.”

NUMA, the legislator of Rome, while he was only a private individual, retired, on the death of *Tatia*, his beloved wife, into the deep forests of *Aricia*, and wandered in solitary musings through
 the

the thickest groves and most sequestered shades. Superstition imputed his lonely propensity, not to disappointment, discontent, or hatred of mankind, but to a higher cause; a wish silently to communicate with some protecting deity. A rumour was circulated that the goddess *Egeria*, captivated by his virtues, had united herself to him in the sacred bands of love, and, by enlightening his mind, and storing it with superior wisdom, had led him to divine felicity.* The *Druids* also, who dwelt

* *Numa Pompilius*, though descended from a noble Sabine family, was still more distinguished for his piety than his birth; and though he had married the daughter of *Tatius*, the regal fortunes of his father-in-law had not allured him to desert his patrimonial farm. The disposition of his consort had proved similar to his own; and after her decease, at a distance from courts, he consoled himself in rural retirement by the mild precepts of philosophy: but his sequestered virtues had not eluded the penetration of the Romans; and amidst the privacy of his much-loved groves, he was, in less than a year after the death of *Romulus*, surprized by a deputation from the senate, who hailed him with the unwelcome title of King. “ His mind (says *Plutarch*) “ was naturally disposed to virtue; and he still farther subdued “ it by discipline, patience, and philosophy; not only purging it “ of the grosser and more infamous passions, but even of that ambition and rapaciousness which was then reckoned honourable; “ persuaded that true fortitude consists in the conquest of appetites “ by reason: on this account he banished all luxury and splendour from his house; and both the citizens and strangers found “ in him a faithful counsellor and an upright judge.” His inclination to Solitude, and his custom of retiring into the secret places of the forest of *Aricia*, gave rise to several popular opinions; and,

dwelt among the rocks, in woods, and in the most solitary places, are supposed to have instructed the infant nobility of their respective nations in wisdom and in eloquence, in the phenomena of nature, in astronomy, in the precepts of religion, and the mysteries of eternity. The profound wisdom thus bestowed on the characters of the Druids, although it was like the story of *Numa*, the mere effect of imagination, discovers with what enthusiasm every age and country have revered those venerable characters, who, in the silence of groves, and in the tranquillity of Solitude, have devoted their time and talents to the improvement of the human mind, and the reformation of the species.

GENIUS frequently brings forth its finest fruits in Solitude merely by the exertions of its own intrinsic powers, unaided by the patronage of the great, the adulation of the multitude, or the hope of mercenary reward. Flanders, amidst all the horrors of civil discord, produced painters as rich in fame as they were poor in circumstances. The celebrated

and, among others, was that above related, which he, in order to procure a divine sanction to his laws, declared to be true. It is on this subject justly observed by an elegant historian, that “ although the integrity of the sage may be impeached in countenancing fiction, yet the pious fraud of the monarch may be palliated, if not vindicated; and policy will pardon that deceit which is exercised to reform the manners, and to restrain the passions, of a lawless and barbarous people.”

celebrated *Corregio* had so seldom been rewarded during his life, that the paltry payment of ten pistoles of German coin, and which he was obliged to travel as far as Parma to receive, created in his mind a joy so excessive, that it caused his death. * The self-approbation of conscious merit was the only recompence these great artists received; they painted with the hope of immortal fame; and posterity has done them justice.

PROFOUND meditation in Solitude and silence, frequently exalts the mind above its natural tone, fires the imagination, and produces the most refined and sublime conceptions. The soul then tastes the purest and most refined delight; and almost loses the idea of existence in the intellectual pleasure it receives. The mind on every emotion darts through space into eternity; and raised, in this free enjoyment of its powers, by its own enthusiasm, strengthens itself in the habitude of contemplating the noblest subjects, and of adopting the

* The payment to him was made in *quadrini*, a species of copper coin. The joy which the mind of *Corregio* felt in being the bearer of so large a quantity of money to his wife, prevented him from thinking either of the length of the journey, or of the excessive heat of the day. He walked twelve miles with so much haste and anxiety to reach home, that, immediately on his return, he was seized with a violent pleurisy, of which he died.

the most heroic pursuits. It was in a solitary retreat, amidst the shades of a lofty mountain near Pyrmont, that the foundation of one of the most extraordinary achievements of the present age was laid. The *King of Prussia*, while on a visit to the Spa, withdrew himself from the company, and walked in silent solitude among the most sequestered groves of this beautiful mountain, then adorned in all the rude luxuriance of nature, and to this day distinguished by the appellation of "*The Royal Mountain*."* On this uninhabited spot, since become the seat of dissipation, the youthful monarch, it is said, first formed the plan of conquering Silesia.

SOLITUDE teaches with the happiest effect the important value of *time*, of which the indolent, having no conception, can form no estimate. A man who is ardently bent on employment, who is anxious to live not entirely in vain, never observes the rapid movement of a stop-watch, the true image of transitory life, and most striking emblem of the flight of time, without alarm and apprehension. Social intercourse, when it tends to keep the mind and the heart in a proper tone, when it contributes to enlarge the sphere of knowledge, or to banish corroding care, cannot, indeed,
be

* Königsberg.

be considered a sacrifice of time. But where social intercourse, even when attended with these happy effects, engages all our attention, turns the calmness of friendship into the violence of love, transforms hours into minutes, and drives away all ideas except those which the object of our affection inspires, year after year will roll unimproved away. Time properly employed never appears tedious; on the contrary, to him who is engaged in usefully discharging the duties of his station according to the best of his ability, it is light, and pleasantly transitory.

A CERTAIN young Prince, by the assistance of a number of domestics, seldom employs above five or six minutes in dressing. Of his carriage it would be incorrect to say that he *goes* in it; for it *flies*. His table is superb and hospitable, but the pleasures of it are short and frugal. Princes, indeed, seem disposed to do every thing with rapidity. This Royal Youth, who possesses extraordinary talents, and uncommon dignity of character, attends in his own person to every application; and affords satisfaction and delight in every interview. His domestic establishment engages his most scrupulous attention; and he employs seven hours every day without exception, throughout the year, in reading the best English, Italian, French, and German authors. It may therefore be truly said
that

that this Prince is well acquainted with the value of time.

THE hours which a man of the world throws idly away, are in Solitude disposed of with profitable pleasure; and no pleasure can be more profitable than that which results from the judicious use of time. Men have many duties to perform: he, therefore, who wishes to discharge them honourably, will vigilantly seize the earliest opportunity, if he do not wish that any part of the passing moments should be torn like a useless page from the book of life. Useful employment stops the career of time, and prolongs the duration of our existence. To think and to work, is to live. Our ideas never flow with more rapidity and abundance, or with greater gaiety, than in those hours which useful labour steals from idleness and dissipation. To employ our time with economy, we should frequently reflect how many hours escape from us against our inclination. A celebrated English author says, “ When we have deducted
 “ all that is absorbed in sleep, all that is inevitably
 “ appropriated to the demands of nature, or irre-
 “ sistibly engrossed by the tyranny of custom; all
 “ that is passed in regulating the superficial decoration of life, or is given up in the reciprocation
 “ of civility to the disposal of others; all that is
 “ torn from us by the violence of disease, or stolen
 “ imperceptibly

“ imperceptibly away by lassitude and languor ;
“ we shall find that part of our duration very small
“ of which we can truly call ourselves masters, or
“ which we can spend wholly at our own choice.
“ Many of our hours are lost in a rotation of petty
“ cares, in a constant recurrence of the same employments : many of our provisions for ease or
“ happiness are always exhausted by the present
“ day, and a great part of our existence serves no
“ other purpose than that of enabling us to enjoy
“ the rest.”

TIME is never more mispent than while we declaim against the want of it ; all our actions are then tinged with peevishness. The yoke of life is certainly the least oppressive when we carry it with good-humour ; and in the shades of rural retirement, when we have once acquired a resolution to pass our hours with economy, sorrowful lamentations on the subject of time mispent, and business neglected, never torture the mind.

The *spleen* is seldom felt where *Flora* reigns :
The low’ring eye, the petulance, the frown,
And fullen sadness, that o’ershade, distort,
And mar the face of beauty, when no cause
For such immeasurable woe appears,
These *Flora* banishes, and gives the fair

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Sweet

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Sweet smiles and bloom less transient than her
own.

It is the constant revolution, stale
And tasteless, of the same repeated joys,
That palls and fatiates, and makes languid life
A pedlar's pack, that bows the bearer down.

SOLITUDE, indeed, may prove more dangerous than all the dissipation of the world, if the mind be not properly employed. Every man, from the monarch on the throne to the peasant in the cottage, should have a daily task, which he should feel it his duty to perform without delay. "*Carpe diem*," says HORACE; and this recommendation will extend with equal propriety to every hour of our lives.

"Seek not, LEUCONOE, vainly to descry
What term the gods to fleeting life have given;
No impious spells, Chaldean magic try,
But wait the unalterable doom of heaven.

"Whate'er betide, let patience arm thy mind;
Whether great Jove have countless years in store,
Or this the last, whose bleak tempestuous wind
Breaks its wild waves against the Tuscan shore.

"Pour the rich wine, in gay enjoyment wise;
Contract the hopes of life's contracted date.

"EV'N

“ Ev’n whilst we speak, the winged moment flies ;
 “ Snatch present blifs, and leave the rest to fate.”*

THE voluptuous of every description, the votaries of *Bacchus*, and the sons of *Anacreon*, exhort us to drive away corroding care, to promote incessant gaiety, and to enjoy the fleeting hours as they pass ; and these precepts, when rightly understood, and properly applied, are founded in strong sense and sound reason ; but they must not be understood or applied in the way these sensualists advise ; they must not be consumed in drinking and debauchery ; but employed in steadily advancing towards the accomplishment of the task which our respective duties require us to perform. “ If,” says PETRARCH, “ you feel any inclination to serve God, “ in which consists the highest felicities of our nature ; if you are disposed to elevate the mind by “ the study of letters, which, next to religion, “ procures us the truest pleasures ; if, by your “ sentiments and writings, you are anxious to leave “ behind you something that will memorise your “ name with posterity ; stop the rapid progress of “ time, and prolong the course of this uncertain “ life. Fly ! ah ! fly, I beseech you, from the en-

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joyments

* The Eleventh Ode of *Horace*, from the translation by
William Boscarven, Esq.

“ joyments of the *world*, and pass the few remaining days you have to live in—SOLITUDE.”

SOLITUDE refines the taste, by affording the mind greater opportunities to cull and select the beauties of those objects which engage its attention. There it depends entirely on ourselves to make choice of those employments which afford the highest pleasure; to read those writings, and to encourage those reflections, which tend most to purify the mind, and store it with the richest variety of images. The false notions which we so easily acquire in the world, by relying upon the sentiments of others, instead of consulting our own, are in Solitude easily avoided. To be obliged continually to say, “ *I dare not think otherwise,*” is insupportable. Why, alas! will not men strive to form opinions of their own, rather than submit to be guided by the arbitrary dictates of others? If a work please me, of what importance is it to me whether the *beau monde* approve of it or not? What information do I receive from you, ye cold and miserable critics? Does your approbation make me feel whatever is truly noble, great, and good, with higher relish or more refined delight? How can I submit to the judgment of men who always examine hastily, and generally determine wrong?

“ Who

“ Who ne’er advance a judgment of their own,
 But catch the spreading notion of the *town*;
 Who reason and conclude by precedent,
 And own stale nonsense which they ne’er invent;
 Who judge of authors’ names, not works, and then
 Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
 Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
 That in proud dulness joins with *quality*;
 A constant critic at the great man’s board,
 To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord.
 What woeful stuff this madrigal would be,
 In some starv’d hackney sonneteer, or me!
 But let a Lord once own the happy lines,
 How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
 Before his sacred name flies every fault,
 And each exalted stanza teems with thought!”

MEN of enlightened minds, who are capable of
 correctly distinguishing beauties from defects,
 whose bosoms feel the highest pleasure from the
 works of GENIUS, and the severest pain from dul-
 ness and depravity, while they admire with enthu-
 siasm, condemn with judgment and deliberation;
 and, retiring from the vulgar herd, either alone, or
 in the society of selected friends, resign themselves
 to the delights of a tranquil intercourse with the
 illustrious sages of antiquity, and with those wri-
 ters who have distinguished and adorned succeed-
 ing times.

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" Oh! knew he but his happiness, of men
 " The happiest he! who, far retir'd from public
 " rage,
 " Deep in the vale, with *a choice few* retir'd,
 " Drinks the pure pleasures of *the rural life*.
 " For here dwells simple truth; plain innocence;
 " Unfollied beauty; sound, unbroken youth,
 " Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
 " Health ever blooming; unambitious toil;
 " Calm contemplation, and poetic ease."

SOLITUDE, by enlarging the sphere of its information, by awakening a more lively curiosity, by relieving fatigue, and by promoting application, renders the mind more active, and multiplies the number of its ideas. A man who was well acquainted with all these advantages, has said, that
 " by silent solitary reflection we exercise and
 " strengthen all the powers of the mind. The
 " many obstacles which render it difficult to pursue our path disperse and retire, and we return
 " to a busy social life with more cheerfulness and
 " content. The sphere of our understanding becomes enlarged by reflection; we have learned
 " to survey more objects, and to bind them intellectually together; we carry a clearer sight, a
 " juster judgment, and firmer principles, with us
 " into the world in which we are to live and act;
 " and are then more able, even in the midst of all
 " its

“ its distractions, to preserve our attention, to
“ think with accuracy, to determine with judg-
“ ment, in a degree proportioned to the prepara-
“ tions we have made in the hour of retirement.”

Alas ! in the ordinary commerce of the world, the curiosity of a rational mind soon decays, whilst in Solitude it hourly augments. The researches of a finite being necessarily proceed by slow degrees. The mind links one proposition to another, joins experience with observation, and from the discovery of one truth proceeds in search of others. The astronomers who first observed the course of the planets, little imagined how important their discoveries would prove to the future interests and happiness of mankind. Attracted by the spangled splendour of the firmament, and observing that the stars nightly changed their course, curiosity induced them to explore the cause of this phenomenon, and led them to pursue the road of science. It is thus that the soul by silent activity augments its powers; and a contemplative mind advances in knowledge in proportion as it investigates the various causes, the immediate effects, and the remote consequences of an established truth. Reason, indeed, by impeding the wings of the imagination, renders her flight less rapid, but it makes the object of attainment more sure. Drawn aside by the charms of fancy, the mind may construct new worlds ; but they im-

mediately burst, like airy bubbles formed of soap and water; while reason examines the materials of its projected fabric, and uses those only which are durable and good.

“THE great art to learn much,” says *Locke*,
 “is to undertake a little at a time.” *Dr. Johnson*, the celebrated English writer, has very forcibly observed, that “all the performances of
 “human art, at which we look with praise or
 “wonder, are instances of the resistless force of
 “perseverance: it is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are
 “united by canals. If a man was to compare the
 “effect of a single stroke with the pickaxe, or of
 “one impression of a spade, with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed
 “with the sense of their disproportion; yet those
 “petty operations, incessantly continued, in time
 “surmount the greatest difficulties; and mountains
 “are levelled, and oceans bounded, by the slender
 “force of human beings. It is therefore of the
 “utmost importance that those who have any intention of deviating from the beaten roads of life,
 “and acquiring a reputation superior to names
 “hourly swept away by time among the refuse of
 “fame, should add to their reason and their spirit
 “the power of persisting in their purposes; acquire
 “the art of sapping what they cannot batter; and
 “the

“ the habit of vanquishing obstinate resistance by
“ obstinate attacks.”

It is activity of mind that gives life to the most dreary desert, converts the solitary cell into a social world, gives immortal fame to genius, and produces masterpieces of ingenuity to the artist. The mind feels a pleasure in the exercise of its powers proportioned to the difficulties it meets with, and the obstacles it has to surmount. When *Apelles* was reproached for having painted so few pictures, and for the incessant anxiety with which he retouched his works, he contented himself with this observation, “ *I paint for posterity.*”*

THE inactivity of monastic solitude, the sterile tranquillity of the cloister, are ill suited to those who, after a serious preparation in retirement, and an assiduous examination of their own powers, feel a capacity and inclination to perform great and good actions for the benefit of mankind. Princes cannot live the lives of monks : statesmen are no longer sought for in monasteries and convents ; generals are no longer chosen from the members of the church. *Petrarch*, therefore, very pertinently

* *Raphael* also, in the same spirit, frequently declared that in none of his performances had he ever expressed his notion of a perfect beauty.

nently observes, that “ Solitude must not be inactive, nor leisure uselessly employed. A character indolent, slothful, languid, and detached from the affairs of life, must infallibly become melancholy and miserable. From such a being no good can be expected; he cannot pursue any useful science, or possess the faculties of a great man.”

THE rich and luxurious may claim an exclusive right to those pleasures which are capable of being purchased by pelf, in which the mind has no enjoyment, and which only afford a temporary relief to languor by steeping the senses in forgetfulness; but in the precious pleasures of intellect, so easily accessible by all mankind, the great have no exclusive privilege; for such enjoyments are only to be procured by our own industry, by serious reflection, profound thought, and deep research: exertions which open hidden qualities to the mind, and lead it to the knowledge of truth, and to the contemplation of our physical and moral nature.

A SWISS Preacher has in a German pulpit said,
 “ The streams of mental pleasures, of which all
 “ men may equally partake, flow from one to the
 “ other; and that of which we have most frequently

“quently tasted, loses neither its flavour nor its
“virtue, but frequently acquires new charms, and
“conveys additional pleasures, the oftener it is
“tasted. The subjects of these pleasures are as
“unbounded as the reign of truth, as extensive
“as the world, as unlimited as the divine perfec-
“tions. Incorporeal pleasures, therefore, are
“much more durable than all others: they neither
“disappear with the light of the day, change with
“the external form of things, nor descend with
“our bodies to the tomb; but continue with us
“whilst we exist; accompany us under all the
“vicissitudes not only of our natural life, but of
“that which is to come; secure us in the dark-
“ness of the night, and compensate for all the
“miseries we are doomed to suffer.”

GREAT and exalted minds, therefore, have always, even in the bustle of gaiety, or amidst the more agitated career of high ambition, preserved a taste for intellectual pleasures. Engaged in affairs of the most important consequence, notwithstanding the variety of objects by which their attention was distracted, they were still faithful to *the Muses*, and fondly devoted their minds to works of genius. They disregarded the false notion, that reading and knowledge are useless to great men; and frequently condescended, without a blush, to become writers themselves.

PHILIP

PHILIP of Macedon, having invited *Dionysus* the Younger to dine with him at Corinth, attempted to deride the father of his royal guest because he had blended the characters of *Prince* and *Poet*, and had employed his leisure in writing odes and tragedies. "How could the king find "leisure," said *Philip*, "to write those trifles?" "In those hours," answered *Dionysus*, "which "you and I spend in drunkenness and debauchery."

ALEXANDER also was passionately fond of reading; and whilst the world resounded with his victories, whilst blood and carnage marked his progress, whilst he dragged captive monarchs at his chariot wheels, and marched with increasing ardour over smoking towns and desolated provinces, in search of new objects of victory, felt, during certain intervals, the languors of unemployed time; and lamenting that Asia afforded no books to amuse his leisure, he wrote to *Harpalus* to send him the works of *Philistus*, the tragedies of *Euripides*, *Sophocles*, *Eschylus*, and the dithyrambics of *Thalestes*.

BRUTUS, the avenger of the violated liberties of Rome, while serving in the army under *Pompey*, employed among books all the moments he could spare from the duties of his station; and was even
thus

thus employed during the awful night which preceded the celebrated battle of Pharfalia, by which the fate of the empire was decided. Oppressed by the excessive heat of the day, and by the preparatory arrangement of the army, which was encamped in the middle of summer on a marshy plain, he sought relief from the bath, and retired to his tent, where, whilst others were locked in the arms of sleep, or contemplating the event of the ensuing day, he employed himself until the morning dawned, in drawing a plan from the History of *Polybius*.

CICERO, who was more sensible of mental pleasures than any other character, says, in his oration for the poet *Archias*, “ Why should I be ashamed
“ to acknowledge pleasures like these, since for so
“ many years the enjoyment of them has never
“ prevented me from relieving the wants of others,
“ or deprived me of the courage to attack vice and
“ defend virtue? Who can justly blame, who can
“ censure me, if, while others are pursuing the
“ views of interest, gazing at festal shows and idle
“ ceremonies, exploring new pleasures, engaged in
“ midnight revels, in the distraction of gaming,
“ the madness of intemperance, neither reposing
“ the body, nor recreating the mind, I spend the
“ recollective hours in a pleasing review of my
“ past life, in dedicating my time to learning and
“ the muses?”

PLINY

PLINY *the Elder*,* full of the same spirit, devoted every moment of his life to learning. A person read to him during his meals; and he never travelled without a book and a portable writing-desk by his side. He made extracts from every work he read; and, scarcely conceiving himself alive while his faculties were absorbed in sleep, endeavoured, by his diligence, to double the duration of his existence.

PLINY *the Younger* † read upon all occasions, whether riding, walking, or sitting, whenever a moment's leisure afforded him the opportunity: but he made it an invariable rule to prefer the discharge of the duties of his station to those occupations which he followed only as amusement. It was this disposition which so strongly inclined him to
Solitude

* *Cæcilius Plinius Secundus*, one of the most learned men of ancient Rome; he was descended from an illustrious family; born at Verona; and employed in several important affairs by the Emperors *Vespasian* and *Titus*. The eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which happened in the year 79, proved fatal to him.

† This eloquent orator, amiable and able man, was the nephew of *Pliny the Elder*. He was born during the reign of *Nero*; had the famous *Virginus* for his tutor and guardian; frequented the academy of *Quintilian*; and, after bearing several offices in the state both civil and military, died either a little before, or soon after, that excellent prince his admired *Trajan*, about the year 116.

Solitude and retirement. "Shall I never," exclaimed he in moments of vexation, "break the fetters by which I am restrained? Are they indissoluble? Alas! I have no hope of being gratified: every day brings new torments. No sooner is one duty performed than another succeeds. The chains of business become every hour more weighty and extensive."

THE mind of *Petrarch** was always gloomy and dejected, except when he was reading, writing, or resigned to the agreeable illusions of poetry, upon the banks of some inspiring stream, among the romantic rocks and mountains, or the flower-enamelled vallies of the Alps. To avoid the loss of time during his travels, he constantly wrote at every inn where he stopped for refreshment. One of his friends, the *Bishop of Cavaillon*, being alarmed lest the intense application with which he studied at Vaucluse might totally ruin a constitution already much impaired, requested of him one day the key of his library. *Petrarch* immediately gave it to him, without asking the reason of his request; when the good Bishop instantly locking up his books and writing-desk, said, "*Petrarch*,

* *Francis Petrarch*, a celebrated Italian poet, was born at Arezzo in 1304, and was the son of *Petrarca di Parenzo*. See an Account of his Life and writings, 12th vol. Gibbon's *Rom. Emp.* 121 and 324.

“*trarch*, I hereby interdict you from the use
 “ of pen, ink, and paper, for the space of ten days.”
 The sentence was severe; but the offender suppressed his feelings, and submitted to his fate. The first day of his exile from his favourite pursuits was tedious, the second accompanied with incessant head-ach, and the third brought on symptoms of an approaching fever. The Bishop, observing his indisposition, kindly returned him the key, and restored him to his health.*

THE late *Earl of Chatham*, on his entering into the world, was a cornet in a troop of horse dragoons. The regiment was quartered in a small village in England. The duties of his station were the first objects of his attention; but the moment these were discharged, he retired into Solitude during the remainder of the day, and devoted his mind to the study of History. Subject from his infancy to an hereditary gout, he endeavoured to eradicate it by regularity and abstinence; and perhaps it was the feeble state of his health which first led him into retirement; but, however that may be, it was certainly in retirement that he had laid
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* *Cicero*, speaking of the pleasures of the mind, says, “ They employ us in youth, and amuse us in old age; in prosperity they grace and embellish; in adversity they afford us shelter and support; delightful at home, and easy abroad, they soften slumber, shorten fatigue, and enliven retirement.”
 Cic. pro *Acchias*.

the foundation of that glory which he afterwards acquired.

CHARACTERS of this description, it may be said, are no longer to be found; but in my opinion both the idea and assertion would be erroneous. Was the *Earl of Chatham* inferior in greatness to a Roman? And will his *Son*, who already, in the earliest stage of manhood, thunders forth his eloquence in the Senate like *Demosthenes*, and captivates like *Pericles* the hearts of all who hear him, who is now, even in the five-and-twentieth year of his age, dreaded abroad, and beloved at home, as Prime Minister of the British Empire, ever think or act under any circumstances with less greatness than his illustrious father? What men have been, *man* may always be. Europe now produces characters as great as ever adorned a throne or commanded a field. Wisdom and virtue may exist, by proper cultivation, as well in public as in private life; and become as perfect in a crowded palace as in a solitary cottage.

SOLITUDE will ultimately render the mind superior to all the vicissitudes and miseries of life. The man whose bosom neither riches, nor luxury, nor grandeur, can render happy, may, with a book in his hand, forget all his torments under the friendly shade of every tree; and experience pleasures

fures as infinite as they are varied, as pure as they are lasting, as lively as they are unfading, and as compatible with every public duty as they are contributory to private happiness. The highest public duty, indeed, is that of employing our faculties for the benefit of mankind, and can no where be so advantageously discharged as in Solitude. To acquire a true notion of men and things, and boldly to announce our opinions to the world, is an indispensable obligation on every individual. The *press* is the channel through which writers diffuse the light of truth among *the people*, and display its radiance to the eyes of *the great*. Good writers inspire the mind with courage to think for itself; and the free communication of sentiments contributes to the improvement and perfection of human reason. It is this love of liberty that leads men into Solitude, where they may throw off the chains by which they are fettered in the world. It is this disposition to be free, that makes the man who thinks in Solitude boldly speak a language which, in the corrupted intercourse of society, he would not have dared openly to hazard. Courage is the companion of Solitude. The man who does not fear to seek his comforts in the peaceful shades of retirement, looks with firmness on the pride and insolence of *the great*, and tears from the face of despotism the mask by which it is concealed.

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HIS mind, enriched by knowledge, may defy the frowns of fortune, and see unmoved the various vicissitudes of life. When *Demetrius* had captured the city of Megara, and the property of the inhabitants had been entirely pillaged by the soldiers, he recollected that *Stilpo*, a philosopher of great reputation, who sought only the retirement and tranquillity of a studious life, was among the number. Having sent for him, *Demetrius* asked him if he had lost any thing during the pillage. "No," replied the philosopher: "*my property is safe, for it exists only in my mind.*"*

SOLITUDE encourages the disclosure of those sentiments and feelings which the manners of the world compel us to conceal. The mind there unburthens itself with ease and freedom. The pen, indeed, is not always taken up because we are alone; but if we are inclined to write, we ought to be alone. To cultivate philosophy, or court the muse with effect, the mind must be free from all embarrassment. The incessant cries of children, or the frequent intrusion of servants, with messages of ceremony and cards of compliment, distract attention. An author, whether walking in the open air, seated in his closet, reclined under the shade of a spreading tree, or stretched upon a sofa, must be

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* This Anecdote is differently told by *Plutarch*.

free to follow all the impulses of his mind, and indulge every bent and turn of his genius. To compose with success, he must feel an irresistible inclination, and be able to indulge his sentiments and emotions without obstacle or restraint. There are, indeed, minds possessed of a divine inspiration, which is capable of subduing every difficulty, and bearing down all opposition: and an author should suspend his work until he feels this secret call within his bosom, and watch for those propitious moments, when the mind pours forth its ideas with energy, and the heart feels the subject with increasing warmth; for

————— Nature's kindling breath
Must fire the chosen genius; Nature's hand
Must string his nerves, and imp his eagle wings,
Impatient of the painful steep, to soar
High as the summit; there to breathe at large
Æthereal air, with bards and sages old,
Immortal sons of praise—————”

PETRARCH felt this sacred impulse when he tore himself from Avignon, the most vicious and corrupted city of the age, to which the Pope had recently transferred the papal chair; and, although still young, noble, ardent, honoured by his Holiness, respected by Princes, and courted by Cardinals, he voluntarily quitted the splendid tumults of
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this brilliant court, and retired to the celebrated Solitude of Vaucluse, at the distance of six leagues from Avignon, with only one servant to attend him, and no other possession than an humble cottage and its surrounding garden. Charmed with the natural beauties of this rural retreat, he adorned it with an excellent library, and dwelt, for many years, in wise tranquillity and rational repose ; * employing his leisure in completing and polishing his works ; and producing more original compositions during this period than at any other of his life. But, although he here devoted much time and attention to his writings, it was long before he could be persuaded to make them public. *Virgil* calls the leisure he enjoyed at Naples, ignoble and obscure ; but it was during this leisure that he wrote *the Georgics*, the most perfect of all his works,

* The following lines are attributed to *Petrarch*, on his retiring to this celebrated hermitage :

“ Inveni requiem : SPES et FORTUNA valet !

“ Nil mihi vobiscum est ; ludite nunc alios ;”

and which *Le Sage*, with some variation, has made his hero *Gil Blas* thus inscribe, with very happy effect, over the door of his delightful villa at *Lirias*, in letters of gold :

“ Inveni portum. Spes et Fortuna valet !

“ Sat me lufistis, ludite nunc alios.

The original is in *Ovid*, *Fas.* ii. 208.

works, and which evince, in almost every line, that he wrote for immortality.*

THE suffrage of posterity, indeed, is a noble expectation, which every excellent and great writer cherishes with enthusiasm. An inferior mind contents itself with a more humble recompense, and sometimes obtains its due reward. But writers, both great and good, must withdraw from the interruptions of society, and, seeking the silence of the groves, and the tranquillity of the shades, retire into their own minds; for every thing they perform, all that they produce, is the effect of Solitude. To accomplish

* “ *Virgil*, in the thirty-fourth year of his age, retired to a delightful privacy at Naples, where he laid the plan of his inimitable *Georgics*, a work which he undertook at the earnest intreaties of the wise and able minister *Mæcenas*, on a noble political motive, and to promote the welfare of his country. Great was the desolation occasioned by the continuance and cruelty of the civil wars: Italy was almost depopulated; the lands were uncultivated and unstocked; a famine and insurrection ensued; *Augustus* himself hardly escaped being stoned by the enraged populace, who attributed this calamity to his ambition. *Mæcenas* therefore resolved, if possible, to revive the decayed spirit of husbandry; to introduce a taste for cultivation; to make rural improvements a fashionable amusement to the Great. What method so likely to effect this, as to recommend *agriculture* with all the insinuating charms of poetry? *Virgil* fully answered the expectation of his polite patron; for the *Georgics* contain all those masterly beauties that might be expected from an exalted genius, whose judgment and imagination were in full vigour and maturity, and who had leisure to give the last polish and perfection to his incomparable workmanship.—*Warton’s Life of Virgil*.

accomplish a work capable of existing through future ages, or deserving the approbation of contemporary sages, the love of Solitude must entirely occupy their souls; for there the mind reviews and arranges, with the happiest effect, all the ideas and impressions it has gained in its observations in the world: it is there alone that the dart of satire can be truly sharpened against inveterate prejudices and infatuated opinions; it is there alone that the vices and follies of mankind present themselves accurately to the view of the moralist, and excite his ardent endeavours to correct and reform them. The hope of immortality is certainly the highest with which a great writer can possibly flatter his mind; but he must possess the comprehensive genius of a *Bacon*; think with the acuteness of *Voltaire*; compose with the ease and elegance of *Rousseau*; and, like them, produce master-pieces worthy of posterity in order to obtain it.

THE love of fame, as well in the cottage as on the throne, or in the camp, stimulates the mind to the performance of those actions which are most likely to survive mortality and live beyond the grave, and which, when achieved, render the evening of life as brilliant as its morning. "The praises," says *Plutarch*, "bestowed upon great and exalted minds, only spur on and rouse their emulation: like a rapid torrent, the glory which

56 THE INFLUENCE OF SOLITUDE

“ they have already acquired, hurries them irresistibly on to every thing that is great and noble. They never consider themselves sufficiently rewarded. Their present actions are only pledges of what may be expected from them; and they would blush not to live faithful to their glory, and to render it still more illustrious by the noblest actions.”

THE ear which would be deaf to servile adulation and insipid compliment, will listen with pleasure to the enthusiasm with which *Cicero* exclaims, “ Why should we dissemble what it is impossible for us to conceal? Why should we not be proud of confessing candidly that we all aspire to *fame*? The love of praise influences all mankind, and the greatest minds are the most susceptible of it. The philosophers who most preach up a contempt for fame, prefix their names to their works; and the very performances in which they deny ostentation, are evident proofs of their vanity and love of praise. Virtue requires no other reward for all the toils and dangers to which she exposes herself than that of fame and glory. Take away this flattering reward, and what would remain in the narrow career of life to prompt her exertions? If the mind could not launch into the prospect of futurity, or the operations of the soul were to be

“ limited

“ limited to the space that bounds those of the
“ body, she would not weaken herself by con-
“ stant fatigues, nor weary herself with continual
“ watchings and anxieties ; she would not think
“ even life itself worthy of a struggle : but there
“ lives in the breast of every good man a principle
“ which unceasingly prompts and inspirits him to
“ the pursuit of a fame beyond the present hour ;
“ a fame not commensurate to our mortal ex-
“ istence, but co-extensive with the latest poste-
“ rity. Can we, who every day expose ourselves
“ to dangers for our country, and have never
“ passed one moment of our lives without anxiety
“ or trouble, meanly think that all consciousness
“ shall be buried with us in the grave ? If the
“ greatest men have been careful to preserve their
“ bustoes and their statues, those images, not of
“ their minds, but of their bodies, ought we not
“ rather to transmit to posterity the resemblance
“ of our wisdom and virtue ? For my part, at least,
“ I acknowledge, that in all my actions I conceiv-
“ ed that I was disseminating and transmitting my
“ fame to the remotest corners and the latest ages
“ of the world. Whether, therefore, my con-
“ sciousness of this shall cease in the grave, or, as
“ some have thought, shall survive as a property
“ of the soul, is of little importance. Of one thing
“ I am certain, that at this instant I feel from the
“ reflection

“ reflection a flattering hope and a delightful sensation.”

THIS is the true enthusiasm with which preceptors should inspire the bosoms of their young pupils. Whoever shall be happy enough to light up this generous flame, and increase it by constant application, will see the object of his care voluntarily relinquish the pernicious pleasures of youth, enter with virtuous dignity on the stage of life, and add, by the performance of the noblest actions, new lustre to science, and brighter rays to glory. The desire of extending our fame by noble deeds, and of increasing the good opinion of mankind by a dignified conduct and real greatness of soul, confers advantages which neither illustrious birth, elevated rank, nor great fortune, can bestow; and which even on the throne are only to be acquired by a life of exemplary virtue, and an anxious attention to the suffrage of posterity.

THERE is no character, indeed, more likely to acquire future fame than the satirist, who dares to point out and condemn the follies, the prejudices, and the growing vices of the age, in strong and nervous language. Works of this description, however they may fail to reform the prevailing manners of the times, will operate on succeeding generations,

generations, and extend their influence and reputation to the latest posterity. True greatness operates long after envy and malice have pursued the modest merit which produced it to the grave. O, *Lavater* ! those base corrupted souls who only shine a moment, and are for ever extinguished, will be forgotten, while the memory of thy name is carefully cherished, and thy virtues fondly beloved : thy foibles will be no longer remembered ; and the qualities which distinguished and adorned thy character will alone be reviewed. The rich variety of thy language, the judgment with which thou hast boldly invented and created new expressions, the nervous brevity of thy style, and thy striking pictures of human manners, will, as the author of “ *The Characters of German Poets and Prose Writers* ” has predicted, extend the fame of thy “ *Fragments upon Physiognomy* ” to the remotest posterity. The accusation that *Lavater*, who was capable of developing such sublime truths, and of creating almost a new language, gave credit to the juggles of *Gessner*, will then be forgot ; and he will enjoy the life after death, which *Cicero* seemed to hope for with so much enthusiasm.

SOLITUDE, indeed, affords a pleasure to an author of which no one can deprive him, and which far exceeds all the honours of the world. He not
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only anticipates the effect his work will produce, but, while it advances towards completion, feels the delicious enjoyment of those hours of serenity and composure which his labours procure. What continued and tranquil delight flows from successive composition ! Sorrows fly from this elegant occupation. Oh ! I would not exchange one single hour of such private tranquillity and content, for all those flattering illusions of public fame with which the mind of *Tully* was so incessantly intoxicated. A difficulty surmounted, a happy moment seized, a proposition elucidated, a sentence neatly and elegantly turned, or a thought happily expressed, are salutary and healing balms, counter-poisons to melancholy, and belong exclusively to a wise and well-formed Solitude.

To enjoy himself without being dependent on the aid of others, to devote to employments, not perhaps entirely useless, those hours which sorrow and chagrin would otherwise steal from the sum of life, is the great advantage of *an author* ; and with this advantage alone I am perfectly contented.

“ There is a pleasure in *an Author's* pains
Which only *Authors* know. The shifts and turns,
Th’ expedients, and inventions multiform,
To which the mind resorts in choice of terms,

Tho’

Tho' apt, yet coy, and difficult to win—
T' arrest the fleeting images that fill
The mirror of the mind, and hold them fast,
And force them sit till he has pencil'd off
A faithful likeness of the form he views,
Then to dispose his copies with such art,
That each may find its most propitious light,
And shine by situation hardly less
Than by the labour and the skill it cost,
Are occupations of the *Author's* mind
So pleasing, and that steal away the thought
With such address from themes of sad import,
That, lost in its own musings, happy man!
He feels the anxieties of life, denied
Their wonted entertainment, all retire."

SOLITUDE not only elevates the mind, but adds new strength to its powers. The man who has not courage to conquer the prejudices and despise the manners of the world, whose greatest dread is the imputation of singularity, who forms his opinion and regulates his conduct upon the judgment and actions of others, will certainly never possess sufficient strength of mind to devote himself to voluntary Solitude; which, it has been well observed, is as necessary to give a just, solid, firm, and forcible tone to our thoughts, as an intercourse with the world is to give them richness, brilliancy, and just appropriation.

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THE mind employed on noble and interesting subjects, disdains the indolence that stains the vacant breast. Enjoying freedom and tranquillity, the soul feels the extent of its energies with greater sensibility, and displays powers which it was before unconscious of possessing ; the faculties sharpen ; the mind becomes more clear, luminous, and extensive ; the perception more distinct ; the whole intellectual system, in short, exacts more from itself in the leisure of Solitude than in the bustle of the world. But to produce these happy effects, Solitude must not be reduced to a state of tranquil idleness and inactive ease, of mental numbness or sensual stupor ; it is not sufficient to be continually gazing out of a window with a vacant mind, or gravely walking up and down the study in a ragged *robe de chambre* and worn-out slippers ; for the mere exterior of tranquillity cannot elevate or increase the activity of the soul, which must feel an eager desire to roam at large, before it can gain that delightful liberty and leisure, which at the same instant improves the understanding and corrects the imagination. The mind, indeed, is enabled, by the strength it acquires under the shades of retirement, to attack prejudices, and combat errors, with the unfailing prowess of the most athletic champion ; for the more it examines into the nature of things, the closer it brings them to its view, and exposes, with unerring clearness, all the latent properties

properties they possess. An intrepid and reflecting mind, when retired within itself, seizes with rapture on *truth* the moment it is discovered; looks round with a smile of pity and contempt on those who despise its charms; hears without dismay the invectives which envy and malice let loose against him; and nobly disdains the *hue and cry* which the ignorant multitude raise against him the moment he elevates his hand to dart against them one of the strong and invincible truths he has discovered in his retreat.

SOLITUDE diminishes the variety of those troublesome passions which disturb the tranquillity of the human mind, by combining and forming a number of them into one great desire;* for although it may certainly become dangerous to the passions, it may also, thanks to the dispensations of Providence! produce very salutary effects. If it disorder the mind, it is capable of effecting its cure. It extracts the various propensities of the human heart, and unites them into one. By this process we feel and learn not only the nature, but the extent, of all the passions, which rise up against us
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* “The more desires I have,” says *Montaigne*, “the less ardent they are. The torrents that divide themselves into many branches are least dangerous. A strong passion is a solitary passion, that concentrates all our desires within one point.”

like the angry waves of a disordered ocean, to overwhelm us in the abyss: but philosophy flies to our aid, divides their force; and, if we do not yield to them an easy victory, by neglecting all opposition to their attacks, *virtue* and *self-denial* bring gigantic reinforcements to our assistance, and ensure success. Virtue and resolution, in short, are equal to every conflict, the instant we learn that one passion is to be conquered by another.

THE mind, exalted by the high and dignified sentiments it acquires by lonely meditation, becomes proud of its superiority, withdraws itself from every base and ignoble object, and avoids, with heroic virtue, the effect of dangerous society. A noble mind observes the sons of worldly pleasure mingling in scenes of riot and debauchery without being seduced; hears it in vain echoed from every side, that incontinence is among the first propensities of the human heart; and that every young man of fashion and spirit must as necessarily indulge his appetite for the fair sex, as the calls of hunger or sleep. Such a mind perceives that *libertinism* and dissipation not only enervate youth, and render the feelings callous to the charms of virtue and the principles of honesty, but that it destroys every manly resolution, renders the heart timid, decreases exertion, damps the generous warmth and fine enthusiasm of the soul, and, in the end,

end, totally annihilates all its powers. The youth, therefore, who seriously wishes to sustain an honourable character on the theatre of life, must for ever renounce the habits of indolence and luxury ; and when he no longer impairs his intellectual faculties by debauchery, or renders it necessary to attempt the renovation of his languid and debilitated constitution by excess of wine and luxurious living, he will soon be relieved from the necessity of consuming whole mornings on horseback, in a vain search of that health from change of scene, which temperance and exercise would immediately bestow.

ALL men, without exception, have something to learn : whatever may be the distinguished rank which they hold in society, they can never be truly great but by their personal merit. The more the faculties of the mind are exercised in the tranquillity of retirement, the more conspicuous they appear : and should the pleasures of debauchery be the ruling passion, learn, O, young man ! that nothing will so easily subdue it as an increasing emulation in great and virtuous actions, a hatred of idleness and frivolity, the study of the sciences, a frequent communication with your own heart, and that high and dignified spirit which views with disdain every thing that is vile and contemptible. This generous and high disdain of vice, this fond and ardent love of virtue, discloses itself

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in retirement with dignity and greatness, where the passion of high achievement operates with greater force than in any other situation. The same passion which carried *Alexander* into Asia confined *Diogenes* to his tub. *Heraclius* descended from his throne to devote his mind to the search of truth.* He who wishes to render his knowledge

* The *Emperor Dioclesian* also passed the nine last years of his life in a private condition. "Reason," says Mr. Gibbon, "had dictated, and content seems to have accompanied, his retreat, in which he enjoyed for a long time the respect of those princes to whom he had resigned the possession of the world. It is seldom that minds long exercised in business have formed any habits of conversing with themselves, and in the loss of power they principally regret the want of occupation. The amusements of letters and devotion, which afford so many resources in SOLITUDE, were incapable of fixing the attention of *Dioclesian*; but he had preserved, or at least he soon recovered, a taste for the most innocent as well as natural pleasures; and his leisure hours were sufficiently employed in building, planting, and gardening. His answer to *Maximilian* is deservedly celebrated. He was solicited by that restless old man to assume the reins of government and the imperial purple. He rejected the temptation with a smile of pity, calmly observing, that if he could shew *Maximilian* the cabbages which he had planted with his own hands at Salona, he should no longer be urged to relinquish the enjoyment of happiness for the pursuit of power. "A just estimate of greatness," adds this elegant historian, "and the assurance of immortal fame, improve our relish for the pleasures of retirement." *Charles the Fifth* also retired from the throne, and buried his grandeur and his ambition in solitude and silence, in a delightful retreat near the monastery of *St. Jusus*, in the province of Estramadura in Spain, where he enjoyed perhaps more complete satisfaction than all his power had ever yielded him.

knowledge useful to mankind, must first study the world ; not too intensely, or for any long duration, or with any fondness for its follies ; for the follies of the world enervate and destroy the vigour of the mind. *Cæsar* tore himself from the embraces of *Cleopatra*, and became the master of the world ; while *Antony* took her as a mistress to his bosom, sunk indolently into her arms, and by his effeminacy lost not only his life, but the government of the Roman empire.

SOLITUDE, indeed, inspires the mind with notions too refined and exalted for the level of common life. But a fondness for high conceptions, and a lively, ardent disposition, discovers to the votaries of Solitude, the possibility of supporting themselves on heights which would derange the intellects of ordinary men. Every object that surrounds the solitary man enlarges the faculties of his mind, improves the feelings of his heart, elevates him above the condition of the species, and inspires his soul with views of immortality. Every day in the life of a man of the world seems as if he expected it would be the last of his existence.* Solitude amply compensates for every

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privation,

* *Plato*, when he visited Sicily, was so much struck with the luxury of Agrigentum, both in their *boufes* and their *tables*, that he observed, “ The people here *build* as if they were never to die, and *eat* as if they had not an hour to live.”

privation, while the devotee of worldly pleasures conceives himself lost if he is deprived of visiting a fashionable assembly, of attending a favourite club, of seeing a new play, of patronizing a celebrated boxer, or of admiring some foreign novelty which the hand-bills of the day have announced.

I COULD never read without feeling the warmest emotions the following passage of *Plutarch* :
 “ I live,” said he, “ entirely upon History ; and
 “ while I contemplate the pictures it presents to
 “ my view, my mind enjoys a rich repast from the
 “ representation of great and virtuous characters.
 “ If the actions of men produce some instances
 “ of vice, corruption, and dishonesty, I endeavour,
 “ nevertheless, to remove the impression,
 “ or to defeat its effect. My mind withdraws
 “ itself from the scene, and, free from every ignoble
 “ passion, I attach myself to those high
 “ examples of virtue which are so agreeable and
 “ satisfactory, and which accord so completely
 “ with the genuine feelings of our nature.”

THE soul, winged by these sublime images, flies from the earth, mounts as it proceeds, and casts an eye of disdain on those surrounding clouds which, as they gravitate to the earth, would impede its flight. At a certain height the faculties of the
 mind

mind expand, and the fibres of the heart dilate. It is, indeed, in the power of every man to perform more than he undertakes; and therefore it is both wise and praise-worthy to attempt every thing that is morally within our reach. How many dormant ideas may be awakened by exertion! and then, what a variety of early impressions, which were seemingly forgot, revive, and present themselves to our pens! We may always accomplish much more than we conceive, provided passion fans the flame which the imagination has lighted; for life is insupportable when unanimated by the soft affections of the heart.*

SOLITUDE leads the mind to those sources from whence the grandest conceptions are most likely to flow. But, alas! it is not in the power of every person to seize the advantages Solitude bestows. Were every noble mind sensible of the extensive information, of the lofty and sublime ideas, of the exquisitely fine feelings which result from occasional retirement, they would frequently quit the world, even in the earliest periods

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of

* “The force of the passions,” says a great Philosopher, “can alone counterbalance in the human mind the effects of indolence and inactivity, steal us from that repose and torpidity towards which we incessantly gravitate, and at length endue the mind with that continuity of attention to which superiority of talent is attached.”

of youth, to taste the sweets of Solitude, and lay the foundation for a wise old age.

IN conducting the low and petty affairs of life, *common sense* is certainly a more useful quality than even *genius* itself.* Genius, indeed, or that fine enthusiasm which carries the mind into its highest sphere, is clogged and impeded in its ascent by the ordinary occupations of the world, and seldom regains its natural liberty and pristine vigour except in Solitude. Minds anxious to reach the regions of philosophy and science, have, indeed, no other means of rescuing themselves from the burden and thralldom of worldly affairs. Sickened and disgusted by the ridicule and obloquy they experience from an ignorant and presumptuous multitude, their faculties become, as it were, extinct, and mental exertion dies away; for the desire of fame, that great incentive to intellectual achievement, cannot long exist where merit is no longer rewarded by praise. But remove such minds from
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* “ A man of common sense,” says *Helvetius*, “ is a man
“ in whose character indolence predominates: he is not endowed
“ with that activity of soul which, in high stations, leads great
“ minds to discover new springs by which they may set the world
“ in motion, or to sow those seeds, from the growth of which
“ they are enabled to produce future events.”

the oppression of ignorance, of envy, of hatred, or of malice ; let them enjoy liberty and leisure ; and, with the assistance of pen, ink, and paper, they will soon take an ample revenge, and their productions excite the admiration of the world. How many excellent understandings remain in obscurity, merely on account of the possessor being condemned to follow worldly employments, in which little or no use of the mind is required, and which for that reason ought to be exclusively bestowed on the ignorant and illiterate vulgar ! But this circumstance can seldom happen in Solitude, where the mental faculties, enjoying their natural freedom, and roaming unconfined through all the parts and properties of nature, fix on those pursuits most congenial to their powers, and most likely to carry them into their proper sphere.

THE unwelcome reception which solitary men frequently meet with in the world, becomes, when properly considered, a source of enviable happiness ; for to be universally beloved would prove a great misfortune to him who is meditating in tranquillity the performance of some great and important work : every one would then be anxious to visit him, to solicit his visits in return, and to press for his attendance on all parties. But though philosophers are fortunately not in general the most favoured guests in fashionable societies, they have the satisfaction to recollect, that it is not ordinary

or common characters against whom the public hatred and disgust are excited. There is always something great in that man against whom the world exclaims, at whom every one throws a stone, and on whose character all attempt to fix a thousand crimes, without being able to prove one. The fate of a man of genius, who lives retired and unknown, is certainly more enviable; for he will then enjoy the pleasure of undisturbed retirement; and naturally imagining the multitude to be ignorant of his character, will not be surprised that they should continually misinterpret and pervert both his words and actions; or that the efforts of his friends to undeceive the public with respect to his merit should prove abortive.

SUCH was, in the mistaken view of the world, the fate of the celebrated *Count Schaumbourg-Lippe*, better known by the appellation of the *Count de Buckebourg*. No character throughout Germany was ever more traduced, or so little understood; and yet he was worthy of being enrolled among the highest names his age or country ever produced. When I first became acquainted with him, he lived in almost total privacy, quite retired from the world, on a small paternal farm, in the management of which consisted all his pleasure and employment. His exterior appearance was, I confess, rather forbidding, and prevented superficial observers from perceiving the extraordinary endowments

dowments of his brilliant and capacious mind. The *Count de Lacy*, formerly Ambassador from the Court of Madrid to Petersburg, related to me, during his residence at Hanover, that he led the Spanish army against the Portuguese at the time they were commanded by the *Count de Buckebourg*; and that when the officers discovered him, as they were reconnoitering the enemy with their glasses, the singularity of his appearance struck them so forcibly, that they immediately exclaimed, “ Are the Portuguese commanded by *Don Quixote* ? ” The Ambassador, however, who possessed a liberal mind, did justice, in the highest terms, to the merit and good conduct of *Buckebourg* in Portugal; and praised, with enthusiastic admiration, the goodness of his mind, and the greatness of his character. Viewed at a distance, his appearance was certainly romantic; and his heroic countenance, his flowing hair, his tall and meagre figure, and particularly the extraordinary length of his visage, might, in truth, recall some idea of the celebrated *Knight of La Mancha*; but, on a closer view, both his person and his manners dispelled the idea; for his features, full of fire and animation, announced the elevation, sagacity, penetration, kindness, virtue, and serenity of his soul; and the most sublime and heroic sentiments were as familiar and natural to his mind, as they were to the noblest characters of Greece and Rome.

THE

THE Count was born in London, and possessed a disposition as whimsical as it was extraordinary. The anecdotes concerning him, which I heard from his relation, a German Prince, are perhaps not generally known. Fond of contending with the English in every thing, he laid a wager that he would ride a horse from London to Edinburgh backwards, that is, with the horse's head towards Edinburgh, and the Count's face towards London; and in this manner he actually rode through several counties in England. He travelled through the greater part of that kingdom on foot in the disguise of a common beggar. Being informed that part of the current of the Danube, above Regensberg, was so strong and rapid, that no one had dared to swim across it, he made the attempt, and ventured so far that he nearly lost his life. A great statesman and profound philosopher at Hanover related to me, that, during the war in which the Count commanded the artillery in the army of *Prince Ferdinand* of Brunswick against the French, he one day invited a number of Hanoverian officers to dine with him in his tent. While the company were in the highest state of festive mirth and gaiety, a succession of cannon balls passed directly over the head of the tent. "The French cannot be far off!" exclaimed the officers. "Oh! I assure you," replied the Count, "they are not near us;" and he begged

the gentlemen would make themselves perfectly easy, resume their seats, and finish their dinners. Soon afterwards a cannon ball carried away the top of the tent, when the officers again rose precipitately from their seats, exclaiming, "The enemy are here!" "No, no," replied the Count, "the enemy are not here; therefore I must request, gentlemen, that you will place yourselves at the table, and sit still, for you may rely on my word." The firing recommenced, and balls flew about in the same direction: the officers, however, remained fixed to their seats; and while they eat and drank in seeming tranquillity, whispered to each other their surmises and conjectures on this singular entertainment. At length the Count, rising from his seat, addressed the company in these words: "Gentlemen, I was willing to convince you how well I can rely upon the officers of my artillery. I ordered them to fire, during the time we continued at dinner, at the pinnacle of the tent; and you have observed with what punctuality they obeyed my orders."

CHARACTERISTIC traits of a man anxious to inure himself and those about him to arduous and difficult exploits, will not be useless or unentertaining to curious and speculative minds. Being
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one day in company with the Count at Fort Wilhelmstein, by the side of a magazine of gunpowder, which he had placed in the room immediately under that in which I slept, I observed to him, that I should not be able to sleep very contentedly there during some of the hot nights of summer. The Count, however, convinced me, though I do not now recollect by what means, that *the greatest danger and no danger are one and the same thing*. When I first saw this extraordinary man, which was in the company of two officers, the one English, the other Portuguese, he entertained me for two hours upon the Physiology of *Haller*, whose works he knew by heart. The ensuing morning he insisted on my accompanying him in a little boat, which he rowed himself, to Fort Wilhelmstein, built under his direction in the middle of the water, from plans, which he shewed me, of his own drawing. On Sunday, on the great parade at Pymont, surrounded by a vast concourse of men and women, occupied in music, dancing, and gallantries, he entertained me during the course of two hours on the same spot, and with as much serenity as if we had been alone, by detailing the various controversies respecting the existence of *God*, pointing out their defective parts, and convincing me that he surpassed every writer in his knowledge of the subject. To prevent my escaping from this
lecture,

lecture, he held me fast the whole time by one of the buttons of my coat. At his country seat at Buckebourg he shewed me a large folio volume, in his own hand-writing, upon “ *The Art of defending a small Town against a great Force.*” The work was completely finished, and intended as a present to the King of Portugal. There were many passages in it, which the Count did me the favour to read, relating to Swisserland; a country and people which he considered as invincible; pointing out to me not only all the important places they might occupy against an enemy, but discovering passes before unknown, and through which even *a cat* would scarcely be able to crawl. I do not believe that any thing was ever written of higher importance to the interests of *my* country than this work; for it contains satisfactory answers to every objection that ever has or can be made. My friend *M. Moysse Mendelssohn*, to whom the Count read the preface to this work while he resided at Pyrmont, considered it as a master-piece of fine style and sound reasoning; for the Count, when he pleased, wrote the French language with nearly as much elegance and purity as *Voltaire*; while in the German, he was laboured, perplexed, and diffuse. I must, however, add this in his praise, that, on his return from Portugal, he studied for many years under two of the most acute masters in Germany:

many: first *Abbt*; and afterwards, *Herder*. Many persons, who, from a closer intimacy, and deeper penetration, have had greater opportunities of observing the conduct and character of this truly great and extraordinary man, relate of him a variety of anecdotes equally instructive and entertaining. I shall only add one observation more respecting his character, availing myself of the words of *Shakespeare*: The Count *Guillaume de Schaumbourg Lippe*

- “ carries no dagger.
 “ He has a lean and hungry look ;
 “ ———— but he’s not dangerous :
 “ ———— he reads much :
 “ He is a great observer ; and he looks
 “ Quite thro’ the deeds of men. He loves no plays ;
 “ ———— he hears no music :
 “ Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,
 “ As if he mock’d himself, and scorn’d his spirit,
 “ That could be mov’d to smile at any thing.”

SUCH was the character, always misunderstood, of this solitary man; and such a character might fairly indulge a contemptuous smile, on perceiving the mistaken sneers of an ignorant multitude. But what must be the shame and confusion of these partial judges of mankind, when they behold the monument which the great *Mendelsobm* has raised to his memory ; and the faithful history of his life and manners which a young author is
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about to publish at Hanover; the profound sentiments, the elegant stile, the truth, and the sincerity of which will be discovered and acknowledged by impartial posterity !

THE men who, as I have frequently observed, are disposed to ridicule this illustrious character on account of his long visage, his flowing hair, his enormous hat, or his little sword, might be pardoned, if, like him, they were philosophers or heroes. The mind of the Count, however, was too exalted to be moved by their insulting taunts; and he never smiled upon the world, or upon men, either with spleen or with contempt. Feeling no hatred, indulging no misanthropy, his looks beamed kindness on all around him; and he enjoyed with dignified composure the tranquillity of his rural retreat in the middle of a thick forest, either alone, or in the company of a fond and virtuous wife, whose death so sensibly afflicted even his firm and constant mind, that it brought him almost to an untimely grave. The people of Athens laughed at *Themistocles*, and openly reviled him even in the streets, because he was ignorant of the manners of the world, the *ton* of good company, and that accomplishment which is called *good breeding*. He retorted, however, upon these ignorant railers with the keenest asperity: “It is true,” said he, “I never play upon the lute;
“ but

“ but I know how to raise a small and inconsiderable city to greatness and glory.” *

SOLITUDE and Philosophy may inspire sentiments which appear ludicrous to the eye of worldly folly; but they banish all light and insignificant ideas, and prepare the mind for the grandest and most sublime conceptions. Those who are in the habit of studying great and exalted characters, of cultivating refined and elevated sentiments, unavoidably contract a singularity of manners which may furnish ample materials for ridicule. Romantic characters always view things differently from what they really are or can be; and the habit of invariably contemplating the sublime and beautiful, renders them, in the eyes of the weak and wicked, insipid and insupportable. Men of this disposition always acquire a high and dignified demeanour, which shocks the feelings of the vulgar; but it is not on that account the less meritorious. Certain Indian Philosophers annually quitted their solitude to visit the palace of their Sovereign, where each of them, in his turn, delivered his advice upon the government of the state, and upon the

* When *Antisthenes* was told that *Ismenias* played excellently upon the flute, he replied, properly enough, says the sagacious *Plutarch*, “ *Then he is good for nothing else.*” And when *Philip*, at a certain entertainment, heard his son sing in a very agreeable and skilful manner, “ *Are you not,*” said he, “ *ashamed to sing so well?*”

the changes and limitations which might be made in the laws ; but he who three successive times communicated false or unimportant observations, lost, for one year, the privilege of appearing in the presence-chamber. This practice is well calculated to prevent the mind from growing romantic ; but there are many philosophers of a different description, who, if they had the same opportunity, would not meet with better success.

PLOTINUS* requested the Emperor *Gallienus* to confer on him a small city in Campania, and the territory appendant to it, promising to retire to it with his friends and followers, and to realize in the government of it the Republic of *Plato*. It happened then, however, as it frequently happens now in many courts to philosophers much less chimerical than *Plotinus* : the statesman laughed at the proposal, and told the Emperor that the philosopher was a fool, in whose mind even experience had produced no effect.

THE history of the greatness and virtues of the Ancients operate in Solitude with the happiest effect. Sparks of that bright flame which warmed

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* See that useful, entertaining, and authentic work, the "*Nouveau Dictionnaire Historique*," for an account of the character of this very extraordinary philosopher.

the bosoms of the great and good, frequently kindle unexpected fires. A lady in the country, whose health was impaired by nervous affections, was advised to read with attention the History of the Greek and Roman Empires. At the expiration of three months she wrote to me in the following terms: “ You have inspired my mind with a veneration for the virtues of the Ancients. What are the buzzing race of the present day, when compared with those noble characters? History heretofore was not my favourite study; but now I live only on its pages. While I read of the transactions of Greece and Rome, I wish to become an actor in the scenes. It has not only opened to me an inexhaustible source of pleasure, but has restored me to health. I could not have believed that my library contained so inestimable a treasure: my books will now prove more valuable to me than all the fortune I possess: in the course of six months you will no longer be troubled with my complaints. *Plutarch* is more delightful to me than the charms of dress, the triumphs of coquetry, or the sentimental effusions which lovers address to those mistresses who are inclined to be *all heart*, and with whom *Satan* plays tricks of love with the same address as a *Dilletante* plays tricks of music on the violin.” This lady, who is really learned, no longer fills her letters with the transactions
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of her kitchen and poultry-yard : she has recovered her health ; and will experience hereafter, I conjecture, as much pleasure among her hens and chickens, as she did before from the pages of *Plutarch*.

BUT although the immediate effects of such writings cannot be constantly perceived, except in Solitude, or in the society of select friends, yet they may remotely be productive of the happiest consequences. The mind of a man of genius, during his solitary walks, is crowded with a variety of ideas, which, on being disclosed, would appear ridiculous to the common herd of mankind : a period, however, arrives, at which they lead men to the performance of actions worthy of immortality. The national songs composed by that ardent genius *Lavater*, appeared at a moment when the Republic was in a declining state, and the temper of the times unfavourable to their reception. The *Schintzuach Society*, by whose persuasion they had been written, had given some offence to the French Ambassador ; and from that time all the measures which the members adopted were decried with the most factious virulence in every quarter. Even the great *Haller*, who had been refused admission, considering them as disciples of *Rousseau*, whom he hated ; and as enemies to orthodoxy, which he loved ; pointed his epigrams

against them in every letter I received from him; and the Committee for the Reformation of Literature at Zurich expressly prohibited the publication of these excellent lyric compositions, on the curious pretence, that it was dangerous and improper to stir up a *dunghill*. No poet of Greece, however, ever wrote with more fire and force in favour of *his* country than *Lavater* did in favour of the liberties of Switzerland. I have heard children chaunt these songs with patriotic enthusiasm; and seen the finest eyes filled with tears of rapture while their ears listened to the fingers. Joy glowed in the breasts of the Swiss peasants to whom they were sung; their muscles swelled, and the blood inflamed their cheeks. Fathers have, within my own knowledge, carried their infant children to the chapel of the celebrated *William Tell*, to join in full chorus the song which *Lavater* composed upon the merits of that great man.* I have myself made the rocks re-echo to
my

* *William Tell* was one of the principal authors of the revolution in Switzerland in the year 1307. *Grisler*, who governed that country under the Emperor *Albert*, obliged him, on pain of death, to shoot, from a considerable distance, with an arrow at an apple which was placed on the head of his infant son; and it is said, that he had the good fortune to carry away the apple without doing the smallest injury to the child. The governor, on approaching to congratulate him on his dexterous achievement, perceived another arrow concealed under the garments of the successful

my voice, by finging these songs to the music which the feelings of my heart composed for them while I wandered over the fields, and climbed among the famous mountains, where those heroes, the ancestors of our race, signalized themselves by their immortal valour. I fancied that I saw them still armed with their knotted clubs, breaking to pieces the crowned helmets of Germany; and, although inferior in numbers, forcing the proud nobility to seek their safety by a precipitate and ignominious flight. These, it may be said, are romantic notions, and can only please solitary and recluse men, who see things differently from the rest of the world. But *great ideas* sometimes make their way in spite of the most obstinate opposition, and operating, particularly in *Republics*, by insensible degrees, sow the seeds of those firm principles and true opinions, which, as they arrive to maturity, prove so efficacious in times of political contest and public commotion.

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SOLITUDE,

cessful archer, and on enquiring of him for what use he intended it; "I brought it," replied *Tell*, "for the purpose of revenge: its eager point should have drank the blood of thy heart, in-
 "human tyrant, if I had had the misfortune to kill my son." The story of the apple, however, which had before been told of a Goth soldier, named *Tocbo*, is justly suspected by the latter historians. The Swifs were willing to adorn the birth-day of their liberty by the fable of some surprising event. But it is certain that *Tell*, after having suffered a long and rigorous confinement, killed the governor with an arrow, and gave by that means a signal to the conspirators.

SOLITUDE, therefore, by instilling high sentiments of human nature, and heroic resolutions in defence of its just privileges, unites all the qualities which are necessary to raise the soul and fortify the character, and forms an ample shield against the shafts of envy, hatred, or malice. Resolved to think and to act, upon every occasion, in opposition to the sentiments of narrow minds, the solitary man attends to all the various opinions he meets with, but is astonished at none. Without being ungrateful for the just and rational esteem his intimate friends bestow upon him; remembering, too, that friends, always partial, and inclined to judge too favourably, frequently, like enemies, suffer their feelings to carry them too far; he boldly calls upon the public voice to announce his character to the world at large, displays his just pretensions before this impartial tribunal, and demands that justice which is due.

BUT Solitude, although it exalts the sentiments, is generally conceived to render the mind unfit for business: this, however, is, in my opinion, a great mistake. To avoid *tottering* through the walks of public duty, it must be of great utility to have acquired a *firm step*, by exercising the mind in Solitude on those subjects which are likely to occur in public life. The love of *truth* is best preserved by Solitude, and *virtue* there acquires greater consistency;

consistency; but I confess truth is not always convenient in business, nor the rigid exercise of virtue propitious to worldly success.

THE *great* and *the good*, however, of every clime, revere the simplicity of manners, and the singleness of heart, which Solitude produces. It was these inestimable qualities which, during the highest fury of the war between England and France, obtained the philosophic *Jean Andre de Luc* the reception he met with at the court of Versailles; and inspired the breast of the virtuous, the immortal *De Vergennes*, with the desire to reclaim, by the mild precepts of a philosopher, the refractory Citizens of Geneva, which all his remonstrances, as Prime Minister of France, had been unable to effect. *De Luc*, at the request of *Vergennes*, made the attempt, but failed of success; and France, as it is well known, was obliged to send an army to subdue the Genevese. It was upon his favourite mountains that this amiable philosopher acquired that simplicity of manners, which he still preserves amidst all the luxuries and seductions of London; where he endures with firmness all the wants, refuses all the indulgencies, and subdues all the desires of social life. While he resided at Hanover, I only remarked one single instance of luxury in which he indulged himself: when any thing vexed his mind,

he chewed a small morsel of sugar, of which he always carried a small supply in his pocket.

SOLITUDE not only creates simplicity of manners, but prepares and strengthens the faculties for the toils of busy life. Fostered in the bosom of retirement, the mind becomes more active in the world and its concerns, and retires again into tranquillity to repose itself, and prepare for new conflicts. *Pericles*, *Phocion*, and *Epaminondas*, laid the foundation of all their greatness in Solitude, and acquired rudiments there which all the language of the schools cannot teach—the rudiments of their future lives and actions. *Pericles*, while preparing his mind for any important object, never appeared in public, but immediately refrained from feasting, assemblies, and every species of entertainment; and during the whole time that he administered the affairs of the Republic, he only went once to sup with a friend, and left him at an early hour.* *Phocion* immediately

* “*Pericles*,” says that great historian *Plutarch*, “undoubtedly deserves admiration; not only for the candour and moderation which he ever retained amidst the distractions of business, and the rage of his enemies, but for that noble sentiment which led him to think it his most excellent attainment, never to have given way to envy or anger, notwithstanding the
“ greatness

diately resigned himself to the study of philosophy; not from the ostentatious motive of being called a *wise man*, but to enable himself to conduct the business of the State with greater resolution and effect.* *Epaminondas*, who had passed his whole life in the delights of literature, and in the improvement of his mind, astonished the Thebans by the military skill and dexterity which he all at once displayed at the battles of Mantinea and Leuctra, in the first of which he rescued his friend *Pelopidas*: but it was owing to the frugal use he made of his time, to the attention with which he devoted his mind to every pursuit he adopted, and
to

“ greatness of his power, nor to have nourished an implacable
“ hatred against his greatest foe. In my opinion,” continues *Plutarch*, “ this one thing, I mean his mild and dispassionate
“ behaviour, his unblemished integrity, and irreproachable conduct, during his whole administration, makes his appellation
“ of *Olympius*, which would otherwise be vain and absurd, no
“ longer exceptionable, but proper.” He was a whole day loaded with reproaches by a vile and abandoned fellow. *Pericles* bore it with patience and silence, continued in public for the dispatch of some urgent affairs, and in the evening walked slowly home, this impudent wretch following and insulting him all the way with the most scurrilous language until he came to his own door, when, it being then dark, he calmly ordered one of his servants to take a torch, and light the man home.

* Thus *Tacitus* speaks of *Helvidius Priscus*: “ *Ingenium illustre altioribus studiis juvenis admodum dedit, non ut magnifico nomine otium velaret, sed quo firmior adversus fortuita rempublicam capefferet.*”

to that Solitude which his relinquishment of every public employment afforded him. His countrymen, however, forced him to abandon his retreat, gave him the absolute command of the army; and, by his military skill, he saved the Republic.

PETRARCH also, a character I never contemplate but with increasing sensibility, formed his mind, and rendered it capable of transacting the most complicated political affairs, by the habits he acquired in Solitude. He was, indeed, what persons frequently become in Solitude, choleric, satirical, and petulant; and has been severely reproached with having drawn the manners of his age with too harsh and sombrous a pencil, particularly the scenes of infamy which were transacted at the court of Avignon, under the pontificate of *Clement the Sixth*; but he was a perfect master of the human heart, knew how to manage the passions with uncommon dexterity, and to turn them directly to his purposes. The *Abbé de Sades*, the best historian of his life, says, “he is scarcely known, except as a tender and elegant poet, who loved with ardour, and sung, in all the harmony of verse, the charms of his mistress.” But was this in reality the whole of his character? Certainly not. Literature, long buried in the ruins of barbarity, owes the highest obligations to his pen: he rescued some of the finest works of antiquity

antiquity from dust and rottenness; and many of those precious treasures of learning, which have since contributed to delight and instruct mankind, were discovered by his industry, corrected by his learning and sagacity, and multiplied in accurate copies at his expence. He was the great restorer of elegant writing and true taste; and by his own compositions, equal to any that ancient Rome, previous to its subjugation, produced, purified the public mind, reformed the manners of the age, and extirpated the prejudices of the times. Pursuing his studies with unremitting firmness to the hour of his death, his last work surpassed all that had preceded it. But he was not only a tender lover, an elegant poet, and a correct and classical historian, but an able statesman also, to whom the most celebrated sovereigns of his age confided every difficult negotiation, and consulted in their most important concerns. He possessed, in the Fourteenth Century, a degree of fame, credit, and influence, which no man of the present day, however learned, has ever acquired. Three Popes, an Emperor, a Sovereign of France, a King of Naples, a crowd of Cardinals, the greatest Princes, and the most illustrious Nobility of Italy, cultivated his friendship, and solicited his correspondence. In the several capacities of Statesman, Minister, and Ambassador, he was employed in transacting the greatest affairs, and by that means was enabled to
acquire

acquire and disclose the most useful and important truths. These high advantages he owed entirely to Solitude, with the nature of which as he was better acquainted than any other person, so he cherished it with greater fondness, and refounded its praise with higher energy; and at length preferred his *liberty* and *leisure* to all the enjoyments of the world. *Love*, to which he had consecrated the prime of his life, appeared, indeed, for a long time, to enervate his mind; but suddenly abandoning the soft and effeminate style in which he breathed his sighs at *Laura's* feet, he addressed Kings, Emperors, and Popes, with manly boldness, and with that confidence which splendid talents and a high reputation always inspire. In an elegant oration, worthy of *Demosthenes* and *Cicero*, he endeavoured to compose the jarring interests of Italy; and exhorted the contending Powers to destroy, with their confederated arms, the Barbarians, those common enemies of their country, who were ravaging its very bosom, and preying on its vitals. The enterprizes of *Rienzi*,* who seemed like an agent sent from Heaven to restore the decayed metropolis of the Roman Empire

* For an elegant and highly interesting account of this enterprize, and of the character, abilities, conduct, and fate, of this extraordinary man, see Mr. Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, vol. xii. p. 331, 8vo. edition.

Empire to its former splendour, were suggested, encouraged, directed and supported by his abilities. A timid Emperor was roused by his eloquence to invade Italy, and induced to seize upon the reins of government as successor to the *Cæsars*. The Pope, by his advice, removed *the holy chair*, which had been transported to the borders of the Rhine, and replaced it on the banks of the Tiber; and at a moment even when he confessed, in one of his letters, that his mind was distracted with vexation, his heart torn with love, and his whole soul disgusted with men and measures. Pope *Clement the Sixth* confided to his negotiation an affair of great difficulty at the Court of Naples, in which he succeeded to the highest satisfaction of his employer. His residence at courts, indeed, had rendered him ambitious, busy, and enterprising; and he candidly acknowledged that he felt a pleasure on perceiving a hermit, accustomed to dwell only in woods, and to saunter over plains, running through the magnificent palaces of cardinals with a crowd of courtiers in his suite. When *John Visconti*, Archbishop and Prince of Milan, and Sovereign of Lombardy, who united the finest talents with an ambition so insatiable that it threatened to swallow up all Italy, had the happiness to fix *Petrarch* in his interests, by inducing him to accept of a seat in his council, the friends of the philosopher whispered one among another,

" This stern republican, who breathed no senti-
 " ments but those of liberty and independence ;
 " this untamed bull, who roared so loud at the
 " slightest shadow of the yoke ; who could endure
 " no fetters but those of love, and who even felt
 " these too heavy ; who has refused the first offers
 " at the court of Rome, because he disdained to
 " wear golden chains ; has at length submitted to
 " be shackled by the Tyrant of Italy ; and this great
 " apostate of Solitude, who could no longer live
 " except in the tranquillity of the groves, now
 " contentedly resides amidst the tumults of
 " Milan."* " My friends," replied *Petrarch*,
 " have

* The conduct of *Petrarch* might here have been finely contrasted with the conduct of *Horace* on an occasion in some degree similar. *Mæcenas* had bestowed upon him a little estate near *Tibur*, to which he retired, and wrote those poems that have since so much amused and instructed mankind. His fame soon reached the ears of *Augustus*, who offered him the place of his private secretary, which *Horace* declined, because the duties of it would have interfered with the pleasures he enjoyed in retirement. This fondness for a sequestered life he has very happily expressed in the sixth ode of the seventh book, addressed to *Septimius*, of which we insert an elegant and highly poetical translation by *William Boscauer*, Esq.

I.

Septimius, who would dare explore
 With me the distant Gades' shore,
 Prepar'd alike to brave

Realms

“ have reason to arraign my conduct. Man has
 “ not a greater enemy than himself. I acted
 “ against my taste and inclination. Alas! through
 “ the whole course of our lives, we do those things
 “ which we ought not to have done, and leave
 “ undone

Realms where the free Cantabrian roams,
 Or on the barbarous Syrtes foams
 The Mauritanian wave !

II.

Let fruitful *Tiber's* genial land,
 First planted by an Argive hand,
 Receive my peaceful age :
 There let me rest in gentle ease,
 Nor trust again the stormy seas,
 Nor tempt the battle's rage.

III.

Should envious fate deny these seats,
 Next let me court the blest retreats
 Where, murmuring through the plain
 For richest fleeces far renown'd,
 Galeus laves the realms that own'd
 Phalantus' Spartan reign.

IV.

That spot, of all the world, can please ;
 The honey of her fruitful bees
 Can match Hymettus' foil :
 The berries that her trees produce
 Vie, in the richness of their juice,
 With fam'd Venusian oil.

V. There

“ undone what most we wish to do.” But *Pe-*
trarch might have told his friends, “ I was
 “ willing to convince you how much a mind,
 “ long exercised in Solitude, can perform when
 “ engaged in the business of the world; how much
 “ a previous retirement enables a man to transact
 “ the affairs of public life with ease, firmness,
 “ dignity, and effect.”

THE courage which is necessary to combat the
 prejudices of the multitude, is only to be acquired
 by a contempt of the frivolous transactions of the
 world, and of course is seldom possessed, except by
 solitary men. Worldly pursuits, so far from add-
 ing strength to the mind, only weaken it; in like
 manner as any particular enjoyment too frequently
 repeated,

V.

There Jove prolongs Spring's blithsome hours;
 There mitigates stern Winter's powers,
 Which tepid gales controul.
 The fertile Aulon spreads her vines,
 Nor envies the Falernian wines
 When Bacchus crowns the bowl.

VI.

These blest abodes, these chosen bowers,
 Shall gild with joy life's fleeting hours.
 Here, when my days shall end,
 Bathe my lov'd ashes with a tear,
 And cherish with regret sincere
 Thy poet and thy friend.

repeated, dulls the edge of appetite for every pleasure. How often do the best contrived and most excellent schemes fail, merely for want of sufficient courage to surmount the difficulties which attend their execution ! How many happy thoughts have been stifled in their birth, from an apprehension that they were too bold to be indulged ! *

AN idea has prevailed, that truth can only be freely and boldly spoken under a Republican form of government, but this idea is certainly without foundation. It is true, that in Aristocracies, as well as under a more open form of government, where a single demagogue unfortunately possesses the sovereign power, *common sense* is too frequently construed into a public offence. Where this absurdity exists, the mind must be timid, and the people, in consequence, deprived of their liberty. In a Monarchy every offence is punished by the sword of justice ; but in a Republic, punishments are inflicted by prejudices, passions, and state necessity. The first maxim, which, under a Republican form of government, parents endeavour to instil into the minds of their children, is, *not to make enemies* ; and I remember, when I was very

H young,

* “ Our fears,” says *Shakespeare*, “ are traitors, and make
“ us lose the thing we wish to gain by dread of the event.”

young, replying to this sage counsel, "*My dear mother, do you not know that he who has no enemies is a poor man?*" In a Republic the citizens are under the authority and jealous observation of a multitude of sovereigns; while in a Monarchy the reigning prince is the only man whom his subjects are bound to obey. The idea of living under the controul of a number of masters intimidates the mind; whereas love and confidence in *one* alone, raises the spirits, and renders the people happy.

BUT in all countries, and under every form of government, the rational man, who renounces the useless conversation of the world, who lives a retired life, and who, independently of all that he sees, of all that he hears, forms his notions in tranquillity by an intercourse with the heroes of Greece, of Rome, and of Great Britain, will acquire a steady and uniform character, obtain a noble style of thinking, and rise superior to every vulgar prejudice.

" ————— The fall of kings,
 " The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
 " Move not THE MAN who, from the world escap'd,
 " In still retreats and flowery solitudes
 " To Nature's voice attends —————"

THESE

THESE are the observations I had to make respecting the influence of *occasional Solitude* upon the Mind. They disclose my real sentiments on this subject: many of them, perhaps, undigested, and many more certainly not well expressed. But I shall console myself for these defects, if this Chapter affords only a glimpse of those advantages which I am persuaded a rational Solitude is capable of affording to the minds and manners of men; and if that which follows shall excite a lively sensation of the true, noble, and elevated pleasures Retirement is capable of producing by a tranquil and feeling contemplation of nature, and by an exquisite sensibility for every thing that is *good* and *fair*.



CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE INFLUENCE OF SOLITUDE
UPON THE HEART.

THE highest happiness which is capable of being enjoyed in this world consists in *peace of mind*. The wise mortal who renounces the tumults of the world, restrains his desires and inclinations, resigns himself to the dispensation of his Creator, and looks with an eye of pity on the frailties of his fellow-creatures ; whose greatest pleasure is to listen among the rocks to the soft murmurs of a cascade ; to inhale, as he walks along the plains, the refreshing breezes of the zephyrs ; and to dwell in the surrounding woods, on the melodious accents of the aerial choristers ; may, by the simple feelings of his heart, obtain this invaluable blessing.

To taste the charms of Retirement, it is not necessary to divest the heart of its emotions. The world may be renounced without renouncing the enjoyment which the tear of sensibility is capable of affording. But to render the heart susceptible
of

of this felicity, the mind must be able to admire with equal pleasure Nature in her sublimest beauties, and in the modest flower that decks the valleys ; to enjoy at the same time that harmonious combination of parts which expands the soul, and those detached portions of the whole which present the softest and most agreeable images to the mind. Nor are these enjoyments exclusively reserved for those strong and energetic bosoms whose sensations are as lively as they are delicate, and in which, for that reason, the good and the bad make the same impression ; the purest happiness, the most enchanting tranquillity, are also granted to men of colder feelings, and whose imaginations are less bold and lively ; but to such characters the portraits must not be so highly coloured, nor the tints so sharp ; for as the bad strikes them less, so also are they less susceptible of livelier impressions.*

H 3

THE

* *M. Antoninus*, speaking of the beauty of universal Nature, observes, that there is a *pleasing and graceful aspect in every object we perceive*, when once we perceive its connection with the general order of things. He instances many things which at first sight would be thought rather deformities, and then adds, “ that a man
“ who enjoys a sensibility of temper, with a just comprehension
“ of the universal order, will discern many amiable things not
“ credible to every mind, but to those alone who have entered
“ into an honourable familiarity with Nature and her works.”

THE high enjoyments which the heart feels in Solitude are derived from the imagination.* The touching aspect of delightful nature, the variegated verdure of the forests, the resounding echoes of an impetuous torrent, the soft agitation of the foliage, the melodious warblings of the tenants of the groves, the beautiful scenery of a rich and extensive country, and all those objects which compose an agreeable landscape, take such complete possession of the soul, and so entirely absorb our faculties, that the sentiments of the mind are by the charms of the imagination instantly converted into sensations of the heart, and the softest emotions give birth to the most virtuous and worthy sentiments. But, to enable the imagination thus to render every object fascinating and delightful, it must act with freedom, and dwell amidst surrounding tranquillity. Oh ! how easy it is to renounce noisy pleasures and tumultuous assemblies, for the enjoyment of that *philosophic melancholy* which Solitude inspires !

“ He comes ! he comes ! in every breeze the power

“ Of *philosophic Melancholy* comes !

“ His

* An account of the natural and moral advantages resulting from a sensible and well formed imagination, is finely given by Dr. *Arbutnot*, in the Third Book of “ The Pleasures of the Imagination.”

" His near approach the sudden starting tear,
 " The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
 " The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,
 " Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
 " O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes;
 " Inflames imagination; thro' the breast
 " Infuses every tendernefs; and far
 " Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.
 " Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
 " As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
 " Croud fast into the mind's creative eye;
 " As fast the correspondent passions rise,
 " As varied and as high: *Devotion* rais'd
 " To rapture, and divine astonishment;
 " The love of Nature unconfin'd, and chief
 " Of human race; the large ambitious wish
 " To make them blest; the sigh for suffering worth,
 " Lost in obscurity; the noble scorn
 " Of tyrant pride; the fearless great resolve;
 " The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
 " Inspiring glory thro' remotest time;
 " Th' awaken'd throb for virtue and for fame;
 " The sympathies of love, and friendship dear;
 " With all the social offspring of the heart."

RELIGIOUS awe and rapturous delight are alternately excited by the deep gloom of forests, by the tremendous height of broken rocks, and by the multiplicity of majestic and sublime objects which are combined within the scite of a delightful and extensive prospect. The most painful sensations

immediately yield to the serious, soft, and solitary reveries to which the surrounding tranquillity invites the mind ; while the vast and awful silence of Nature exhibits the happy contrast between simplicity and grandeur ; and as our feelings become more exquisite, so our admiration becomes more intense, and our pleasures more complete.

I HAD been for many years familiar with all that Nature is capable of producing in her sublimest works, when I first saw a garden in the vicinity of Hanover, and another, upon a much larger scale, at Marienwerder, about three miles distant, cultivated in the English style of rural ornament. I was not then apprized of the extent of that art which sports with the most ungrateful soil, and, by a new species of creation, converts barren mountains into fertile fields and smiling landscapes. This magic art makes an astonishing impression on the mind, and captivates every heart, not insensible to the delightful charms of cultivated Nature. I cannot recollect, without shedding tears of gratitude and joy, a single day of this early part of my residence at Hanover, when, torn from the bosom of my country, from the embraces of my family, and from every thing that I held dear in life, my mind, on entering the little garden of my deceased friend *M. de Hinuber*, near Hanover, immediately revived, and forgot for the
moment

moment both my country and my grief. The charm was new to me. I had no conception that it was possible, upon so small a plot of ground, to introduce at once the enchanting variety and the noble simplicity of Nature. But I was then convinced that her aspect alone is sufficient, at first view, to heal the wounded feelings of the heart, to fill the bosom with the highest luxury, and to create those sentiments in the mind which can, of all others, render life desirable.

THIS new re-union of Art and Nature, which was not invented in China,* but in England, is founded upon a rational and refined taste for the beauties of Nature, confirmed by experience, and by the sentiments which a chaste fancy reflects on a feeling heart.

Great Nature scorns controul; she will not bear
One beauty foreign to the spot or soil
She gives thee to adorn: 'Tis thine alone
To mend, not change, her features.

BUT in the gardens I have before mentioned, every point of view raises the soul to heaven, and affords the mind sublime delight; every bank presents

* See Sir *William Chambers's* celebrated Treatise on Oriental Gardening.

sents a new and varied scene, which fills the heart with joy : nor, while I feel the sensation which such scenes inspire, will I suffer my delight to be diminished, by discussing whether the arrangement might have been made in a better way, or permit the dull rules of cold and senseless masters to destroy my pleasure. Scenes of serenity, whether created by tasteful Art, or by the cunning hand of Nature, always bestow, as a gift from the imagination, tranquillity to the heart. While a soft silence breathes around me, every object is pleasant to my view ; rural scenery fixes my attention, and dissipates the grief that lies heavy at my heart ; the loveliness of Solitude enchants me, and, subduing every vexation, inspires my soul with benevolence, gratitude, and content. I return thanks to my Creator for endowing me with an imagination which, though it has frequently caused the trouble of my life, occasionally leads me, in the hour of my retirement, to some friendly rock, on which I can climb and contemplate with greater composure the tempests I have escaped.

THERE are, indeed, many *Anglicised* gardens in Germany, laid out so whimsically absurd, as to excite no other emotions than those of laughter or disgust. How extremely ridiculous is it to see a forest of poplars scarcely sufficient to supply a chamber stove with fuel for a week ; mere mole-

hills

hills dignified with the name of mountains; caves and aviaries, in which tame and savage animals, birds and amphibious creatures, are attempted to be represented in their native grandeur; bridges of various kinds thrown across rivers which a couple of ducks would drink dry; and wooden fishes swimming in canals which the pump every morning supplies with water! These unnatural beauties are incapable of affording any pleasure to the imagination.

A CELEBRATED English writer has said, that
“ Solitude, on the first view of it, inspires the
“ mind with terror, because every thing that
“ brings with it the idea of privation is terrific,
“ and therefore sublime, like space, darkness, and
“ silence.”

THE species of *greatness* which results from the idea of infinity, can only be rendered delightful by being viewed at a proper distance. The Alps, in Switzerland, and particularly near the Canton of Berne, appear inconceivably majestic; but on a near approach, they excite ideas certainly sublime, yet mingled with a degree of terror. The eye, on beholding these immense and enormous masses piled one upon the other, forming one vast and uninterrupted chain of mountains, and rearing their lofty summits to the skies, conveys to the
heart

heart the most rapturous delight! while the succession of soft and lively shades, which they throw around the scene, tempers the impression, and renders the view as agreeable as it is sublime. On the contrary, no feeling heart can, on a close view, behold this prodigious wall of rocks without experiencing involuntary trembling. The mind contemplates with affright their eternal snows, their steep ascents, their dark caverns, the torrents which precipitate themselves with deafening clamours from their summits, the black forests of firs that overhang their sides, and the enormous fragments of rocks which time and tempests have torn away. How my heart thrilled when I first climbed through a steep and narrow track upon these sublime deserts, discovering every step I made new mountains rising over my head, while upon the least stumble death menaced me in a thousand shapes below! But the imagination immediately kindles when you perceive yourself alone in the midst of this grand scene of Nature, and reflect from these heights on the weakness of human power, and the imbecility of the greatest monarchs!

THE history of Swisserland evinces, that the natives of these mountains are not a degenerate race of men, and that their sentiments are as generous as their feelings are warm. Bold and spirited
by

by nature, the liberty they enjoy gives wings to their souls, and they trample tyrants and tyranny under their feet. Some of the inhabitants of Swisserland, indeed, are not perfectly free; though they all possess notions of liberty, love their country, and return thanks to the Almighty for that happy tranquillity which permits each individual to live quietly under his vine, and enjoy the shade of his fig-tree; but the most pure and genuine liberty is always to be found among the inhabitants of these stupendous mountains.

THE Alps in Swisserland are inhabited by a race of men sometimes unsocial, but always good and generous. The hardy and robust characters given to them by the severity of their climate, is softened by their pastoral life. It is said by an English writer, that he who has never heard a storm in the Alps, can form no idea of the continuity of the lightning, the rolling and the burst of the thunder which roars round the horizon of these immense mountains; and the people, never enjoying better habitations than their own cabins, nor seeing any other country than their own rocks, believe the universe to be an unfinished work, and a scene of unceasing tempests. But the skies do not always lour; the thunder does not incessantly roll, nor the lightnings continually flash; immediately after the most dreadful tempests, the hemisphere

sphere clears itself by slow degrees, and becomes serene. The dispositions of the Swiss follow the nature of their climate; kindness succeeds to violence, and generosity to the most brutal fury: this may be easily proved, not only from the records of history, but from recent facts.

GENERAL *Redin*, an inhabitant of the Alps, and a native of the Canton of Schwitz, enlisted very early in life into the Swiss Guards, and attained the rank of Lieutenant-General in that corps. His long residence at Paris and Versailles, however, had not been able to change his character; he still continued a true Swiss. The new regulation made by the King of France, in the year 1764, relating to this corps, gave great discontent to the Canton of Schwitz. The citizens, considering it as an innovation extremely prejudicial to their ancient privileges, threw all the odium of the measure on the Lieutenant-General, whose wife, at this period, resided on his estate in the Canton, where she endeavoured to raise a number of young recruits; but the sound of the French drum had become so disgusting to the ears of the citizens, that they beheld with indignation the *white cockade* placed in the hats of the deluded peasants. The Magistrate, apprehensive that this ferment might ultimately cause an insurrection among the people, felt it his duty to forbid

Madame

Madame de Redin to continue her levies. The lady requested he would certify his prohibition in writing; but the Magistrate not being disposed to carry matters to this extremity against the Court of France, she continued to beat up for the requested number of recruits. The inhabitants of the Canton, irritated by this bold defiance of the prohibition, summoned a General Diet, and *Madame de Redin* appeared before the Assembly of Four Thousand. "The drum," said she, "shall never cease to sound, until you give me such a certificate as may justify my husband to the French Court for not completing the number of his men." The Assembly accordingly granted her the required certificate, and enjoining her to procure the interest and interposition of her husband with the Court in favour of her injured country, waited in anxious expectation that his negociation would produce a favourable issue. Unhappily, the Court of Versailles rejected all solicitation on the subject, and by this means drove the irritated and impatient inhabitants beyond the bounds of restraint. The leading men of the Canton pretended that the new regulation endangered not only their civil liberties, but, what was dearer to them, their religion. The general discontent was at length fomented into popular fury. A General Diet was again assembled, and it was publicly resolved not to furnish the King of
France

France in future with any troops. The Treaty of Alliance concluded in the year 1713 was torn from the Public Register, and *General de Redin* ordered instantly to return from France with the soldiers under his command, upon pain, if he refused, of being irrevocably banished from the Republic. The obedient General obtained permission from the King to depart with his regiment from France, and entering Schwitz, the metropolis of the Canton, at the head of his troops, with drums beating and colours flying, marched immediately to the church, where he deposited his standards upon the great altar, and falling on his knees, offered up his thanks to God. Rising from the ground, and turning to his affectionate soldiers, who were dissolved in tears, he discharged their arrears of pay, gave them their uniforms and accoutrements, and bid them for ever farewell. The fury of the populace, on perceiving within their power the man whom the whole country considered as the perfidious abettor, and traitorous adviser, of the new regulation, by which the Court of Versailles had given such a mortal blow to the liberties of the country, greatly increased; and he was ordered to disclose before the General Assembly the origin of that measure, and the means by which it had been carried on, in order that they might learn their relative situation with France, and ascertain the degree of punishment that was due

due to the offender. *Redin*, conscious that, under the existing circumstances, eloquence would make no impression on minds so prejudiced against him, contented himself with coolly declaring, in a few words, that the cause of framing the new regulation was publicly known, and that he was as innocent upon the subject as he was ignorant of the cause of his dismissal. “ *The traitor then will not confess !* ” exclaimed one of the most furious members: “ *Hang him on the next tree ! Cut him to pieces !* ” These menaces were instantly repeated throughout the Assembly ; and while the injured soldier continued perfectly tranquil and undismayed, a party of the people, more daring than the rest, jumped upon the Tribune, where he stood surrounded by the judges. A young man, his godson, was holding a *parapluie* over his head, to shelter him from the rain, which at this moment poured down in incessant torrents, when one of the enraged multitude immediately broke the *parapluie* in pieces with his stick, exclaiming, “ *Let the traitor be uncovered.* ” This exclamation conveyed a correspondent indignation into the bosom of the youth, who instantly replied, “ *My god-father a betrayer of his country ! Oh ! I was ignorant, I assure you, of the crime alledged against him ; but since it is so, let him perish. Where is the rope ? I will be the first to put it round the traitor’s neck.* ” The Magistrates instantly formed a cir-

cle round the General, and with uplifted hands exhorted him to avert the impending danger, by confessing that he had not opposed the measures of France with sufficient zeal, and to offer to the offended people his whole fortune as an atonement for his neglect; representing to him, that these were the only means of redeeming his liberty, and perhaps his life. The undaunted soldier, with perfect tranquillity and composure, walked through the surrounding circle to the side of the Tribune, and, while the whole Assembly anxiously expected to hear an ample confession of his guilt, made a sign of silence with his hand: "Fellow Citizens," said he, "you are not ignorant that I have been
 " two-and-forty years on the French establish-
 " ment: You know, and many among you, who
 " were with me in the service, can testify its
 " truth, how often I have faced the enemy, and
 " the manner in which I conducted myself in
 " battle. I considered every engagement as the
 " last day of my life. But here I protest to you,
 " in the presence of that Almighty Being who
 " knows all our hearts, who listens to all our
 " words, and who will hereafter judge of all our
 " actions, that I never appeared before an enemy
 " with a mind more pure, a conscience more tran-
 " quil, a heart more innocent, than I at present
 " possess; and if it is your pleasure to condemn
 " me because I refuse to confess a treachery of
 " which

“ which I have not been guilty, I am now ready
“ to resign my life into your hands.” The dignified demeanour with which the General made this declaration, and the air of truth which accompanied his words, calmed the fury of the Assembly, and saved his life. Both he and his wife, however, immediately quitted the Canton; she entering into a convent at Uri; and he retiring to a cavern among the rocks, where he lived two years in Solitude. Time, at length, subdued the anger of the people, and softened the General’s sense of their injustice. He returned to the bosom of his country, rewarded its ingratitude by the most signal services, and made every individual recollect and acknowledge the integrity of their magnanimous countryman. To recompence him for the injuries and injustice he had suffered, they elected him Bailli, or chief officer, of the Canton; and afforded him an almost singular instance of their constancy and affection, by successively conferring on him three times this high and important dignity. This is the characteristic disposition of the Swiss who inhabit the Alps; alternately violent and mild; and experiencing, as the extremes of a delighted or vexed imagination happen to prevail, the same vicissitudes as their climate. The rude scenes of greatness which these stupendous mountains and vast deserts afford, render the Swiss violent in sentiment, and rough in manners; while the tranquil-

lity of their fields, and the smiling beauties of their vallies, soften their minds, and render their hearts kind and benevolent.

ENGLISH artists confess that the aspect of Nature in Swisserland is too sublime and majestic for the pencil of Art faithfully to reach: but how exquisite must be the enjoyments they feel upon those romantic hills, in those delightful vallies, upon the charming borders of those still and transparent lakes,* where Nature unfolds her various charms, and appears in her highest pomp and splendor; where the majestic oaks, the deep embowering elms, and dark green firs, which cover and adorn

* It is pleasant to observe in "*Letters on Swisserland*," written by Professor *Meiners*, with what exquisite sensibility that Philosopher describes his enjoyments, in quietly resigning himself to the various emotions of his heart on the borders of the Lake of Biel. "When I am fatigued," says he, to one of his friends at Göttingen, "and inclined to contemplate the surrounding objects with studious attention, I seat myself on some verdant bank, or vine-wall, near which people are continually passing; and I never indulged this disposition without experiencing an inexpressible tranquillity. The last time I went there it was nearly six o'clock, and the sun sinking behind the ridge of Jura. The dark green firs with which the mountain, to a certain height, is entirely covered; the oaks of a brighter verdure which succeed them; the vines of still livelier hues, in the midst of which I was seated; and a considerable portion of the Lake, were already in shade; while the opposite shores of Biel and Nidaw, and the Glaciers, were still illuminated by the last rays of the setting sun."

adorn these immense forests, are pleasingly interspersed with myrtles, almond-trees, jessamines, pomegranates, and vines, which offer their humbler beauties to the view, and variegate the scene! Nature is in no country of the globe more rich and various than in Swisserland. It was the scenery around Zurich, and the beauties of its adjoining lake, that first inspired the *Idylls* of the immortal *Gessner*.

THESE sublime beauties, while they elevate and inflame the heart, give greater action and life to the imagination than softer scenes; in like manner as a fine night affords a more august and solemn spectacle than the mildest day.

IN coming from Fiescati, by the borders of the small lake of Nemi, which lies in a deep valley, so closely sheltered by mountains and forests, that the winds are scarcely permitted to disturb its surface, it is impossible not to exclaim with the English poet, that here—

- “ Black *Melancholy* sits, and round her throws
- “ A death-like silence, and a dread repose :
- “ Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
- “ Shades every flower, and darkens every green ;
- “ Deepens the murmurs of the falling floods,
- “ And breathes a browner horror on the woods.”

POPE—*Eloisa to Abelard*.

BUT how the soul expands, and every thought becomes serene and free, when, from the garden of the Capuchins, near Albano, the eye suddenly discovers the little melancholy Lake, with Fregati and all its rural vallies on one side ; on the other, the handsome city of Albano, the village and castle of Riccia and Genzano, with their hills beautifully adorned with clusters of the richest vines ; below the extensive plains of Campania, in the middle of which Rome, formerly the mistress of the world, raises its majestic head ; and lastly, beyond all these objects, the hills of Tivoli, the Appenines, and the Mediterranean Sea !*

How often, on the approach of spring, has the magnificent valley, where the ruins of the residence of Rodolpho de Hapsburg rises upon the side of a hill, crowned with woods of variegated verdure, afforded me the purest and most ineffable delight ! There the rapid Aar descends in torrents from the lofty mountains ; sometimes forming a vast basin in the vale ; at others, precipitating through narrow passages across the rocks, winding

* A German Lady, possessed of a very lively imagination, travelled into Italy for the re-establishment of her health ; and her strength increased day after day : but when she found herself on the *scite* of Albano, such was the effect of the scenery I have mentioned, that, in attempting to express to her attendants the emotion it excited, her voice failed, and she remained speechless for several days.

winding its course majestically through the middle of the vast and fertile plains : on the other side the Ruffs, and, lower down, the Limmat, bring their tributary streams, and peaceably unite them with the waters of the Aar. In the middle of this rich and verdant scene, I beheld the Royal Solitude where the remains of the Emperor ALBERT THE FIRST repose in silence, with those of many Princes of the House of Austria, Counts, Knights, and Gentlemen, killed in battle by the gallant Swiss. At a distance I discovered the valley where lie the ruins of the celebrated city of Vindonissa,* upon which I have frequently sat, and reflected upon the vanity of human greatness. Beyond this magnificent country ancient castles raise their lofty heads upon the hills ; and the far distant horizon is terminated by the sublime summits of the Alps. In the midst of all this grand scenery, my eyes were instinctively cast down into the deep valley immediately below me, and continued fixed upon the little village where I first drew my breath.† It is thus that the *sublime* or *beautiful*

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operates

* *Vindonissa* was a very large and well fortified Roman village, which served as a fortress to the *Emperors* against the incursions of the Germans. In this place they kept a very numerous garrison, to overawe their dangerous neighbours, who frequently established themselves on the borders of the Rhine, and pillaged the plains of Aar.

† The little village of Brugg, near the castles of Windisch and Altenberg.

operates differently on the heart ; the one exciting fear and terror, the other creating only soft and agreeable sensations ; but both tending to enlarge the sphere of the imagination, and enabling us more completely to seek enjoyment within ourselves.

PLEASURES of this description may, indeed, be enjoyed without visiting the romantic solitudes of either Swisserland or Italy. There is no person who may not, while he is quietly traversing the hills and dales, learn to feel how much the aspects of Nature may, by the assistance of the imagination, affect the heart. A fine view, the freshness of the air, an unclouded sky, and the joys of the chase, give sensations of health, and make every step seem too short. The privation of all ideas of dependence, accompanied by domestic comfort, useful employments, and innocent recreations, produce a strength of thought, and fertility of imagination, which present to the mind the most agreeable images, and touch the heart with the most delightful sensations. It is certainly true, that a person possessed of a fine imagination may be much happier in prison, than he could possibly be without imagination amidst the most magnificent scenery. But even to a mind deprived of this happy faculty, the lowest enjoyments of rural life, even the common scenery of harvest time, is
capable

capable of performing miracles on his heart. Alas! who has not experienced, in the hours of languor and disgust, the powerful effects which a contemplation of the pleasures that surround the poorest peasant's cot is capable of affording! How fondly the heart participates in all his homely joys! With what freedom, cordiality, and kindness, we take him by the hand, and listen to his innocent and artless tales! How suddenly do we feel an interest in all his little concerns! an interest which, while it unveils, refines and ameliorates the latent inclinations of our hearts!

THE country, indeed, furnishes a variety of pleasures even to those who, long buried in the sink of cities, scarcely know what real pleasure is. A French officer, on returning to his native country after a long absence, exclaimed, "It is only in rural life that a man can enjoy the treasures of the heart, himself, his wife, his children, and his friends. The country possesses in every respect superior advantages to the town; pure air, smiling prospects, pleasant walks, wholesome food, simple manners, and virtuous minds: the passions unfold themselves without injury: the bosom feels the freedom it enjoys, and rests on heaven alone: the miser may be fated with the abundant pleasures which the liberal hand of Nature is there incessantly
"pouring

“ pouring into his lap; the warrior may follow
 “ that image of war the chace; the voluptuary
 “ may cultivate the richest fruits of the earth;
 “ and the philosopher may indulge his contempla-
 “ tion in silence and in ease.”—Oh! how strongly
 this writer moves and interests my heart, when
 he says in this affecting passage of his work,
 “ I prefer my native fields to every other place;
 “ not because they are more beautiful, but be-
 “ cause I was there brought up. The spot on
 “ which we pass our infant days possesses a secret
 “ charm, an inexpressible enchantment, superior
 “ to every other enjoyment. No other spot on
 “ the face of the earth can equal that in which
 “ the gambols of our infant days were played;
 “ those happy days, which we passed without
 “ inquietude or care, and in which the soul feels
 “ the highest joys and most satisfactory delights.

“ IN the days of early youth, the trivial event
 “ of even finding a bird’s nest is capable of afford-
 “ ing unbounded pleasure. Oh! what happiness
 “ I have experienced from the caresses of the little
 “ captive, in teaching it to peck its victuals from
 “ my mouth, while its wings fluttered with grati-
 “ tude, and its thankful heart throbbed through
 “ its breast with joy against my hand! Happy,
 “ happy is the man who is enabled to retire to the
 “ place of his earliest attachment; that place
 “ where

“ where he fondly sympathised with all around
“ him, and where every object pleased his eyes ;
“ the meadows in which he ran and leaped, the
“ orchards that he used to pillage.”

THESE sentiments evince that, at every period of our existence, sequestered groves, and the freedom and tranquillity of rural life, ravish the soul, and induce us to exclaim, with the sacred orator, “ Happy is the wise and virtuous man, who in “ rural retirement knows how to enjoy his tranquillity with true dignity and perfect ease, independent of every thing around him ! How “ preferable is this happy calm to the deafening “ clamours, the false joys, the deceitful glare of “ fashionable life ! What refined, noble, generous “ sentiments rise and unfold themselves in retirement, which, during the din of business, and the “ dissipation of pleasure, lie dormant in the soul, “ fearful of the contemptuous sneers of wicked “ and unthinking minds !” Oh ! my beloved *Zollikofer*,* I have experienced in the pleasures of a retired domestic life, the truth of those doctrines you promulgated at Leipzig ; those useful doctrines, which, disregarding a cold and sterile theology, inculcate wise and virtuous precepts, that warm and ameliorate the heart. I have,
in

* A celebrated German preacher.

in the bosom of retirement, seen what you described—the man of business forget his vexations, pour his anxieties into the bosom of friendship, surrender his feelings to the charms of consolation, until his heart dilated with new hopes, and his inquietudes were even so far suspended, as to enable him to support their return with fortitude, or to dispel them with courage. I have seen the studious man, abandoning his recondite and laborious researches, escape from the labyrinth, and find in the innocent and simple enjoyments of his children, and those about him, more happiness, tranquillity, cordial sensation, and intellectual delight, than even the arts and sciences are capable of affording. I have there seen each individual obtain the approbation and praise he merited, and obtain them too from persons whose approbation and praises it was his highest felicity to deserve. I have there seen the unfortunate relieved, the wretched made happy, and the wanderer put into the right way. I have there seen, in short, men of every cast and character find, by degrees, satisfaction and content.

THE tranquillity of retired life, and the view of rural scenes, frequently produce a quietude of disposition, which, while it renders the noisy pleasures of the world insipid, enables the heart
to

to seek the charms of Solitude with increased delight.

THE happy indolence peculiar to Italians, who, under the pleasures of a clear unclouded sky, are always poor, but never miserable, greatly augments the feelings of the heart : the mildness of the climate, the fertility of their soil, their peaceful religion, and their contented nature, compensate for every thing. Doctor *Moore*, an English traveller, whose works afford me great delight, says, that “ the Italians are the greatest loungers
“ in the world; and while walking in the fields,
“ or stretched in the shade, seem to enjoy the serenity and genial warmth of their climate with
“ a degree of luxurious indulgence peculiar to themselves. Without ever running into the
“ daring excesses of the English, or displaying the
“ frisky vivacity of the French, or the stubborn phlegm of the Germans, the Italian populace
“ discover a species of sedate sensibility to every
“ source of enjoyment, from which, perhaps,
“ they derive a greater degree of happiness than
“ any of the other.”

RELIEVED from every afflicting and tormenting object, it is, perhaps, impossible for the mind not to resign itself to agreeable chimeras and romantic sentiments : but this situation, notwithstanding

standing these disadvantages, has its fair side. Romantic speculations may lead the mind into certain extravagancies and errors, from whence base and contemptible passions may be engendered; may habituate it to a light and frivolous style of thinking; and, by preventing it from directing its faculties to rational ends, may obscure the prospect of true happiness; for the soul cannot easily quit the illusion on which it dwells with such fond delight: the ordinary duties of life, with its more noble and substantial pleasures, are perhaps thereby obstructed: but it is very certain that romantic sentiments do not always render the mind that possesses them unhappy. Who, alas! is so completely happy *in reality* as he frequently has been *in imagination*!

ROUSSEAU, who, in the early part of his life, was extremely fond of *romances*, feeling his mind hurried away by a love of those *imaginary objects* with which that species of composition abounds, and perceiving the facility with which they may be enjoyed, withdrew his attention from every thing about him, and by this circumstance laid the foundation of that taste for Solitude which he preserved to an advanced period of his life;* a taste
in

* Dr. Johnson, when a boy, was immoderately fond of reading romances of Chivalry, and retained his fondness for this species
of

in appearance dictated by depression and disgust, and attributed by him to the irresistible impulse of an affectionate, fond, and tender heart, which, not being able to find in the regions of philosophy and truth sentiments sufficiently warm and animated, was constrained to seek its enjoyments in the sphere of fiction.

BUT the imagination may, in retirement, indulge its wanderings to a certain degree, without the risque of injuring either the sentiments of the mind or the sensations of the heart. Oh ! if the friends of my youth in Swisserland knew how frequently, during the silence of the night, I pass with them those hours which are allotted to sleep ; if they were apprized that neither time nor absence can efface the remembrance of their former kindness from my mind, and that this pleasing recollection tends to dissipate my grief, and to cast the veil of oblivion over my woes ; they would, perhaps, also rejoice to find that I still live among
them

of composition throughout his life. Spending part of a summer at the parsonage house of *Dr. Percy*, the Bishop of Dromore, he chose for his regular reading the old Spanish romance of *Felix-marte of Hircania*, in folio, which he read quite through. But he frequently attributed to those extravagant fictions that unsettled turn of mind which prevented his ever fixing in any profession. *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, vol. i. p. 26. 8vo. edition.

them in imagination, though I may be dead to them in reality.

A SOLITARY man whose heart is warmed with refined and noble sentiments cannot be unhappy. While the stupid vulgar bewail his fate, and conceive him to be the victim of corroding care and loathed melancholy, he frequently tastes the most delightful pleasure. The French entertained a notion that *Roussseau* was a man of a gloomy and dejected disposition; but he was certainly not so for many years of his life, particularly when he wrote to *M. de Malesherbes*, the Chancellor's son, in the following terms: " I cannot express to you, Sir, how sensibly I am affected by perceiving that you think me the most unhappy of mankind; for as the Public will, no doubt, entertain the same sentiment of me as you do, it is to me a source of real affliction! Oh! if my sentiments were universally known, every individual would endeavour to follow my example. Peace would then reign throughout the world; men would no longer seek to destroy each other; and wickedness, by removing the great incentives to it, no longer exist. But it may be asked, how I could find enjoyment in Solitude? I answer, in my own mind; in the whole universe; in every thing that does, in every thing that can exist; in all that the eye finds beautiful in the
" real,

“ real, or the imagination in the intellectual
 “ world. I assembled about me every thing that
 “ is flattering to the heart, and regulated my
 “ pleasures by the moderation of my desires. No!
 “ The most voluptuous have never experienced
 “ such refined delights ; and I have always enjoy-
 “ ed my chimeras much more than if they had
 “ been realized.”

THIS is certainly the language of enthusiasm ; but, ye stupid vulgar ! who would not prefer the warm fancy of this amiable philosopher to your cold and creeping understandings ? Who would not willingly renounce your vague conversation, your deceitful felicities, your boasted urbanity, your noisy assemblies, puerile pastimes, and inveterate prejudices, for a quiet and contented life in the bosom of a happy family ? Who would not rather seek in the silence of the woods, or upon the daisied borders of a peaceful lake, those pure and simple pleasures of Nature, so delicious in recollection, and productive of joys so pure, so affecting, so different from your own ?

ECLOGUES, which are representations of rural happiness in its highest perfection, are also *fictions* ; but they are fictions of the most pleasing and agreeable kind. True felicity must be sought in retirement, where the soul, disengaged from the

K

torments

torments of the world, no longer feels those artificial desires which render it unhappy both in prospect and fruition. Content with little, satisfied with all, surrounded by love and innocence, we perceive in retirement *the golden age*, as described by the poets, revived; while in the world every one regrets its loss. The regret, however, is unjust; for those enjoyments were not peculiar to that happy period; and each individual may, whenever he pleases, form his own Arcadia. The beauties of a chrystal spring, a silent grove, a daïsied meadow, chasten the feelings of the heart, and afford at all times, to those who have a taste for Nature, a permanent and pure delight.

“THE origin of poetry,” says *Pope*, “is ascribed to that age which succeeded the creation of the world: as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most ancient sort of poetry was probably *pastoral*. It is natural to imagine, that the leisure of these ancient shepherds admitting and inviting some diversion, none was so proper to that solitary and sedentary life as singing, and that in their songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a Poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time, which, by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former
“mer



Kirk del.

Ridley sculp.

Observe the Shepherd, &c?

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“mer age, might recommend them to the present.”

THESE agreeable though fictitious descriptions of the age of innocence and virtue, communicate joy and gladness to our hearts ; and we bless the poet, who, in the ecstasy of his felicity, contributes to render others as happy as himself. Sicily and Zurich have produced two of these benefactors to mankind. The aspect of Nature never appears more charming, the bosom never heaves with such sweet delight, the heart never beats more pleasantly, the soul never feels more perfect happiness, than is produced by reading the *Idylls* of *Theocritus* and *Gessner*.*

BY

* Perhaps no writer throughout Europe has more judiciously criticised the *Idylls* of *Gessner* than the incomparable *Dr. Blair*, in his “Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres,” where he says, “Of all the moderns, *M. Gessner*, a poet of Switzerland, has been most successful in his pastoral compositions. He has introduced into his *Idylls* (as he entitles them) many new ideas. His rural scenery is often striking, and his descriptions are lively. He presents pastoral life to us with all the embellishments of which it is susceptible ; but without any excess of refinement. What forms the chief merit of this poet is, that he writes to the heart, and has enriched the subject of his *Idylls* with incidents which give rise to much tender sentiment. Scenes of domestic felicity are beautifully painted. The mutual affection of husbands and wives, of parents and children, of brothers and sisters, as well as of lovers, are displayed in a pleasing and touching manner. From not understanding the language in which *M. Gessner* writes,

By these easy simple modes the beauties of Nature are made, by the assistance of the imagination, to operate forcibly on the heart. The mind, indeed, drawn away by these agreeable images, often resigns itself too easily to the illusions of romance ; but the ideas they create generally amend the heart without injuring the understanding, and spread some of the sweetest flowers along the most thorny paths of human life.

LEISURE, the highest happiness upon earth, is seldom enjoyed with perfect satisfaction, except in Solitude. Indolence and indifference do not always afford leisure ; for true leisure is frequently found in that interval of relaxation which divides a painful duty from an agreeable recreation ; a toilsome business from the more agreeable occupations of literature and philosophy. *P. Scipio* was of this opinion when he said, *that he was never less idle than when he had most leisure*, and that *he never was less alone than when alone*. Leisure is not to be considered a state of intellectual torpidity, but a new incentive to further activity ; it is sought by strong and energetic minds, not as *an end*, but as *a means* of restoring lost activity ; for whoever seeks
happiness

“ I can be no judge of the style of his poetry ; but in the subject and conduct of his pastorals, he appears to me to have
“ outdone all the Moderns.”

happinefs in a fituation merely quiefcent, feeks for a phantom that will elude his grasp. Leifure will never be found in mere reft, but will follow thofe who feize the firft impulfe to aëtiuity: in which, however, fuch employments as beft fuit the extent and nature of different capacities, muft be preferred to thofe which promife compenfation without labour, and enjoyment without pain.

How various his employments whom the world
Calls idle, and who juftly, in return,
Esteems that bufy world an idler too!
Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen,
Delightful induftry! enjoy'd at home,
And Nature, in her cultivated trim,
Drefs'd to his tafte, inviting him abroad;
Can he want occupation who has thefe?
Will he be idle who has much t' enjoy?
Me, therefore, ftudious of laborious eafe,
Not flothful; happy to deceive the time,
Not wafte it; and aware that human life
Is but a loan to be repaid with ufe,
When he fhall call his debtors to account,
From whom are all our bleffings, bufinefs find
E'en here: while fedulous I feek t' improve,
At leaft neglect not, or leave unemploy'd,
The mind he gave me; driving it, tho' slack
Too oft, and much impeded in its work,
By caufes not to be divulg'd in vain,
To its juft point, the *Saviour of Mankind*.

THUS rural retirement dries up those streams of discontent which flow so plentifully through public life ; changes most frequently the bitterest feelings into the sweetest pleasures ; and inspires an ecstasy and content unknown to the votaries of the world. The tranquillity of Nature buries in oblivion the criminal inclinations of the heart ; renders it blithe, tender, open, and confident ; and, by wisely managing the passions, and preventing an overheated imagination from fabricating fancied woes, strengthens in it every virtuous sensation.

IN towns the Solitude which is necessary to produce this advantage cannot be conveniently practised. It seems, indeed, no very difficult task for a man to retire into his chamber, and, by silent contemplation, to raise his mind above the mean consideration of sensual objects ; but few men have sufficient resolution to perform it ; for, within doors, matters of business every moment occur, and interrupt the chain of reflection ; and without, whether alone or in company, a variety of accidents may occasionally happen, which will confound our vain wisdom, aggravate the painful feelings of the heart, and weaken the finer powers of the mind.

ROUSSEAU

ROUSSEAU was always miserable during his residence at Paris. This extraordinary genius, it is true, wrote his immortal works in that agitated metropolis ; but the moment he quitted his study, and wandered through the streets, his mind was bewildered by a variety of heterogeneous sentiments, his recollection vanished ; and this brilliant writer and profound philosopher, who was so intimately acquainted with the most intricate labyrinths of the human heart, was reduced to the condition of a child.* But in the *country* we
 issue

Boileau, in his Epistle to *M. de Lamoignon*, the Advocate General of France, has so happily expressed these sentiments in poetry, that we think no apology necessary for inserting them.

“ Qu’ heureux est le mortel, qui du monde ignorè
 Vit content de soi meme en un coin retirè !
 Que l’amour de ce rien, qu’on nomme, Renommée,
 N’a jamais enyvèrè d’une vaine fumée,
 Qui de sa liberté forme tout son plaisir,
 Et ne tend qu’à lui seul compte de son loisir !
 Il n’a point à souffrir d’affrontes ne d’injustices,
 Et du peuple inconstant il brave les caprices.
 Mais nous autres faiseurs de livres et d’écrits,
 Sur le bords du PERMISSE aux louanges nourris,
 Nous ne sçaurions briser nos fers et nos entraves ;
 Du Lecteur dédaigneux honorables esclaves.
 Du rang où notre esprit une fois s’est fait voir,
 Sans un facheux éclat nous ne sçaurions déchoir.
 Le Public enrichi du tribut de nos veilles,
 Croit qu’on doit ajouter merveilles sur merveilles.

issue from the house in perfect safety, and feel increasing cheerfulness and satisfaction. Tired with meditation, the rural recluse has only to open the doors of his study, and enjoy his walk, while tranquillity attends his steps, and new pleasures present themselves to his view on every turn. Beloved by all around him, he extends his hand with cordial affection to every man he meets. Nothing occurs to vex and irritate his mind. He runs no risk of being tortured by the supercilious behaviour of some haughty female, proud of her descent, or of enduring the arrogant egotism of an upstart peer; is in no danger of being crushed beneath the rolling carriages of Indian Nabobs: nor dares frontless vice, on the authority of mouldy parchments, attack his property; or presumptuous ignorance offer the least indignity to his modest virtue.

A MAN, indeed, by avoiding the tumultuous intercourse of society, and deriving his comforts
from

Au comble parvenus il veut que nous croissons :
Il veut en vieillissant que nous rejeunissons.
Capendant tout décroît, et moi même à que l'age
D'aucune ride encor n'a flétri le visage,
Déjà moins plein de feu, pour animer ma voix,
J'ai besoin de silence et de l'ombre des bois.
Ma Muse qui se plaît dans leur routes perdues,
Ne sçauroit plus marcher sur le pavé des rues.
Ce n'est que dans ces bois propres à m'exciter,
Qu' Apollon quelquefois daigne encor m'écouter.

Boileau, Ep. VI.

from his own breast, may, even in Paris, or any other metropolis, avoid these unpleasant apprehensions, if his nerves be firm, and his constitution strong; for to a frame disjointed by nervous affections every object is irritating, and every passion tremblingly alive. The *passions* are the gales by which man must steer his course through the troubled ocean of life; they fill the sails which give motion to the soul; and when they become turbulent and impetuous, the vessel is always in danger, and generally runs a-ground. The petty cares and trifling vexations of life, however, give but short-lived disturbance to a heart free from remorse. Philosophy teaches us to forget past uneasiness, to forbear idle speculations of approaching felicity, and to rest contented with present comforts, without refining away our existing happiness, by wishing that which is really good to be still better. Every thing is much better than we imagine. A mind too anxious in the expectation of happiness is seldom satisfied, and generally mixes with its highest fruition a certain portion of discontent. The stream of content must flow from a deliberate disposition in our own minds to learn what is good, and a determined resolution to seek for and enjoy it, however small the portion may be.

THE content, however, which men in general
so

so confidently expect to find in rural retirement, is not to be acquired by viewing objects either with indiscriminate admiration or supine indifference. He who without labour, and without a system of conduct previously digested and arranged, hopes for happiness in Solitude, will yawn with equal fatigue at his cottage in the country, and his mansion in town; while he who keeps himself continually employed, may in the deepest Solitude, by the mere dint of labour, attain true tranquillity and happiness.*

PETRARCH,

* *Charles the Fifth*, during his celebrated Solitude in *Estremadura*, sometimes cultivated the plants in his garden with his own hands; sometimes he rode out to the neighbouring wood on a little horse, the only one that he kept, attended by a single servant on foot. When his infirmities confined him to his apartment, which often happened, he either admitted a few gentlemen who resided near the monastery to visit him, or employed himself in studying mechanical principles, and in forming curious works of mechanism. He relieved his mind at intervals with slighter and more fantastic works of mechanism; in fashioning puppets, which, by the structure of internal springs, mimicked the gestures and actions of men, to the astonishment of the ignorant monks, who, beholding movements which they could not comprehend, sometimes distrusted their own senses, and sometimes suspected him of being in compact with invisible powers. He was particularly curious with regard to the construction of clocks and watches; and having found, after repeated trials, that he could not bring any two of them to go exactly alike, he reflected, it is said, with a mixture of surprise as well as regret, on his own folly, in having bestowed so much time and labour on the more vain attempt of bringing mankind to a precise uniformity
of

PETRARCH, in his Solitude at Vacluse, would have experienced this tranquillity, if his bosom had not been disturbed by love; for he perfectly understood the art of managing his time. “ I rise,” said he, “ before the sun, and on the approach of
“ day wander contemplatively along the fields, or
“ retire to study. I read, I write, I think. I
“ vanquish indolence, banish sleep, avoid luxury,
“ and forget sensuality. From morning till night
“ I climb the barren mountains, traverse the humid
“ vallies, seek the deepest caves, or walk,
“ accompanied only by my thoughts, along the
“ banks of my river. I have no society to distract
“ my mind; and men daily become less annoying
“ to me; for I place them either far before or far
“ behind me, I recollect what is passed, and contemplate on what is to come. I have found an
“ excellent expedient to detach my mind from
“ the world. I cultivate a fondness for my place
“ of residence, and I am persuaded that I could
“ be happy any where except at Avignon. In
“ my retreat at Vacluse, where I am at present,
“ I occasionally find Athens, Rome, or Florence,

of sentiment concerning the profound and mysterious doctrine of religion. But in what manner soever *Charles* disposed of the rest of his time, he constantly reserved a considerable portion of it for religious exercises. He regularly attended divine service in the chapel of the monastery every morning and evening: he took great pleasure in reading books of devotion, and conversed much on pious subjects.

“rence, as the one or the other of those places
 “happens to please the prevailing disposition of
 “my mind. Here I enjoy all my friends, as
 “well those with whom I have actually lived, as
 “those who have long since entered the vale of
 “death, and of whom I have no knowledge, but
 “what their works afford.”

WHAT character, however luxurious, ever felt the same content at any splendid entertainment as *Rousseau* experienced in his humble meal! “I return home,” says he, “with tired feet, but
 “with a contented mind, and experience the calm-
 “est repose in resigning myself to the impression
 “of objects, without exercising thought, indulging
 “imagination, or doing any thing to interrupt the
 “peaceful felicity of my situation. The table is
 “ready spread on my lawn, and furnished with
 “refreshments. Surrounded by my small and
 “happy family, I eat my supper with healthy ap-
 “petite, and without any appearance of servitude
 “or dependence to annoy the love and kindness
 “by which we are united. My faithful dog is not
 “a subservient slave, but a firm friend, from whom,
 “as we always feel the same inclination, I never
 “exact obedience. The gaiety of my mind
 “throughout the evening testifies that I lived
 “alone throughout the day; for, being seldom
 “pleased with others, and never, when visitors
 “have

“ have disturbed me, with myself, I sit during the
“ whole evening of the day, when company has
“ interrupted me, either grumbling or in silence.
“ So at least my good housekeeper has remarked;
“ and since she mentioned it, I have, from my
“ own observation, found it universally true.
“ Having thus made my humble and cheerful
“ meal, I take a few turns round my little garden,
“ or play some favourite air upon my spinette,
“ and experience upon my pillow a soft content,
“ more sweet, if possible, than even undisturbed
“ repose.”

AT the village of Richterswyl, situated a few leagues from Zurich, and surrounded by every object the most smiling, beautiful, and romantic that Swisserland presents, dwells a celebrated Physician. His soul, like the scenery of Nature which surrounds him, is tranquil and sublime. His habitation is the temple of health, of friendship, and of every peaceful virtue. The village rises on the borders of the lake, at a place where two projecting points form a fine bay of nearly half a league. On the opposite shores, the lake, which is not quite a league in extent, is enclosed from the north to the east by pleasant hills covered with vineyards, intermixed with fertile meadows, orchards, fields, groves, and thickets, with little hamlets, churches, villas, and cottages scattered

scattered up and down the scene. A wide and magnificent amphitheatre, which no artist has yet attempted to paint, except in detached scenes, opens itself from the east to the south. The view towards the higher part of the lake, which on this side is four leagues long, presents to the eye jutting points of land, detached ayes, the little town of Rapperschwyl, built on the side of a hill, and a bridge which reaches from one side of the lake to the other. Beyond the town the inexhaustible valley extends itself in a half circle to the right; and upon the fore-ground rises a peak of land which swells as it extends into beautiful hills. Behind them, at the distance of about half a league, is a range of mountains covered with trees and verdure, and interspersed with villages and detached houses; beyond which, at a still greater distance, are discovered the fertile and majestic Alps twisted one among the other, and exhibiting, alternately, shades of the lightest and darkest azure; and in the back-ground high rocks, covered with eternal snows, lift their towering heads, and touch the skies. On the south side of this rich, enchanting, and incomparable scene, the amphitheatre is extended by another range of mountains reaching towards the west; and at the feet of these mountains, on the borders of the lake, lies the village of Richterswyl, surrounded by rich fallows and fertile pastures, and overhung by forests

of

of firs. The streets of the village, which in itself is extremely clean, are neatly paved; and the houses, which are mostly built of stone, are painted on the outside. Pleasant walks are formed along the banks of the lake, and lead quite round the town, through groves of fruit-trees, and shady forests, up to the very summits of the hills. The traveller, struck with the sublime and beautiful scenery that every where surrounds him, stops to contemplate with eager curiosity the increasing beauties which ravish his sight; and while his bosom swells with excess of pleasure, his suspended breath bespeaks his fear of interrupting the fullness of his delight. Every acre of this charming country is in the highest state of cultivation and improvement. Every hand is at work: and men, women, and children, of every age, and of every description, are all usefully employed.

THE two houses of the Physician are each of them surrounded by a garden; and, although situated in the center of the village, are as rurally sequestered as if they had been built in the bosom of the country. Through the gardens, and close beneath the chamber of my valued friend, runs a pure and limpid stream, on the opposite side of which, at an agreeable distance, is the high road; where, almost daily, numbers of pilgrims successively pass in their
way

way to the *Hermitage*. From the windows of these houses, and from every part of the gardens, you behold, towards the south, at the distance of about a league, the majestic Ezelberg rear its lofty head, which is concealed in forests of deep green firs; while on its declivity hangs a neat little village, with a handsome church, upon the steeple of which the sun suspends his departing rays, and shews its career is nearly finished. In the front is the lake of Zurich, whose peaceful water is secured from the violence of tempests, and whose transparent surface reflects the beauties of its delightful banks.

DURING the silence of night, if you repair to the chamber windows of this enchanting mansion, or walk through its gardens, to taste the exhaling fragrance of the shrubs and flowers, while the moon, rising in unclouded majesty over the summits of the mountains, reflect on the smooth surface of the water a broad beam of light, you hear, during this awful sleep of nature, the sound of the village clocks echoing from the opposite shores; and, on the Richterfwyl side, the shrill proclamation of the watchmen, blended occasionally with the barkings of the faithful house-dog. At a distance you hear the little boats gently gliding along the stream, dividing the water with their oars,

oars, and perceive them, as they cross the moon's translucent beam, playing among the sparkling waves.

RICHES and *luxury* are no where to be seen in the happy habitation of this wise philanthropist. His chairs are made of straw; his tables are worked from the wood of the country; and the plates and dishes on which he entertains his friends are all of earthen-ware. Neatness and convenience reign throughout. Drawings, paintings, and engravings, of which he has a large well-chosen collection, are his sole expence. The earliest beams of Aurora light the humble apartment where this philosophic sage sleeps in undisturbed repose, and awake him to new enjoyments every day. As he rises from his bed, the cooing of the turtle doves, and the morning songs of various kinds of birds, who make their nightly nests in an adjoining aviary, salute his ear, and welcome his approach. The first hour of the morning, and the last at night, are sacred to himself; but he devotes all his intermediate hours of every day to a sick and afflicted multitude, who daily attend him for advice and assistance. The benevolent exercise of his professional skill, indeed, engrosses almost every moment of his life, but it constitutes his highest happiness and joy. The inhabitants of the mountains of Swisserland, and of the vallies of the Alps, flock to his house, and endeavour in vain

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to

to find language capable of expressing to him the grateful feelings of their hearts for the favours they receive from him. Convinced of his affection, satisfied of his medical skill, and believing that *the good Doctor* is equally well acquainted with every subject, they listen with the deepest attention to his words, answer all his inquiries without the least hesitation or reserve, treasure up his advice and counsel with more solicitude than if they were grains of gold; and depart from his presence with more regret, comfort, hope, resignation, and virtuous feeling, than if they had quitted their Confessor at the Hermitage. It may perhaps be conceived that, after a day spent in this manner, the happiness which this friend to mankind must feel cannot in any degree be increased. But, when a simple, innocent, and ingenuous country girl, whose mind has been almost distracted by the fear of losing her beloved husband, enters his study, and seizing him with transport by the hand, joyfully exclaims, "*Oh! Sir, my dear husband, ill as he was only two days since, is now quite recovered. Oh! my dear Sir, how, how shall I thank you!*" this philanthropic character feels that transcending felicity which ought to fill the bosom of a Monarch in rendering happiness to his people.

OF this description is the country of Swisserland, where Doctor *Hotze*, the ablest physician of the present age, resides ; a physician and philosopher, whose variety of knowledge, profound judgment, and great experience, have raised him to an equal eminence with *Tiffot* and *Hirtzel*, the dearest friends of my heart. It is in this manner that he passes the hours of his life, with uniformity and happiness. Surrounded, except during the two hours I have already mentioned, by a crowd of unfortunate fellow-creatures, who look up to him for relief, his mind, active and full of vigour, never knows repose ; but his labours are richly rewarded by the high and refined felicity which fills his heart. Palaces, alas ! seldom contain such characters. Individuals, however, of every description may cultivate and enjoy an equal degree of felicity, although they do not reside among scenes so delightful as those which surround my beloved *Hotze* at *Richterfwyl*, as those of the convent of *Capuchins* near *Albano*, or as those which surround the rural retreat of my Sovereign *George the Third* at *Windsor*.

CONTENT can only be found in the tranquillity of the heart ; and in Solitude the bosom gladly opens to receive this wished-for inmate, and to welcome its attendant virtues. While Nature smiles around us, decorated in all its beauties, the

heart expands to the cheering scene; every object appears in the most favourable and pleasing point of view; our souls overflow with kind affections; the antipathies created by the ingratitude of the world instantly vanish; we even forget the vain, the wicked, the profligate characters with whom we were mixed; and being perfectly at peace with ourselves, we feel ourselves at peace with all mankind. But in society the rancorous contentions which jarring interests daily create, the heavy yoke which subordination is continually imposing, “the oppressor’s wrong, the proud man’s con-
 “tumely,” and the shocks which reason and good sense hourly receive from fools in power, and insolent superiors,* spread torrents of misery over human life, embitter the happiness of their more worthy though inferior fellow-creatures, poison all pleasure, break through social order, spread thorns in the paths of virtue, and render the world a vale of tears.

BLOCKHEADS

* “An acute Frenchman has remarked, that the modest deportment of really wise men, when contrasted with the assuming air of the young and ignorant, may be compared to the different appearance of wheat, which while its ear is empty holds up its head proudly; but as soon as it is filled with grain, bends modestly down, and withdraws from observation. He might, however, have added, that when the ears are filled with conceit instead of wisdom, which too often happens, the head is still borne up with all the pride of emptiness.”

Andrews’s Anecdotes.

BLOCKHEADS in power are, of all other characters, the most baneful and injurious; they confound all just distinctions; mistake one quality for another; degrade every person and thing to their own level; and, in short, change white into black, and black into white. To escape from the persecution of such characters, men even of fine talents and ingenuous dispositions must act like the fox of *Saadi*, the Persian poet.* A person one

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* SAADI, the Persian poet and philosopher, was born at Schiraz, the capital of Persia Proper, about the beginning of the twelfth century. Being driven from his country by the ravages of the Turks, he wandered through various scenes during a period of forty years, and was at length taken prisoner by the Franks in the Holy Land, and condemned to work on the fortifications of Tripoli. A merchant of Aleppo redeemed him from slavery, and gave him, with a *hundred sequins*, his daughter's hand in marriage. Her petulance and ill humour rendered him more miserable than he had ever been during his long and painful captivity. One day she asked him whether he was not the slave her father had redeemed for *ten sequins*. "Yes," replied *Saadi*, "but he sold me again for *one hundred*." This ingenious philosopher had a friend, who, being suddenly elevated to an important post, was resorted to and complimented by all the citizens except *Saadi*. "These people," said he, "crowd around him merely on account of his dignity; but I shall go when his office has expired, and then I am sure I shall go alone." A man who had quitted the society of the *Dervises* for that of the *Philosophers*, asked *Saadi* what difference he thought there was between their characters. "Both of them," replied he, "swim across a turbulent stream with their respective brethren. The *Dervise* separates himself from the rest to swim with greater safety, and arrives in solitude on shore; but the true *Philosopher* continues in society, ready to lend an helping hand to his brethren in distress."

day observing a fox running with uncommon speed to earth, called out to him, "Reynard, " where are you running in so great a hurry? " Have you been doing any mischief, for which " you are apprehensive of punishment?"—"No, " Sir," replied the fox; " my conscience is perfectly clear, and does not reproach me with " any thing; but I have just overheard the hunters with that they had *a Camel* to hunt this morning."—"Well, but how does that concern you? You are not *a Camel*."—"Oh, my good Sir," replied the fox, " are you not aware " that sagacious heads have always enemies at " their heels? and if any one should point me out " to these sportsmen, and cry, *There runs a Camel*, " they would immediately seize me, without examining whether I was really the kind of animal " the informer had described me to be." Reynard was certainly right in his conclusion; for men are in general wicked in proportion as they are ignorant or envious, and the only means of eluding their mischievous intentions is to keep out of their way.

THE simplicity, regularity, and serenity which accompany retirement, moderate the warmest tempers, guard the heart against the intrusion of inordinate desires, and at length render it invulnerable to the shafts of malice and detraction; while the
self-

self-examination it necessarily imposes, teaches us, by exhibiting to our view our own defects, to do justice to the superior merit of others. The delightful solitudes of Lausanne exhibit every where captivating examples of domestic felicity. The industrious citizen, after having faithfully performed his daily task, is sure of experiencing, on his return at evening to his wife and children, real comfort and unalloyed content. The voice of slander, the neglect of ingratitude, the contempt of superiors, and all the mortifications attendant upon worldly intercourse, are forgot the moment he beholds his happy family ready with open arms to receive him, and to bestow upon their friend and benefactor the fond caresses he so justly merits. With what exquisite delight his beating bosom feels their rapturous affection ! If his mind has been vexed by the crosses of life, the ostentation of courts, the insolence of riches, the arrogance of power, or his temper irritated and soured by the base practices of fraud, falsehood, or hypocrisy, he no sooner mixes with those whom he cherishes and supports, than a genial warmth re-animates his dejected heart, the tenderest sentiments inspire his soul ; and the truth, the freedom, the probity, and the innocence by which he is surrounded, tranquillize his mind, and reconcile him to his humble lot. Oh ! observe him, all ye who are placed in more elevated stations, whether ye enjoy the confidence of state-

men, are the beloved companions of the great, the admired favourites of the fair, the envied leaders of the public taste, of high birth, or of ample fortunes ; for if your rich and splendid homes be the seats of jealousy and discord, and the bosoms of your families strangers to that content which the wise and virtuous feel within walls of clay, and under roofs of humble thatch, you are, in comparison, poor indeed.

O, friendly to the best pursuits of man,
 Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
Domestic life in rural pleasure pass'd !
 Few know thy value, and few taste thy sweets,
 Though many boast thy favours, and affect
 To understand and choose thee for thy own.

CHARACTERS enervated by prosperity feel the smallest inconvenience as a serious calamity, and, unable to bear the touch of rude and violent hands, require to be treated, like young and tender flowers, with delicacy and attention ; while those who have been educated in the rough school of adversity, walk over the thorns of life with a firm and intrepid step, and kick them from the path with indifference and contempt. Superior to the false opinions and prejudices of the world, they bear with patient fortitude the blow of misfortune, disregard all trifling injuries, and look down with proud contempt on the malice of their enemies, and the infidelity of their friends.

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THE soft zephyr, the transparent spring, the well-stored river, the umbrageous forest, the cooling grotto, and the daïsied field, however, are not always necessary to enable us to despise or forget the consequence of adversity. The man who firmly keeps his course, and has courage to live according to his own taste and inclinations, cannot be affected by the little crosses of life, or by the obloquy or injustice of mankind.* What we do voluntarily, always affords us more pleasure than that which we do by compulsion. The restraints of the world, and the obligations of society, disgust liberal minds, and deprive them, even in the midst of all their splendour and fortune, of that content they seek so anxiously to obtain.

SOLITUDE, indeed, not only tranquillizes the heart, renders it kind and virtuous, and raises it above the malevolence of envy, wickedness, and conceited ignorance, but affords advantages still more valuable. Liberty, true liberty, flies from the tumultuous crowd, and the forced connections of the world. It has been truly observed, that in Solitude man recovers from the distraction which had torn him from himself; feels a clear conception

* The learned reader will most likely call to mind, on reading this observation, the opening of the Third Ode of the Third Book of *Horace*.

tion of what he once was, and may yet become ; explores the nature, and discovers the extent, of his free-born character ; rejects every thing artificial ; is guided by his own sentiments ; no longer dreads a severe master or imperious tyrant ; and neither suffers the constraints of business, or the blandishments of pleasure, to disturb his repose ; but, breaking boldly through the shackles of servile habit and arbitrary custom, thinks for himself with confidence and courage, and improves the sensibility of his heart by the sentiments of his mind.

MADAME DE STAAL considered it a great error to imagine that freedom and liberty could be indulged at court, where the mind, even on the most trifling occasions, is obliged to observe a multitude of ceremonies, where it is impossible to speak one's thoughts, where our sentiments must be adapted to those around us, where every person assumes a controul over us, and where we never have the smallest enjoyment of ourselves. " To enjoy ourselves," says she, " we must seek Solitude. It was in the Bastile that I first became acquainted with myself."

A COURTIER, fearful of every person around him, is continually upon the watch, and torment-
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ed incessantly by suspicion: but while his heart is thus a prey to corroding anxiety, he is obliged to appear contented and serene, and, like the old lady, is always lighting one taper to *Michael the Archangel* and another to the *Devil*, because he does not know for which of them he may have most occasion. A man of a liberal, enlightened mind is as little calculated to perform the office of *master of the ceremonies*, or to conduct the etiquette of a court, as a woman is to be a *religieuse*.

LIBERTY and leisure render a rational and active mind indifferent to every other kind of happiness. It was the love of liberty and solitude which rendered the riches and honours of the world so odious to *Petrarch*. Solicited at an advanced period of his life, to act as Secretary to several Popes, under the tempting offer of great emolument, he replied, "Riches, when acquired
" at the expence of liberty, become the source of
" real misery. A yoke formed of gold and silver
" is not less galling and restrictive than one made
" of wood or iron." And he frankly told his friends and patrons, that to him there was no quantity of wealth equal in value to his ease and liberty; that, as he had despised riches at a time when he was most in need of them, it would be shameful in him to seek them now, when he could more
conveniently

conveniently live without them : * that every man ought to apportion the provision for his journey according to the distance he had to travel ; and, having almost reached the end of his course, he ought to think more of his *reception at the inn*, than of his *expences on the road*.

PETRARCH, disgusted by the vicious manners
which

* A similar style of sentiment is very elegantly expressed in one of those Letters with which the Public have been favoured under the name of *Sir Thomas Fitzosborne*. " I write this," says he to *Palemon*, " while *Cleora* is angling by my side under the shade of " a spreading elm that hangs over the banks of our river. A night- " ingale, more harmonious even than *Strada's*, is serenading us " from a hawthorn bush, which smiles with all the gaiety of " youth and beauty ; while

" gentle gales

" Fanning their odorif'rous wings, disperse

" Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole

" Those balmy spoils."

" While I am thus enjoying the innocent luxury of this vernal " delight, I look back upon those scenes of turbulence wherein " I was once engaged with more than ordinary distaste ; and despise myself for ever having entertained so mean a thought as to " be rich and great. One of our Monarchs used to say, " that he " looked upon those to be the happiest men in the nation whose " fortune had placed them in the country above a *bigb constable*, " and below a *justice of the peace*." It is in mediocrity of this " happy kind that I here pass my life ; with a fortune far above " the necessity of engaging in the drudgery of business, and with " desires much too humble to have any relish for the splendid " baits of ambition."

which furrounded the Papal Chair, retired into Solitude when he was only three-and-twenty years of age, and in possession of that exterior, both with respect to person and dress, which forms so essential a part in the character of an accomplished courtier. Nature had decorated him with every pleasing attribute. His fine form struck observers so forcibly, that they stopped as he passed along to admire and point out its symmetry. His eyes were bright and full of fire; his lively countenance proclaimed the vivacity of his mind; the freshest colour glowed upon his cheeks; his features were uncommonly expressive; and his whole appearance was manly, elegant, and noble. The natural disposition of his heart, increased by the warm climate of Italy, the fire of youth, the seductive charms of the various beauties who resorted to the Papal Court from every nation of Europe, and especially the prevailing dissipation of the age, attached him, very early in life, to the society of women. The decorations of dress deeply engaged his attention; and the least spot or improper fold on his garments, which were always of the lightest colour, seemed to give him real uneasiness. Every form which appeared inelegant was carefully avoided even in the fashion of his shoes; which were so extremely tight, and cramped him to such a degree, that he would soon have been deprived of the use of his feet, if he had not wisely recollected, that it was much better to displease

displease the eyes of the ladies than to make himself a cripple. To prevent the dress of his hair from being discomposed, he protected it with anxiety from the rudeness of the winds as he passed along the streets. Devoted, however, as he was, to the service of *the sex*, he maintained a rival fondness for *literature*, and an inviolable attachment to *moral sentiment*; and while he celebrated the charms of his fair favourites in choice Italian, he reserved his knowledge of the learned languages for subjects more serious and important. Nor did he permit the warmth of his constitution, or the sensibility of his heart, great and exquisite as they were, to debauch his mind, or betray him into the most trifling indiscretion, without feeling the keenest compunction and repentance. "I wish," said he, "that I had a heart as hard as adamant, rather than be so continually tormented by such seducing passions." The heart of this amiable young man was, indeed, continually assailed by the crowd of beauties that adorned the Papal Court; and the power of their charms, and the facility with which his situation enabled them to enjoy his company, rendered him in some degree their captive; but, alarmed by the approaching torments and disquietudes of Love, he cautiously avoided their pleasing snares, and continued, previous to the sight of his beloved *Laura*, to roam "free and unconquered through the wilds of Love."

THE

THE practice of the *civil law* was at this period the only road to eminence at Avignon; but *Petrarch* detested the venality of the profession; and, though he practised at the bar, and gained many causes by his eloquence, he afterwards reproached himself with it. "In my youth," says he, "I devoted myself to the trade of selling words, or rather of fabricating falsehoods; but that which we do against our inclinations is seldom attended with success; my fondness was for Solitude, and therefore I attended the practice of the Bar with aversion and disgust." The secret consciousness, however, which he entertained of his own merit, gave him all the confidence natural to youth; and, filling his mind with that lofty spirit which begets the presumption of being equal to the highest achievements, he relinquished *the Bar for the Church*; but his inveterate hatred of the manners of the Episcopal Court prevented his exertions, and retarded his promotion. "I have no hope," said he, in the thirty-fifth year of his age, "of making my fortune in the court of the Vicar of *Jesus Christ*: to accomplish that, I must assiduously attend the palaces of the great, and practise flattery, falsehood, and deceit." A task of this kind was too painful to his feelings to perform; not because he either hated the society of men, or disliked advancement, but because he detested the means he must necessarily have used

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to gratify his ambition. Glory was his warmest wish, and he ardently endeavoured to obtain it : not, indeed, by the ways in which it is usually obtained, but by delighting to walk in the most unfrequented paths, and, of course, by retiring from the *world*. The sacrifices he made to Solitude were great and important ; but his mind and his heart were formed to enjoy the advantages it affords with a superior degree of delight ; a happiness which resulted to him from his hatred of a profligate court, and from his love of liberty.

THE love of liberty was the secret cause which gave the mind of *Rousseau* so inveterate a disgust to society, and became in Solitude the spring of all his pleasures. His *Letters to Malesherbes* are as remarkable for the discovery they make of his real disposition as his *Confessions*, which have been as much misunderstood as his character. “ I
 “ mistook for a great length of time,” says he, in one of these letters, “ the cause of that invincible
 “ disgust which I always felt in my intercourse
 “ with the world. I attributed it to the mortification of not possessing that quick and ready
 “ talent necessary to display in conversation the
 “ little knowledge I possessed ; and this reflected
 “ an idea, that I did not hold that reputation in the
 “ opinion of mankind which I conceived I merited. But, although, after scribbling many ridiculous
 “ ridiculous

“ diculous things, and perceiving myself fought
“ after by all the world, and honoured with much
“ more consideration than even my own ridiculous
“ vanity would have led me to expect, I found
“ that I was in no danger of being taken for a
“ fool; yet, still feeling the same disgust rather
“ augmented than diminished, I concluded that
“ it must arise from some other cause, and
“ that these were not the kind of enjoyments
“ which I must look for. What then, in
“ fact, was the cause of it? It was no other
“ than that invincible *spirit of liberty* which no-
“ thing can overcome, and in competition with
“ which, honour, fortune, and even fame itself,
“ are to me as nothing. It is certain, that this
“ *spirit of liberty* is engendered less by pride than
“ by indolence; but this indolence is incredible;
“ it is alarmed at every thing; it renders the most
“ trifling duties of civil life insupportable. To be
“ *obliged* to speak a word, to write a letter, or
“ to pay a visit, are to me, from the moment
“ the obligation arises, the severest punishments.
“ This is the reason why, although the ordinary
“ commerce of men is odious to me, the pleasures
“ of private friendship are so dear to my heart;
“ for in the indulgence of private friendship there
“ are no duties to perform; we have only to fol-
“ low the feelings of the heart, and all is done.
“ This is the reason also why I have so much
M “ dreaded

“dreaded to accept of favours; for every act of
 “kindness demands an acknowledgment, and I
 “feel that my heart is ungrateful only because
 “gratitude becomes a duty. The kind of hap-
 “piness, in short, which pleases me best, does
 “not consist so much in doing what I wish, as
 “in avoiding that which is disagreeable to me.
 “Active life affords no temptations to me.
 “I would much rather do nothing at all than
 “that which I dislike; and I have frequently
 “thought that I should not have lived very un-
 “happily even in the *Bastile*, provided I was
 “free from any other constraint than that of
 “merely residing within its walls.”

AN English Author asks, “Why are the in-
 “habitants of the rich plains of Lombardy,
 “where Nature pours her gifts in such profu-
 “sion, less opulent than those of the mountains
 “of Swisserland? Because Freedom, whose in-
 “fluence is more benign than sunshine and ze-
 “phyrs; who covers the rugged rock with soil,
 “drains the sickly swamp, and clothes the brown
 “heath in verdure; who dresses the labourer’s
 “face with smiles, and makes him behold his
 “increasing family with delight and exultation;
 “Freedom has abandoned the fertile fields of
 “Lombardy, and dwells among the mountains
 “of Swisserland.” This observation, though
 dressed

dressed in such enthusiastic expressions, is literally true at Uri, Schwitz, Undewalde, Zug, Glaris, and Appenzel ; for those who have more than their wants require are *rich* ; and those who are enabled to think, to speak, and to act as inclination may dictate, are *free*.

COMPETENCY and Liberty therefore are the true sweeteners of life. That state of mind, so rarely possessed, in which a man can sincerely say, "*I have enough*," is the highest attainment of philosophy. Happiness does not consist in having much, but in having sufficient. This is the reason why Kings and Princes are seldom happy ; for they always desire more than they possess, and are urged incessantly to attempt more than it is in their power easily to achieve. He who wants little has always enough. " I am contented," says *Petrarch*, in a letter to his friends, the Cardinals *Taleyrand* and *Bologna* ; " I desire nothing more. I enjoy every thing that is necessary to life. *Cincinnatus*, *Curtius*, *Fabricius*, and *Regulus*, after having conquered nations, and led kings in triumph, were not so rich as I am. But I should always be poor, if I were to open a door to my passions. Luxury, ambition, avarice, know no bounds ; and desire is an unfathomable abyss. I have clothes to cover me ; victuals to support me ; horses to carry me ;

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" lands

“lands to lie down or walk upon while I live,
 “and to receive my remains when I die. What
 “more was any Roman Emperor possessed of?
 “My body is healthy; and being engaged in toil,
 “is less rebellious against my mind. I have books
 “of every kind, which are to me inestimable
 “treasures; they fill my soul with a voluptuous
 “delight, untinged with remorse. I have
 “friends whom I consider more precious than
 “any thing I possess, provided their counsels do
 “not tend to abridge my liberty; and I know of
 “no other enemies than those which envy has
 “raised against me.”

SOLITUDE not only restrains inordinate desires,
 but discovers to mankind their real wants; and
 where a simplicity of manners prevails, the real
 wants of men are not only few, but easily satisfied;
 for being ignorant of those desires which luxury
 creates, they can have no idea of indulging them.
 An old country curate, who had all his life resided
 upon a lofty mountain near the Lake of Thun, in
 the Canton of Berne, was one day presented with
 a *moor-cock*. The good old man, ignorant that such
 a bird existed, consulted with his cook-maid in
 what manner this rarity was to be disposed of, and
 they both agreed to bury it in the garden. If we
 were all, alas! as ignorant of the delicious flavour
 of *moor-cocks*, we might be all as happy and con-
 tented

tented as the simple Pastor of the mountain near the Lake of Thun.

THE man who confines his desires to his real wants, is more wise, more rich, and more contented, than any other mortal existing. The system upon which he acts is, like his soul, replete with simplicity and true greatness; and seeking his felicity in innocent obscurity and peaceful retirement, he devotes his mind to the love of truth, and finds his highest happiness in a contented heart.

POPE, when only twelve years of age, wrote an affecting and agreeable Ode on the subject of Solitude, which comprehends the very essence of this species of philosophy.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade;
In winter, fire.

166 THE INFLUENCE OF SOLITUDE

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind ;
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease
Together mix'd ; sweet recreation !
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

Thus let me live unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die ;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

A CALM and tranquil life renders the indulgence of sensual pleasures less dangerous. The theatre of sensuality exhibits scenes of waste and brutality, of noisy mirth and tumultuous riot ; presents to observation pernicious goblets, overloaded tables, lascivious dancing, receptacles for disease, tombs with faded roses, and all the dismal haunts of pain. But to him who retires in detestation from such gross delights, the joys of sense are of a more elevated kind ; soft, sublime, pure, permanent, and tranquil.

PETRARCH

PETRARCH one day inviting his friend the Cardinal *Colonna* to visit his retirement at Vaucluse, wrote to him, “ If you prefer the tranquillity of the country to the noise of the town, come here and enjoy yourself. Do not be alarmed by the simplicity of my table, or the hardness of my beds. Kings themselves are frequently disgusted by the luxury in which they live, and sigh for comforts of a more homely kind. Change of scene is always pleasing ; and pleasures by occasional interruption frequently become more lively. If, however, you should not accord with these sentiments, you may bring with you the most exquisite viands, the wines of Vesuvius, silver dishes, and every thing else that the indulgence of your senses requires. Leave the rest to me. I promise to provide you with a bed of the finest turf, a cooling shade, the music of the nightingales, figs, raisins, water drawn from the freshest springs ; and, in short, every thing that the hand of Nature prepares for the lap of genuine pleasure.”

AH ! who would not willingly renounce those things which only produce disquietude in the mind, for those which render it contented ? The art of occasionally diverting the imagination, taste, and passions, affords new and unknown enjoyments to the mind, and confers pleasure without pain, and

luxury without repentance. The senses, deadened by satiety, revive to new enjoyments. The lively twitter of the groves, and the murmur of the brooks, yield a more delicious pleasure to the ear than the music of the opera, or the compositions of the ablest masters. The eye reposes more agreeably on the concave firmament, on an expanse of waters, on mountains covered with rocks, than it does on all the glare of balls, assemblies, and *petit soupers*. In short, the mind enjoys in Solitude objects which were before insupportable, and, reclining on the bosom of simplicity, easily renounces every vain delight. *Petrarch* wrote from Vaucluse to one of his friends, “ I have made war
 “ against my corporeal powers, for I find they are
 “ my enemies. My eyes, which have rendered
 “ me guilty of so many follies, are now confined
 “ to the view of a single woman, old, black, and
 “ sun-burnt. If *Helen* or *Lucretia* had possessed such a face, Troy would never have been
 “ reduced to ashes, nor *Tarquin* driven from the
 “ empire of the world. But, to compensate these
 “ defects, she is faithful, submissive, and industrious. She passes whole days in the fields, her shrivelled skin defying the hottest rays of the sun. My wardrobe still contains fine cloaths, but I never wear them; and you would take me for a common labourer or a simple shepherd; I, who formerly was so anxious about my dress.
 “ But

“ But the reasons which then prevailed no longer
“ exist: the fetters by which I was enslaved are
“ broken; the eyes which I was anxious to please
“ are shut; and if they were still open, they would
“ not, perhaps, now be able to maintain the same
“ empire over my heart.”

SOLITUDE, by stripping worldly objects of the false splendour in which fancy arrays them, dispels all vain ambition from the mind. Accustomed to rural delights, and indifferent to every other kind of pleasure, a wise man no longer thinks high offices and worldly advancement worthy of his desires. A noble Roman was overwhelmed with tears on being obliged to accept of the consulship, because it would deprive him for one year of the opportunity of cultivating his fields. *Cincinnatus*, who was called from the plough to the supreme command of the Roman legions, defeated the enemies of his country, added to it new provinces, made his triumphal entry into Rome, and at the expiration of sixteen days returned to his plough. It is true that the inmate of an humble cottage, who is forced to earn his daily bread by labour, and the owner of a spacious mansion, for whom every luxury is provided, are not held in equal estimation by mankind. But let the man who has experienced both these situations be asked under which of them he felt the most content. The
cares

cares and inquietudes of the palace are innumera-
bly greater than those of the cottage. In the for-
mer, discontent poisons every enjoyment; and its
superfluity is only misery in disguise. The Princes
of Germany do not digest all the palatable poison
which their cooks prepare, so well as a peasant
upon the heaths of Limbourg digests his buck-
wheat pie. And those who may differ from me in
this opinion, will be forced to acknowledge, that
there is great truth in the reply which a pretty
French country girl made to a young nobleman,
who solicited her to abandon her rustic state, and
retire with him to Paris: "Ah! my Lord, the
" farther we remove from *ourselves*, the greater
" is our distance from happiness."

SOLITUDE, by moderating the selfish desires of
the heart, and expelling ambition from the breast,
becomes a real asylum to the disappointed States-
man or discarded Minister: for it is not every pub-
lic Minister who can retire, like *Neckar*, thro'
the portals of everlasting fame. Every person,
indeed, without distinction, ought to raise his
grateful hands to heaven on being dismissed from
the troubles of public life, to the calm repose which
the cultivation of his native fields, and the care of
his flocks and herds, afford. In France, however,
when a Minister, who has incurred the displeasure
of his Sovereign, is ordered to *retire*, and thereby
enabled

enabled to visit an estate which he had decorated in the highest style of rural elegance, this delightful retreat, alas! being considered a place of exile, becomes intolerable to his mind: he no longer fancies himself its master; is incapable of relishing its enchanting beauties: repose flies from his pillow; and, turning with aversion from every object, he dies at length the victim of spleen, petulance, and dejection.* But in England it is just the reverse. There a Minister is congratulated on retiring, like a man who has happily escaped from a dangerous malady. He sees himself still surrounded by many friends, much more worthy than his adherents while in power; for while those were bound to him by temporary considerations of interest, these are attached to him by real and permanent esteem. Thanks, generous Britons! for the examples you have given to us, of men sufficiently bold and independent to weigh events in the scales of reason, and to guide themselves by the intrinsic

* “ This is the fate,” says one of our writers, “ which generally attends every species of disgrace. The credit, authority, and consideration, which they before enjoyed, are like those transient fires which shine during the night, and, being suddenly extinguished, only render the darkness and solitude in which the traveller is involved more visible.” The truth of this observation is finely illustrated by the pen of the celebrated *Le Sage*, in the story which he relates of the disgrace of the *Duke of Ossuna*, in a novel lately translated into English, called, “ The History of *Vanillo Gonzales*, or, the Merry Batchelor.”

intrinsic and real merits of each case: for, notwithstanding the freedom with which many Englishmen have arraigned the dispensations of the Supreme Being; notwithstanding the mockery and ridicule with which they have so frequently insulted virtue, good manners, and decorum; there are many more among them, who, especially at an advanced period of their lives, perfectly understand the art of living by themselves; and in their tranquil and delightful *villas* think with more dignity, and live with more real happiness, than the haughtiest noble in the zenith of his power.

OF the Ministers who retire from the administration of public affairs, the majority finish their days in cultivating their gardens, in improving their estates, and, like the excellent *De la Roche* at Spire, certainly possess more content with *the shovel* and *the rake*, than they enjoyed in the most prosperous hours of their administration.

IT has, indeed, been said, that observations like these are common to persons who, ignorant of the manners of the world, and the characters of men, love to moralize on, and recommend a contempt of, human greatness; but that rural innocence, the pure and simple pleasures of nature, and an uninterrupted repose, are very seldom the companions of this boasted Solitude. Those who maintain this
 opinion

opinion assert, that man, though surrounded with difficulties, and obliged to employ every art and cunning to attain his ends, feels with his success the pleasing power which attaches to the character of master, and fondly indulges in the exercise of sovereignty. Enabled to create and to destroy, to plant and to root up, to make alterations when and where he pleases, he may grub up a vineyard, and plant an English grove on its site; erect hills where hills never were seen; level eminences to the ground; compel the stream to flow as his inclination shall direct; force woods and shrubberies to grow where he pleases; graft or lop as it shall strike his fancy; open views and shut out boundaries; construct ruins where buildings never existed; erect temples of which he alone is the high priest; and build hermitages in which he may seclude himself at pleasure. It is said, however, that this is not a reward for the restraints he formerly experienced, but a natural inclination; for that a Minister must be, from the habits of his life, fond of command and sovereignty, whether he continues at the head of an extensive empire, or directs the management of a poultry-yard.

It would most undoubtedly discover a great ignorance of the world, and of the nature of man, to contend that it is necessary to renounce all
the

the inclinations of the human heart, in order to enjoy the advantages of Solitude. That which nature has implanted in the human breast must there remain. If, therefore, a Minister, in his retirement, is not fatiated with the exercise of power and authority, but still fondly wishes for command, let him require obedience from his chickens, provided such a gratification is essential to his happiness, and tends to suppress the desire of again exposing himself to those tempests and shipwrecks which he can only avoid in the safe harbour of rural life.* An Ex-minister must, sooner or later, learn to despise the appearances of human greatness, when he discovers that true greatness frequently begins at that period of life which Statesmen are apt to consider a dreary void ; that the regret of being no longer able to do more good is only ambition in disguise ; and that the inhabitants of the country, in cultivating their cabbages and potatoes, are an hundred times happier than the greatest Minister.

NOTHING contributes more to the advancement

* “ *Marshall de Boufflers* has retired to his estate, to cultivate his fields,” said *Madame Maintenon* ; “ but I am of opinion that this *Cincinnatus* would not be sorry to be fetched from his plough ; for, at his departure, he charged us all to think of him, if any thing was wanted during his absence, which may possibly continue fifteen days.”

ment of earthly felicity, than a reliance on those maxims which teach us to *do as much good as possible*, and to *take things just as we find them*; for it is certainly true, that no characters are so unhappy as those who are continually finding fault with every thing they see. My barber, at Hanover, while he was preparing to shave me, exclaimed, with a deep sigh, “ *It is terribly hot to-day.*” “ You place heaven,” said I to him, “ in great “ difficulties. For these nine months last past you “ have regularly told me every other day, *It is “ terribly cold to-day.*” Cannot the Almighty, then, any longer govern the universe, without these gentlemen-barbers finding something to be discontented with? “ Is it not,” I asked him, “ much better to take the seasons as they change, “ and to receive with equal gratitude, from the “ hand of God, the Winter’s cold, and the Summer’s warmth?”—“ Oh ! certainly,” replied the barber.

COMPETENCY and content, therefore, may, in general, be considered as the basis of earthly happiness; and Solitude, in many instances, favours both the one and the other.

SOLITUDE not only refines the enjoyments of friendship, but enables us to acquire friends
from

from whom nothing can alienate our souls, and to whose arms we never fly in vain.

THE friends of *Petrarch* sometimes apologized to him for their long absence. “ It is impossible for us,” said they, “ to follow your example : the life you lead at Vaucluse is contrary to human nature. In winter you sit like an owl in the chimney-corner. In summer you are running incessantly about the fields.” *Petrarch* smiled at these observations. “ These people,” said he, “ consider the pleasures of the world as the supreme good ; and cannot bear the idea of renouncing them. I have friends whose society is extremely agreeable to me : they are of all ages, and of every country. They have distinguished themselves both in the cabinet and in the field, and obtained high honours for their knowledge of the sciences. It is easy to gain access to them ; for they are always at my service ; and I admit them to my company, and dismiss them from it, whenever I please. They are never troublesome, but immediately answer every question I ask them. Some relate to me the events of past ages, while others reveal to me the secrets of nature. Some teach me how to live, and others how to die. Some, by their vivacity, drive away my cares, and ex-

“ hilate

“ hilarate my spirits; while others give fortitude
“ to my mind, and teach me the important lesson
“ how to restrain my desires, and to depend only
“ on myself. They open to me, in short, the
“ various avenues of all the arts and sciences;
“ and upon their information I safely rely in all
“ emergencies. In return for all these services,
“ they only ask me to accommodate them with a
“ convenient chamber in some corner of my
“ humble habitation, where they may repose in
“ peace: for these friends are more delighted
“ with the tranquillity of retirement than with
“ the tumults of society.”

LOVE! the most precious gift of Heaven,

“ The cordial drop that Heav’n in our cup has thrown,
“ To make the bitter pill of life go down,

appears to merit a distinguished rank among the advantages of Solitude.

LOVE voluntarily unites itself with the aspect of beautiful Nature. The view of a pleasing landscape makes the heart beat with the tenderest emotions. The lonely mountain, and the silent grove, increase the susceptibility of the female bosom, inspire the mind with rapturous enthusiasm, and, sooner or later, draw aside and subjugate the heart.

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WOMEN

WOMEN feel the pure and tranquil pleasures of rural life with a higher sensibility than men. They enjoy more exquisitely the beauties of a lonely walk, the freshness of a shady forest, and admire with higher ecstasy the charms of Nature.* Solitude is to them the school of true philosophy. In England, at least, where the face of the country is so beautiful, and where the taste of its inhabitants is hourly adding to its new embellishments, the love of *rural solitude* is certainly stronger in the women than the men. A nobleman who employs the day in riding over his estate, or in following the hounds, does not enjoy the pleasures of rural life with the same delight as his lady, who devotes her time, in her romantic pleasure-grounds, to needle-work, or to the reading of
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* There are, however, as is well known, many females, who, from vicious habits, and depraved tastes, prefer, or think they prefer, the noise and nastiness of a crowded city, to the beautiful verdure and pure air of the country; a disposition which the poet has not unhappily satirised in the following lines.

- “ Such *Fulvia*’s passion for the town; fresh air
- “ (An odd effect) gives vapours to the fair;
- “ Green fields, and shady groves, and crystal springs,
- “ And larks and nightingales, are odious things;
- “ But smoke and dust, and noise and crowd, delight;
- “ And to be press’d to death transports her quite.
- “ When silver riv’lets play the flowery meads,
- “ And woodbines give their sweets, and limes their shades,
- “ Black kennels’ absent odour she regrets,
- “ And stops her nose at beds of violets.”

some instructive interesting work. In this happy country, indeed, where the people, in general, love the enjoyments of the mind, the calm of rural retirement is doubly valuable, and its delights more exquisite. The learning which has of late years so considerably increased among the ladies of Germany, is certainly to be attributed to their love of retirement; for, among those who pass their time in the country, we find much more true wit and rational sentiment, than among the *Beaux Esprits* of the metropolis.*

MINDS, indeed, apparently insensible in the atmosphere of a metropolis, unfold themselves with rapture in the country. This is the reason why the return of spring fills every tender breast with *love*. “What can more resemble *love*,” says a celebrated German philosopher, “than the feeling with which my soul is inspired at the sight of this magnificent valley, thus illumined by the setting sun!” *Rousseau* felt inexpressible delight on viewing the first appearances of spring:

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* The early amusements of women, it is well said, are the circumstances that form their dispositions and characters. What can be expected from the confinement, the agitations, and the passions of a card table? How different the effect of contemplating Nature in her most exquisite and useful forms! It improves the heart as well as the taste; and *botany* is the most elegant and the best of all female amusements.

the earliest blossoms of that charming season gave new life and vigour to his mind; the tenderest dispositions of his heart were awakened and augmented by the soft verdure it presented to his eyes; and the charms of his mistress were assimilated with the beauties that surrounded him on every side. The view of an extensive and pleasing prospect softened his sorrows; and he breathed his sighs with exquisite delight amidst the rising flowers of his garden, and the rich fruits of his orchard.

LOVERS constantly seek the rural grove to indulge, in the tranquillity of retirement, the uninterrupted contemplation of the beloved object which forms the sole happiness of their lives. Of what importance to them are all the transactions of the world, or, indeed, any thing that does not tend to indulge the passion that fills their breasts? Silent groves, embowering glades, or the lonely borders of murmuring streams, where they may freely resign themselves to their fond reflections, are the only confidants of their souls. A lovely shepherdess offering her fostering bosom to the infant she is nursing, while at her side her well-beloved partner sits dividing with her his morsel of hard black bread, is an hundred times more happy than all the fops of the *town*; for *love* inspires the mind, in the highest degree, with all that is elevated,

elevated, delightful, and affecting in nature ; and warms the coldest bosoms with the greatest sensibility and the highest rapture.

Love's softest images spring up anew in Solitude. The remembrance of those emotions which the first blush of conscious tenderness, the first gentle pressure of the hand, the first dread of interruption, create, recurs incessantly ! *Time*, it is said, extinguishes the flame of Love ; but *Solitude* renews the fire, and calls forth those agents which lie long concealed, and only wait a favourable moment to display their powers. The whole course of youthful feeling again beams forth ; and the mind—delicious recollection !—fondly retracing the first affection of the heart, fills the bosom with an indelible sense of those high ecstasies which a connoisseur has said, with as much truth as energy, proclaim, for the first time, that happy discovery, that fortunate moment, when two lovers first perceive their mutual fondness.*

HERDER mentions a certain cast of people in Asia, whose mythology thus divided the felicities

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* No person has described the recollection of that *precious moment* so eloquently, sweetly, and tenderly, as *Rousseau* : “ Precious moments, so much to be regretted ! Oh ! begin again your delightful course ; flow on with longer duration in my remembrance, if it be possible, than you did in reality in your fugitive succession.”

of eternity: "That men, after death, were, in
 "the celestial regions, immediately the objects of
 "female love during the course of a thousand
 "years; first by tender looks, then by a balmy
 "kiss, and afterwards by immaculate alliance."

IT was this noble and sublime species of affection that *Wieland*, in the warmest moments of impassioned youth, felt for an amiable, sensible, and beautiful lady of Zurich; for that extraordinary genius was perfectly satisfied that the metaphysical effects of love begin with the first sigh, and expire, to a certain degree, with the first kiss. I one day asked this young lady when it was that *Wieland* had saluted her for the first time? "*Wieland*," replied the amiable girl, "did not kiss my hand for the first time until four years after our acquaintance commenced."

YOUNG persons, in general, however, do not, like *Wieland*, adopt the mystic refinements of love. Yielding to the sentiments which the passion inspires, and less acquainted with its metaphysical nature, they feel at an earlier age, in the tranquillity of Solitude, that irresistible impulse to the union of the sexes, which the God of Nature has so strongly implanted in the human breast.

A LADY

A LADY who resided in great retirement, at a romantic cottage upon the banks of the Lake of Geneva, had three innocent and lovely daughters. The eldest was about fourteen years of age, the youngest was about nine, when they were presented with a tame bird, which hopped and flew about the chamber the whole day, and formed the sole amusement and pleasure of their lives. Placing themselves on their knees, they offered, with unwearied delight, their little favourite pieces of biscuits from their fingers, and endeavoured, by every means, to induce him to fly to, and nestle in, their bosoms; but the bird, the moment he had got the biscuit, with cunning coyness eluded their hopes, and hopped away. The little favourite at length died. A year after this event, the youngest of the three sisters said to her mother, "Oh, I remember that dear little bird! I wish, mamma, you would procure me such a one to play with."—"Oh! no," replied her eldest sister: "I should like to have a little dog to play with better than any thing. I could catch a little dog, take him on my knee, and hug him in my arms. A bird affords me no pleasure; he perches a little while on my finger, then flies away, and there is no catching him again: but a little dog, oh! what pleasure——"

I SHALL never forget the poor *Religieuse* in whose apartment I found a breeding cage of canary birds ; nor forgive myself for having burst into a fit of laughter at the discovery. It was, alas ! the suggestion of Nature ; and who can resist what Nature suggests ? This mystic wandering of religious minds, this celestial epilepsy of *Love*, this premature effect of Solitude, is only the fond application of one natural inclination raised superior to all others.

ABSENCE and tranquillity appear so favourable to the indulgence of this pleasing passion, that lovers frequently quit the beloved object, to reflect in Solitude on her charms. Who does not recollect to have read, in the *Confessions* of *Rousseau*, the story related by *Madame de Luxemburg*, of a lover who quitted the presence of his mistress, only that he might have the pleasure of writing to her ? *Rousseau* replied to *Madame de Luxemburg*, that he wished he had been that man ; and his wish was founded on a perfect knowledge of the passion ; for who has ever been in love, and does not know that there are moments when the pen is capable of expressing the fine feelings of the heart with much greater effect than the voice, with its miserable organ of speech. The tongue, even in its happiest elocution, is never so persuasive as the speaking eyes, when lovers gaze with silent ecstasy on each other's charms.

LOVERS

LOVERS not only express but feel their passion with higher ecstasy and happiness in Solitude than in any other situation. What fashionable lover ever painted his passion for a lovely mistress with such laconic tenderness and effect, as the village Chorister of Hanover did, on the death of a young and beautiful country girl with whom he was enamoured, when, after erecting, in the cemetery of the cathedral, a sepulchral stone to her memory, he carved, in an artless manner, the figure of a blooming rose on its front, and inscribed beneath it these words: "*C'est ainsi qu'elle fut.*"

IT was at the feet of those rocks which overhang the celebrated retreat at Vaucluse, that *Petrarch* composed his finest sonnets to deplore the absence, or to complain of the cruelty, of his beloved *Laura*. The Italians are of opinion, that when love inspired his muse, his poetry soared far beyond that of any poet who ever wrote before or since his time, either in the Greek, the Latin, or the Tuscan languages. "Ah! how soft and tender" is this language of the heart!" they exclaim. "*Petrarch* alone was acquainted with its power: he has added to the three Graces a fourth—the Grace of *delicacy*."

LOVE, however, when indulged in rural Solitude, or amidst the romantic scenery of an ancient castle,

castle, and, assisted by the ardent imagination of impetuous youth, frequently assumes a more bold and violent character. Religious enthusiasm, blended with a saturnine disposition, forms, in effervescent minds, a sublime and extraordinary compound of the feelings of the heart. A youthful lover of this description, when deprived of the smiles of his mistress, takes his first declaration of love from the text of the Apocalypse, and thinks his passion an *eternal melancholy*; but when he is inclined to sharpen the dart within his breast, his inspired mind views in the beloved object the fairest model of divine perfection.

Two lovers of this romantic cast, placed in some ancient solitary castle, soar far beyond the common tribe, and, as their ideas refine, their passions become proportionately sublime. Surrounded by stupendous rocks, and impressed by the awful stillness of the scene, the beloved youth is considered not only as an amiable and virtuous man, but as a god.* The inspired mind of the fond female fancies her bosom to be the sanctuary of love, and conceives

* When the passion of Love is at its height," says *Rousseau*, "it arrays the beloved object in every possible perfection; " makes it an idol, places it in heaven; and, as the enthusiasm " of *Devotion* borrows the language of *Love*, the enthusiasm " of *Love* borrows the language of *Devotion*. The lover " beholds nothing but paradise, angels, the virtues of saints, " and the felicities of heaven."

conceives her affection for the youthful idol of her heart to be an emanation from heaven ; a ray of the Divine Presence. Ordinary lovers, without doubt, in spite of absence, unite their souls, write by every post, seize all occasions to converse with, or hear from, each other ; but our more sublime and exalted female introduces into her romance of passion every butterfly she meets with, and all the feathered songsters of the groves ; and, except in the object of her love, no longer sees any thing as it really is. Reason and sense no longer guide ; the refinements of love direct all her movements ; she tears the world from its poles, and the sun from its axis ; and to prove that all she does is right, establishes for herself and her lover a new gospel, and a new system of morality.

A LOVER, separated, perhaps, for ever, from a mistress who has made the most important sacrifices to his happiness ; who was his only consolation in affliction, his only comfort in calamity ; whose kindness supported his sinking fortitude ; who remained his faithful and his only friend in dire adversity and domestic sorrow ; seeks, as his sole resource, a slothful Solitude. Nights passed in sleepless agonies, a distaste of life, a desire of death, an abhorrence of all society, and a love of dreary seclusion, drive him, day after day, wandering, as chance may direct, through the most solitary

tary retirements, far from the hated traces of mankind. Were he, however, to wander from the Elbe to the Lake of Geneva, were he to seek relief in the frozen confines of the North, or the burning regions of the West, to the utmost extremities of earth or seas, he would still be like *the hind* described by *Virgil*:

“ Stung with the stroke, and madding with the pain,
 “ She wildly flies from wood to wood in vain;
 “ Shoots o’er the *Cretan* lawns with many a bound,
 “ The cleaving dart still rankling in the wound.”*

PETRARCH, on returning to Vacluse, felt with new and increasing stings the passion which perturbed his breast. Immediately on his arrival at this sequestered spot, the image of his beloved *Laura* incessantly haunted his imagination. He beheld her at all times, in every place, and under a thousand different forms. “ Three times in
 “ *the middle of the night*, when every door was
 “ closed, she appeared to me,” says he, “ at the
 “ feet of my bed, with a stedfast look, as if confident of the power of her charms. Fear spread
 “ a chilling dew over all my limbs. My blood
 “ thrilled through my veins towards my heart. If
 “ any

* *Diogenes Laertius*, in his life of *Crates*, says, that love is to be cured by hunger, if not by time; or, if neither of these remedies succeed, by a halter.

Diog. Laert. lib. 6. sect. 86.

" any one had then entered my apartment with
 " a candle, they would have beheld me as pale as
 " death, with every mark of terror on my face.
 " Rising, before the break of day, with trembling
 " limbs, from my disordered bed, and hastily
 " leaving my house, where every thing created
 " alarm, I climbed to the summit of the rocks, and
 " ran wildly through the woods, casting my eyes
 " incessantly on every side, to see if the form which
 " had haunted my repose still pursued me. Alas !
 " I could find no asylum. Places the most se-
 " questered, where I fondly flattered myself that I
 " should be alone, presented her continually to
 " my mind ; and I beheld her sometimes issuing
 " from the hollow trunk of a tree, from the con-
 " cealed source of a spring, or from the dark ca-
 " vity of a broken rock. Fear rendered me in-
 " sensible, and I neither knew what I did, or
 " where I went."

SOLITUDE affords no remedy to an imagination
 subject to be thus violently perturbed,* and there-
 fore *Ovid* has, with great propriety, said,

" But Solitude must never be allow'd ;

" A lover's ne'er so safe as in a crowd ;

" For

* Dr. *Adam Smith*, in his admirable Essay on "*The Theory*
 "*of Moral Sentiments*," observes, " In Solitude we are apt to feel
 " too strongly whatever relates to ourselves : we are apt to over-

" rate

" For private places private grief increase ;
 " What haunts you there, in company will cease :
 " If to the gloomy desert you repair,
 " Your mistress' angry form will meet you there."

PETRARCH, from the very commencement of his passion, felt the inutility of attempting to fly from Love. Rocks and forests afforded no comfort to his wounded heart. Love pursued his steps through every haunt, however savage and forlorn. The pure and limpid stream of Vaucluse, and the umbrageous woods which almost concealed the decorated dale in which the stream arose, appeared to him the only place likely to abate the fierceness of those fires which consumed his heart. The most frightful deserts, the deepest forests, the most inaccessible mountains, were to him the most agreeable abodes. But *Love* accompanied him wherever he went, prevented his repose, and drove his soul back to Avignon.

SOLITUDE

" rate the good offices we have done, and the injuries we may
 " have suffered : we are apt to be too much elated by our good,
 " and too much dejected by our bad fortune. In adversity," he
 continues, " do not mourn in the darkness of Solitude ; do not
 " regulate your sorrow according to the indulgent sympathy of
 " your intimate friends. Return as soon as possible to the day-
 " light of the world and of society. Live with strangers, with
 " those who know nothing, or care nothing, about your misfor-
 " tune. Do not even shun the company of enemies ; but give
 " yourself the pleasure of mortifying their malignant joy, by
 " making them feel how little you are affected by your calamity,
 " and how much you are above it."

SOLITUDE also is equally adverse to the happiness of a lover, when the passion is not founded on principles of the purest virtue; for the imagination, indulging itself without restraint, foment the secret inclination of the senses, introduces the most voluptuous ideas, animates every desire, and inflames the heart. In such a state the presence of the beloved object cannot, when the mind is vicious, be indulged without the greatest danger: but in a virtuous breast, when, by too fondly indulging the imagination, in Solitude, the passion even takes a criminal turn in the heart, the presence of the beloved object, instead of being dangerous, subdues and destroys every forbidden desire. Absence, indeed, removes the idea of danger, and the lover's mind moves boldly on in all their flattering fancies of an agreeable and inspiring illusion, until the passion acquires a dangerous tendency in his breast.

THE heart of *Petrarch* was frequently stimulated by ideas of voluptuous pleasure, even among the rocks of *Vaucluse*, where he sought an asylum from *Love* and *Laura*.* He soon, however,

* We read in a variety of books, now no longer known, that *Petrarch* lived at *Vaucluse* with *Laura*, and that he had formed a subterraneous passage from his house to her own. *Petrarch* was not so happy. *Laura* was married, and lived with her

ever, banished sensuality from his mind, and, by refining his passion, acquired that vivacity and heavenly purity which breathe in every line of those immortal lyrics he composed among the rocks.* But the city of Avignon, in which the object thus tenderly

her husband, *Hugues de Sades*, at Avignon, the place of her nativity, and of her death. She was the mother of eleven children, which had so debilitated her constitution, that at five and thirty years of age no traces of her former beauty remained. She experienced also many domestic sorrows. Her husband, ignorant of the value of her virtues, and insensible to the propriety of her conduct, was jealous without a cause, and even without love, which to a woman was still more mortifying. *Petrarch*, on the contrary, loved *Laura* during the course of twenty years; but he was never suffered to visit her at her own house; for her husband seldom, if ever, left her alone. He therefore had no opportunity of beholding his charming, his amiable *Laura*, except at church, at assemblies, or upon the public walks; and then never alone. Her husband frequently forbid her to walk even with her dearest friends, and his mind became quite furious when ever she indulged in the slightest and most innocent pleasure. *Laura* was born in the year 1307, or 1308, and was two or three years younger than *Petrarch*. She died of the plague in the year 1348. Seven years after her death her husband married again. *Petrarch* survived her till about the commencement of the year 1374.

* This once celebrated poetry has now, however, for many ages been buried in oblivion; a fate which, if the notion of *Dr. Adam Smith* be true, it was natural enough to expect. "All serious and strong expressions of the passion of Love," says he, "appear ridiculous to a third person; and though a lover may be good company to his mistress, he is so to nobody else. He himself is sensible of this; and, as long as he continues in his sober senses, endeavours to treat his own passion with raillery
" and

tenderly beloved resided, was not sufficiently distant from the place of his retreat, and he visited it too frequently. A passion, indeed, like that which *Petrarch* felt, leaves the bosom, even when uncorrupted, totally incapable of tranquillity. It is a violent fever of the soul, which inflicts upon the body a complication of painful disorders. Let *Lovers*, therefore, while they possess some controul over the passion which fills their breasts, seat themselves on the borders of a river, and reflect that *Love*, like the stream, sometimes precipitates itself with violence down the rocks ; and sometimes, flowing with soft tranquillity along the plain, meanders through meadows, and loses itself beneath the peaceful shades of solitary bowers.

THE tranquillity of Solitude, however, may, to a mind disposed to resign itself with humility to all the dispensations of Heaven, be found not disadvantageous to the perturbations of love. A lover whom death has bereaved of the dear object of his affection, seeks only those places which his favourite inhabited; considers every other as desert and

O forlorn;

“ and ridicule. It is the only style in which we care to hear of
 “ it, because it is the only style in which we ourselves are dis-
 “ posed to talk of it. We grow weary of the grave and long-
 “ sentenced love of *Cowley* and *Petrarch*, who never have done
 “ with exaggerating the violence of their attachments; but
 “ the gaiety of *Ovid*, and the gallantry of *Horace*, are always
 “ agreeable.” *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, Part I. f. 2. p. 68.

forlorn; and expects that death alone is able to stop the torrent of his tears. Such an indulgence of sorrow, however, cannot be called a resignation to the will of God. A lover of this description is attached solely to the object, to the irrecoverable object of his increasing sorrows. His distracted mind fondly hopes that she may still return; he thinks he hears her soft enchanting voice in every breeze; he sees her lovely form approaching, and opens his expecting arms to clasp her once again to his still throbbing breast. But he finds, alas! his hopes are vain: the fancy-breathing form eludes his grasp, and convinces him that the delightful vision was only the light and love-formed phantom of his sorrow-sickened mind. A sad remembrance of her departed spirit is the only comfort of his lingering life: he flies to the tomb where her mortal remains were deposited, plants roses round her shrine, waters them with his tears, cultivates them with the tenderest care, kisses them as emblems of her blushing cheeks, and tastes, with sighing transports, their balmy fragrance as the fancied odours of her ruby lips.

———— ask the faithful youth

Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
So often fills his arms; so often draws
His lonely footsteps, at the silent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears.
Oh! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forget

That

That sacred hour, when, stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance sooths
With Virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture.

BUT these pleasures, alas ! also vanish ; the roses lose their bloom ; then droop their heads—and die. He must, indeed, wrestle a long time with the rigours of his fate, have frequently extended his arms in vain to embrace the beloved object, have long fixed his eyes upon her cherished shade, and lost all hope of being re-united, before his mind can again exert its powers, or make any effort to counteract the feelings of his heart, and regain his former tranquillity. It is only from the constant exertion of sound reason and true philosophy that the cure of this disease can be expected.

IT must afford infinite pleasure to every philosophic mind to reflect on the victory which the virtuous *Petrarch* gained over the passion that assailed his heart. During his retreat into Italy from *Love* and *Laura*, his friends in France used every endeavour to induce him to return. One of them wrote to him :—“ What dæmon possesses you ? How could you quit a country in which you indulged all the propensities of youth, and where the graceful figure which you formerly adorned with so much care procured you such unbounded admiration ? How can you live

“ thus exiled from *Laura*, whom you love
 “ with so much tenderness, and whose heart is
 “ so deeply afflicted by your absence?”

PETRARCH replied: “ Your anxiety is vain : I
 “ am resolved to continue where I am. I ride here
 “ safely at anchor ; and all the hurricanes of elo-
 “ quence shall never drive me from it. How then
 “ can you expect to persuade me to change this
 “ resolution, merely by placing before my eyes
 “ the deviations of my youth, which I ought to
 “ forget ; by describing an illicit passion, which
 “ left me no other resource than a precipitate
 “ flight ; and by extolling the meretricious ad-
 “ vantages of a handsome person, which too long
 “ occupied my attention ? These are follies I must
 “ no longer think of. I am now rapidly approach-
 “ ing towards the last goal on the course of life.
 “ Objects more serious and important now occupy
 “ my thoughts. God forbid, that, listening to
 “ your flattering observations, I should again throw
 “ myself into the snares of *Love* ; again put on a
 “ yoke which so severely galled me ! The natu-
 “ ral levity of youth apologizes, in some degree,
 “ for the indiscretion it creates ; but I should de-
 “ spise myself, if I could now be tempted to revisit
 “ either the bower of love or the theatre of am-
 “ bition. Your suggestions, however, have pro-
 “ duced a proper effect ; for I consider them as the
 “ oblique

“ oblique censures of a friend upon my past mis-
 “ conduct. The solitudes of the gay and busy
 “ world no longer disturb my mind ; for my heart
 “ has tenaciously rooted all its fibres in this
 “ delightful Solitude, where I rove at large, free
 “ and unconstrained, without inquietude or care.
 “ In summer I repose upon the verdant turf be-
 “ neath the shade of some embowering tree, or
 “ saunter along the enamelled borders of a cool,
 “ refreshing stream. At the approach of autumn
 “ I seek the woods, and join the Muses’ train.
 “ This mode of life is surely preferable to a life at
 “ court, where nothing but disgusting jealousies
 “ and corroding cares exist. I have now, in short,
 “ no wish, except that, when death relieves me both
 “ from pleasure and from pain, I may recline my
 “ head upon the bosom of a friend, whose eyes,
 “ while he performs the last office of closing mine,
 “ will drop a deploring tear upon my departing
 “ spirit, and convey my remains, with friendly
 “ care, to a decent tomb in my native country.”

THESE were the sentiments of *the philosopher* :
 but, after a short interval, *the man* returned once
 again to the city of Avignon, and only visited his
 retreat at Vaucluse occasionally.

PETRARCH, however, by these continued en-
 deavours to subdue the violence of his passion, ac-

quired a sublimity and richness of imagination which distinguished his character, and gave him an ascendancy over the age in which he lived, greater than any of the *literati* have since attained. To use the expression of the poet, he was capable of passing, with the happiest facility,

“ From grave to gay, from lively to severe :”

and was enabled, as occasion required, to conceive the boldest enterprizes, and to execute them with the most heroic courage. He who languished, sighed, and even wept, with unmanly softness, at the feet of his mistress, breathing only the tender and affectionate language of gentle love, no sooner turned his thoughts towards the transactions of Rome, than he assumed a higher tone, and not only wrote, but acted, with all the strength and spirit of the Augustan age. Monarchs have relinquished the calls of hunger, and the charms of rest, to indulge the tender luxuries his love-lorn muse afforded.* But at a more advanced age he was no longer a sighing minstrel, chaunting amorous verses to a relentless fair; he was no longer an effeminate slave, that kissed the chains of an imperious mistress, who treated him with disdain; he became a zealous republican, who spread by his writings the spirit of liberty throughout Italy, and

* Robert, King of Naples, frequently stole from business of the most serious kind to read the works of *Petrarch*, without thinking either of his meals or his bed.

and founded a loud alarm against tyranny and tyrants. Great as a statesman, profound and judicious as a public minister, he was consulted in the most important political transactions of Europe, and frequently employed in the most arduous and difficult negotiations. Zealously active in the cause of humanity, he anxiously endeavoured, on all occasions, to extinguish the torch of discord. The greatest Princes, conscious of his extraordinary genius, solicited his company, and endeavoured, by listening to his precepts, to learn the noble art of rendering their countries respectable and their people happy.

THESE traits of *Petrarch's* character clearly evince, that, oppressed as he was by the passion of love, he derived great advantages from Solitude. The retirement of *Vaucluse* was not, as is commonly imagined, a pretence to be nearer the person of *Laura*, for *Laura* resided altogether at *Avignon*; but a means of avoiding the frowns of his mistress, and of flying from the contagion of a corrupt court. Seated in his little garden, which was situated at the foot of a lofty mountain, and surrounded by a rapid stream, his soul rose superior to the adversities of his fate. His disposition, indeed, was naturally restless and unquiet; but in his tranquil moments, a sound judgment, joined to an exquisite sensibility, enabled him to enjoy the

delights of Solitude with singular advantage ; and to find in his retreat to Vaucluse the temple of peace, the residence of calm repose, and a safe harbour against all the tempests of the soul.

THE flame of love, therefore, although it cannot be entirely extinguished, may be greatly purified and refined by Solitude. Man, indeed, ought not to extirpate the passions which the God of Nature has planted in the human breast, but to direct them to their proper ends.

To avoid such miseries as *Petrarch* endured, the pleasures of retirement should be shared with some amiable female, who, better than the cold precepts of philosophy, will beguile or banish, by the charms of her conversation, all the cares and torments of life.*

IT

* Dr. *Johnson* related, with an amiable fondness, the following little pleasing circumstance relative to his *Rambler*, to his biographer, Mr. *Boswell*. After a few numbers of that highly celebrated work were published, he shewed several of them to Mrs. *Johnson*, the companion of his Solitude, and in whose taste and judgment he had great confidence : “ I thought very well of you before,” said she ; “ but I did not imagine you could have written any thing equal to this.”—“ Distant praise,” continues Mr. *Boswell*, “ from whatever quarter, is not so delightful as that of a wife whom a man loves and esteems : her approbation may be said to come home to his bosom ; and being so near, its effect is most sensible and permanent.”

IT has been said by a very sensible author, that
“ the presence of one thinking being like ourselves,
“ whose bosom glows with sympathy, and whose
“ affection we possess, so far from destroying the
“ advantages of Solitude, renders them more favourable. If, like me, you owe your happiness
“ to the fond attention of a wife, you will soon
“ be induced, by her kindness, by her tender and
“ unreserved communication of every sentiment
“ of her mind, of every feeling of her heart, to
“ forget the society of the world ; and your happiness will be as pleasingly diversified as the
“ employments and the vicissitudes of your lives.”

THE orator who speaks so eloquently must have felt with exquisite sensibility the pleasures he describes. “ Here,” says he, “ every kind expression
“ is remembered ; the emotions of one heart correspond with those of the other ; every thought
“ is treasured up ; every testimony of affection is returned ; the happy pair enjoy in each other’s
“ company all the pleasures of the mind ; and
“ there is no felicity which does not communicate
“ itself to their hearts. To beings thus united by
“ the sincerest affection, and the closest friendship,
“ every thing that is said or done, every wish, and
“ every event, becomes mutually important. No
“ jealous fear, no envious stings, disturb their happiness ; faults are pointed out with cautious tenderness

“ dernefs and good nature ; looks bespeak the in-
 “ clinations of the soul ; every wish and every
 “ desire is anticipated ; every view and intention
 “ assimilated ; and, the sentiments of one con-
 “ forming to those of the other, each rejoices with
 “ cordiality at the smallest advantage which the
 “ other acquires.”*

THUS it is that the Solitude which we share
 with an amiable object produces tranquillity,
 satisfaction, and heart-felt joy ; and makes the
 humblest cottage a dwelling-place of the purest
 pleasure.

LOVE in the shades of retirement, while the
 mind and the heart are in harmony with each
 other, inspires the noblest sentiments ; raises the
 understanding to the highest sphere of intellect ;
 fills the bosom with increased benevolence ; de-
 stroys

* This description of connubial happiness, and the effects of
 virtuous love, recall those beautiful lines of Mr. *Pope* in his
 Epistle from *Eloisa* to *Abelard* :

“ Oh ! happy state ! when souls each other draw,
 “ When love is liberty, and nature law ;
 “ All then is full, possessing and possess’d,
 “ No craving void left aching in the breast :
 “ E’en thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
 “ And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
 “ This sure is bliss, if bliss on earth there be,
 “ And once the lot of *Abelard* and *me*.”

stroy all the seeds of vice ; and ameliorates and extends all the virtues. By its delightful influence the attack of ill-humour is resisted ; the violence of our passions abated ; the bitter cup of human affliction sweetened ; all the injuries of the world alleviated ; and the sweetest flowers plentifully strewed along the most thorny paths of life. Every unhappy sufferer, whether the malady be of the body or the mind, derives from this source extraordinary comfort and consolation. At a time, alas ! when every thing displeased me, when every object was disgusting, when my sufferings had destroyed all the energy and vigour of my soul, when grief had shut from my streaming eyes the beauties of nature, and rendered the whole universe a dreary tomb, the kind attentions of *a wife* were capable of conveying a secret charm, a silent consolation to my mind. Oh ! nothing can render the bowers of retirement so serene and comfortable, or can so sweetly soften all our woes, as a conviction that *woman* is not indifferent to our fate.

SOLITUDE, it is true, will not completely heal every wound which this imperious passion is capable of inflicting on the human heart ; but it teaches us to endure our pains without wishing for relief, and enables us to convert them into soft sorrow and plaintive grief.

BOTH

BOTH sexes in early youth, but particularly females from fifteen to eighteen years of age, who possess high sensibilities, and lively imaginations, generally feel, during the solitude of rural retirement, a soft and pleasing melancholy, when their bosoms begin to heave with the first propensities of love. They wander every where in search of a beloved object, and sigh for one alone, long before the heart is fixed in its affection, or the mind conscious of its latent inclination. I have frequently observed this disposition unaccompanied by any symptom of ill health. It is an original malady. *Roussseau* felt its influence at Vevai, upon the borders of the Lake of Geneva. "My heart," says he, "rushed with ardour from my bosom into
 "a thousand innocent felicities; and, melting into
 "tendernefs, I sighed and wept like a child. How
 "frequently, stopping to indulge my feelings, and
 "seating myself on a piece of broken rock, did I
 "amuse myself with seeing my tears drop into the
 "stream!"*

RETIREMENT,

* There is no person possessing sensibility, of whatever country he may be, who has ever beheld, without feeling the tenderest emotion, the delightful borders of the Lake of Geneva; the enchanting spectacle which nature there exhibits, and the vast and majestic horizon which that mass of water presents to the view. Who has ever returned from this scene without turning his eyes again on the interesting view, and experiencing the same affliction with which the heart separates from a beloved friend whom we have no expectation ever to see again?



Kirk del.

Ridley sculp.

*Rousseau contemplating the wild
Beauties of Switzerland.*

Published by Vernor & Hood March 1st 1800.

RETIREMENT, however, is not equally favourable to every species of affliction. Some bosoms are so exquisitely alive to the sense of misfortune, that the indelible remembrance of the object of their affection preys upon their minds: the reading of a single line written by the hand they loved freezes their blood; the very sight of the tomb which has swallowed up the remains of all their soul held dear is intolerable to their eyes. On such beings, alas! the heavens smile in vain: to them the newborn flowers and the twittering groves, proclaiming the approach of spring, and the regeneration of vegetable nature, bring no charms: the garden's variegated hues irritate their feelings; and the silent retreats from which they once expected consolation only increase their pains. Such refined and exquisite feelings, the offspring of warm and generous passions, are real misfortunes; and the malady they engender requires to be treated with the mildest attention and the tenderest care.

BUT to minds of softer temper, Solitude possesses many powerful charms, although the losses they deplore are equally great. Such characters feel, indeed, a sense of their misfortune in its utmost possible extent, but they soften its acuteness by yielding to the natural mildness of their dispositions: they plant upon the fatal tomb the weeping willow

willow and the ephemeral rose; they erect *mausolea*; compose funeral dirges; and render the very emblems of death the means of consolation. Their hearts are continually occupied by the idea of those whom their eyes deplore; and they exist, under the sensations of the truest and most sincere sorrow, in a kind of middle state, between earth and heaven. This species of sorrow is of the happiest kind. Far be it from me to suppose it in the least degree affected. But I call such characters *happy mourners*; because, from the very frame and texture of their constitutions, grief does not destroy the energy of their minds, but permits them to find consolation in those things which, to minds differently constructed, would create aversion. They feel a heavenly joy in pursuing employments which preserve the memory of those who are the subjects of their sorrow.

SOLITUDE will enable the heart to vanquish the most painful sense of adversity, provided the mind will generously lend its aid, and fix its attention to a different object. If men think there is any misfortune from which they have no other resource than *despair* or *death*, they deceive themselves; for despair is no resource. Let such men retire to their studies, and there seriously trace out a series of important and settled truths, and
their

their tears will no longer fall ; but the weight of their misfortunes will grow light, and sorrow fly from their breasts.

SOLITUDE, by encouraging the enjoyments of the heart, by promoting domestic felicity, and by creating a taste for rural scenery, subdues *impatience*, and drives away *ill-humour*. *Impatience* is a stifled anger, which men silently manifest by looks and gestures, and weak minds ordinarily reveal by a shower of complaints. A grumbler is never farther from his proper sphere than when he is in company : Solitude is his only asylum. *Ill-humour* is an uneasy and insupportable condition, which the soul frequently falls into when soured by a number of those petty vexations which we daily experience in every step of our progress through life ; but we need only to shut the door against improper and disagreeable intrusions to avoid this scourge of happiness.

VEXATIONS, indeed, of every kind, are much sooner quieted in the silence of retirement than in the noise of the world. A cheerful disposition, a placid temper, and well-regulated passions, will prevent worldly vexations from interrupting our happiness. By these attainments, the deepest melancholy, and most settled uneasiness of life, have been frequently banished from the heart. It is
true,

true, that the progress in this case is much more rapid in women than in men. The mind of a lively female flies immediately to happiness, while that of a melancholy man still creeps on with pain : the yielding bosoms of the fair are easily elevated or depressed. These effects, it is true, may be produced by means less abstracted than Solitude ; by any thing that strikes the senses, and penetrates the heart. Men, on the contrary, augment the disease, and fix it more firmly in the bosom, by brooding over its cause and consequences, and are obliged to apply the most efficacious remedies, with unshaken constancy, to effect a cure ; for feeble prescriptions are, in such cases, of no avail. The only chance, indeed, of success, is by exerting every endeavour to place the body under the regimen of the mind. Vigorous minds frequently banish the most inveterate evils, or form a powerful shield against all the darts of fate, and, by braving every danger, drive away those feelings by which others are irritated and destroyed : they boldly turn their eyes from what things are, to what they ought to be ; and with determined resolution support the bodies they are designed to animate ; while weak minds surrender every thing committed to their care.

THE soul, however, always follows what is most agreeable to its ruling passion. Worldly men generally delight in gaming, feasting, and debauchery ;

chery; while those who are fond of Solitude feel, from a consciousness of its advantages, no enjoyments equal to those its peaceful shades afford.

I now conclude my reflections upon the advantages of Solitude to *the heart*. May they give greater currency to useful sentiments, to consolatory truths, and contribute in some degree to diffuse the enjoyment of a happiness which is so much within our reach!

P



CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

THE GENERAL ADVANTAGES
OF RETIREMENT.

RETIREMENT engages the affections of men whenever it holds up a picture of tranquillity to their view.

THE doleful and monotonous sound of the clock of a sequestered monastery, the silence of nature in a still night, the pure air on the summit of a high mountain, the thick darkness of an aged forest, the sight of a temple fallen into ruins, inspire the soul with a soft melancholy, and banish all recollection of the world and its concerns.

THE man who cannot hold a friendly correspondence with his own heart, who derives no comfort from the reflections of his mind, who dreads the idea of meditation, and is fearful of passing a single moment with himself, looks with equal dread on Solitude and on Death. He endeavours to enjoy all the voluptuousness which the world affords; drains the pernicious cup of pleasure to its dregs; and until the dreadful moment approaches

approaches when he beholds his nerves shattered, and all the powers of his soul destroyed, has not the courage to make the delayed confession, "*I am tired of the world and all its idle follies!*"

THE legions of fantastic fashions to which a man of pleasure is obliged to sacrifice his time, impair the rational faculties of his mind, and destroy the native energies of his soul. Forced continually to lend himself to the performance of a thousand little trifles, a thousand mean absurdities, he becomes by habit frivolous and absurd. The face of things no longer wears its true and genuine aspect; and his depraved taste loses all relish for rational entertainment or substantial pleasure. The infatuation seizes on his brain, and his corrupted heart teems with idle fancies and vain imaginations.

THE inevitable consequences of this ardent pursuit of entertainments and diversions are languor and dissatisfaction. He who has drained the cup of pleasure to the last drop, who is at length obliged to confess that all his hopes are fled, who finds disappointment and disgust mingled with every enjoyment, who feels astonished at his own insensibility, and who no longer possesses the magic of the enchantress *Imagination* to gild and decorate the scene, calls in vain to his assistance the

daughters of Sensuality and Intemperance : their caresses can no longer delight his dark and melancholy mind : the soft and fyren song of Luxury no longer can dispel the cloud of discontent that hovers round his head.

BEHOLD that debilitated weak old man running after pleasures he can no longer enjoy. The airs of gaiety which he affects render him ridiculous : his attempts to shine expose him to derision : his endeavours to display the wit and eloquence of youth betray him into the garrulity of old age. His conversation, filled with repetition and tiresome narrative, creates disgust, and only forces the smile of pity from the lips of his youthful rivals. To the eye of wisdom, however, who observed him through all the former periods of his life sparkling in the mazes of folly, and rioting in all the noisy circles of extravagance and vice, his character always appeared the same.

“ A languid, leaden iteration reigns,
 “ And ever must, o’er those whose joys are joys
 “ Of sight, smell, taste. The cuckow-seasons sing
 “ The same dull note to such as nothing prize,
 “ But what those seasons, from the teeming earth,
 “ To doating *sense* indulge. But nobler minds,
 “ Which relish fruits unripened by the sun,
 “ Make their days various; various as the dyes
 “ On the dove’s neck, which wanton in his rays.

“ On

“ On minds of dove-like innocence possess,
“ On lighten’d minds, that bask in Virtue’s beams,
“ Nothing hangs tedious——.”

THE wise man, in the midst of the most tumultuous pleasures, frequently retires within himself, and silently compares what he might do with what he is doing. Surrounded by, and even when accidentally engaged in, the excesses of intoxication, he associates only with those warm and generous souls whose highly elevated minds are drawn towards each other by the most virtuous inclinations and sublime sentiments. The silent retreat of the mind within itself, has more than once given birth to enterprizes of the greatest importance and utility ; and it is not difficult to imagine that some of the most celebrated actions of mankind were first inspired among the sounds of music, or conceived amidst the mazes of the dance. Sensible and elevated minds never commune more closely with themselves than in those places of public resort in which the low and vulgar, surrendering themselves to illusion and caprice, become incapable of reflection, and blindly suffer themselves to be overwhelmed by the surrounding torrent of folly and distraction.

THE unceasing pursuit of sensual enjoyment is merely a mean used by the votaries of worldly

pleasure of flying from themselves: they seize with avidity upon any object that promises to occupy the present hour agreeably, and provide entertainment for the day that is passing over their heads. To such characters the man who can invent hour after hour new schemes of pleasure, and open day after day fresh sources of amusement, is a valuable companion indeed: he is their best, their only friend. Are then these lazy and luxurious votaries of sensual pleasures destitute of those abilities which might prevent this sacrifice of time, and, if properly exerted, afford them relief? Certainly not. But, having been continually led from object to object in the pursuit of pleasure, the assistance of others has habitually become the first want and greatest necessity of their lives: they have insensibly lost all power of acting for themselves, and depend, for every object they see, for every sensation they feel, for every sentiment they entertain, on those by whom they are attended. This is the reason why *the rich*, who are seldom acquainted with any other pleasures than those of sense, are, in general, the most miserable of mankind.

THE Nobility and Courtiers of France think their enjoyments appear vain and ridiculous only to those who have not the opportunity of partaking in them; but I am of a different opinion. Returning
one

one Sunday from Trianon to Versailles, I perceived at a distance a number of people assembled upon the terrace of the castle; and, on a nearer approach, I beheld Louis the Fifteenth surrounded by his court at the windows of his palace. A man very richly dressed, with a large pair of branching antlers fastened on his head, whom they called the *stag*, was pursued by about a dozen others who composed the *pack*. The pursued and the pursuers leaped into the great canal, scrambled out again, and ran wildly round and round, amidst the acclamations of the assembly, who loudly clapped their hands to testify their delight, and to encourage the diversion. "What can all this mean?" said I to a French gentleman who stood near me. "Sir," he replied, with a very serious countenance, "it is for the entertainment of *the Court*." The most obscure and indigent individuals may certainly be much happier than these masters of mankind with their melancholy slaves and miserable entertainments.

"But all, alas! would into same advance,
 "From fancied merit in this idle dance:
 "The tavern, park, assembly, mask, and play,
 "Those dear destroyers of the tedious day,
 "Are call'd by fops, who saunter round the town,
 "Splendid diversions; and the pill goes down;
 "Where fools meet fools, and, stoic-like, support,
 "Without one sigh, the pleasures of a Court.

- “ But courts give nothing to the wife and good,
 “ But scorn of pomp, and love of *Solitude*.
 “ High stations *tumult*, but not *bliss*, create;
 “ None think *the great* unhappy but *the great*.
 “ Fools gaze and envy; envy darts a sting
 “ Which makes a Swain as wretched as a King.”

DIREFUL condition ! Is there then no occupation whatsoever, no useful employment, no rational recreation, sufficiently high and dignified for such characters ? Are they reduced to the melancholy condition of not being able to perform one good and virtuous action during the intervals of suspended pleasure ? Can they render no services to friendship, to their country, to themselves ? Are there no poor and miserable beings, to whose bosoms they might afford charitable comfort and relief ? Is it, in short, impossible for such characters in any way to improve themselves in wisdom or in virtue ?

THE powers of the human mind are of greater extent than is generally imagined. He who, either from taste or necessity, exercises them frequently, soon finds that the highest felicities of which our nature is capable reside entirely within ourselves. The wants of life are, for the greater part, merely artificial ; and, although sensual objects contribute most efficaciously to our happiness and delight, it is
 not

not because they are indispensably necessary for this purpose, but because they have been rendered desirable by habit; and, from the pleasures they produce, we flatter ourselves that they are absolutely necessary to our felicity. If, however, we had fortitude to resist their charms, and courage to seek our happiness in ourselves, we should frequently find in our own bosoms a greater variety of resources than all the objects of sense are capable of affording.

AMUSEMENT, indeed, may sometimes be found in those places to which the sexes resort merely *to see and to be seen*. The eye may be occasionally gratified by the sight of objects really agreeable; the ear may listen to observations truly flattering. Lively thoughts and sensible remarks now and then prevail. Characters equally amiable and interesting occasionally mix among the group. We may form acquaintance with men of distinguished merit, whom we should not otherwise have had an opportunity of knowing; and meet with women of amiable qualities, and irreproachable conduct, whose refined conversation ravishes the ear with a delight equal to that with which their exquisite beauty captivates the heart. But by what a number of painful sensations must the chance of receiving these pleasures be purchased! Those whom reason or disgust restrain from mixing in the idle dissipa-
tions

tions of life, cannot see without a sigh, the gay conceit, the airy confidence, the blind arrogance, and the bold loquacity, with which these votaries of worldly pleasure proclaim a felicity which is almost invariably deceitful; nor observe without a sigh, the extravagant joy of so many great men, the absurd airs of so many old dowagers, and the ridiculous fopperies of so many grey-headed children.

- “ What numbers here through love of pleasure strive
 “ To seem the most transported things alive !
 “ As if by joy desert was understood,
 “ And all the rich and great were wise and good.
 “ Here aching bosoms wear a visage gay,
 “ And stifled groans frequent the ball or play.
 “ Completely drest’d in fin’ry and grimace,
 “ They shew their birth-day suits and public face.
 “ Their smiles are only part of what they wear,
 “ Put off at night, like *Lady Betty’s* hair.
 “ What bodily fatigue is half so bad ?
 “ How anxiously they labour to be glad !”

HONOUR, Fame, and Pleasure, are conceived to accompany an invitation to the board of Luxury; although Disease, with leaden sceptre, is known to preside; and reproach and calumny are indiscriminately cast upon the purest characters. But he who feels the least energy of mind, turns with aversion from all society which tends to weaken its effect; and finds the simplest fare, enjoyed with freedom

dom and content amidst a happy and affectionate family, ten thousand times more agreeable than the rarest dainty, and the richest wine, with a society where he must sit ceremoniously silent in compliment to some reputed wit, from whose lips nothing but absurdities and nonsense proceed.

THE spiritless and crowded societies of the world, where a round of low and trifling amusements fills the hour of entertainment, and where to display a pomp of dress and levity of manner is the only ambition, may afford some pleasure to those light and empty minds who are impatient of the weight of idleness ; but the wise man, who occasionally resorts to them in search of rational conversation or temporary amusement, and only finds a dull unvaried jargon, and a tiresome round of compliments, will turn with aversion from these temples of false delight, and exclaim, in the language of the poet,

“ I envy none their pageantry and show ;
“ I envy none the gilding of their woe.
“ Give me, indulgent Gods ! with mind serene,
“ And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene.
“ No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
“ No well-bred hate or servile grandeur there :
“ There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest ;
“ The sense is ravish’d, and the soul is blest :

“ On

“ On every thorn delightful wisdom grows,
 “ In every rill a sweet instruction flows.”

TRUE social pleasure is founded on unlimited confidence, on an affectionate and reciprocal interchange of sentiments and opinions. A tender, faithful, refined, and rational friendship, renders the pleasures of the world spiritless and disgusting. How joyfully do we disencumber ourselves from the shackles of society, for that close and sublime intercourse in which our inclinations are free, our feelings generous, our sentiments unbiassed; where a mutuality of thought and action, of pleasures and of pains, uninterruptedly prevail; where the gentle hand of Love conducts us along the paths of truth and virtue; where every thought is anticipated before it escapes from the lips; where advice, consolation, succour, are reciprocally given and received in all the accidents and in all the misfortunes of life! The soul, touched by the charm of friendship, springs from its apathy and dejection, and views the enlivening beam of hope awakening it to activity. The *happy pair*, casting a retrospective glance on the time passed, mutually exclaim with the tenderest emotions, “ Oh the delights that we have already experienced! Oh the joys that we have already felt!” If the tear of affliction steal down the cheek of the one, the other

other with affection wipes it tenderly away. The sorrows of one are felt with equal sensibility by the other: and what sorrow will not an intercourse of hearts, so closely and affectionately united, entirely subdue? Day after day they communicate to each other all that they have seen, all that they have heard, all that they feel, and every thing that they know. Time flies before them on his swiftest pinions. They are never tired of each other's company and conversation. The only misfortune they fear, the greatest indeed they can possibly experience, is the misfortune of being separated by occasional absence or untimely death.

BUT human happiness is continually exposed to interruption. At the very moment, alas! when we vainly think ourselves the most secure, Fate, by a sudden blow, strikes its unhappy victim even in our arms. All the pleasures of life then seem for ever extinguished, every object alarms our mind, and every place seems desert and forlorn. In vain are our arms extended to embrace our loved though lost companion; in vain do we invoke her return. Her well-known step still seems to beat upon the listening ear, and promise her approach; but suspended sense returns, and the delusive sounds are heard no more. A death-like silence reigns around, and involves us in the shades of dreary solitude, unconscious of every thing but our bleeding hearts.

hearts. Wearied and dejected, we imagine ourselves no longer capable of loving or of being beloved; and life without love, to the heart that has once felt its pleasures, is more terrible than death. So sudden a transition from the highest happiness to the deepest misery overpowers the mind. No kind friend appears to assuage our sufferings, or seems capable of forming an adequate idea of our distress. The pangs, indeed, which such a loss inflicts, cannot be conceived, unless they have been felt. The only consolation of the unhappy sufferer is to live in Solitude, and his only wish to die alone. But it is under circumstances like these that Solitude enjoys its greatest triumph, and the afflicted sufferer receives the greatest benefits; for there is no sorrow, however great, no pang, however powerful, that it will not, when wisely indulged, at first soften, and at length subdue. The remedy, however, which Solitude "administers to a mind diseased," is slow and gradual; for the art of living alone requires so much experience, is subject to so many casualties, and depends so materially upon the temperament of the patient, that it is necessary we should attain a complete maturity before any great advantages can be derived from it. But he who is able to throw off the galling yoke of prejudice, and possesses a natural esteem and fondness for retirement, will not
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be embarrassed as to the choice he ought to make under such circumstances. Indifferent to external objects, and averse from the dissipations of the world, he will rely on the powers of his mind, and will never be less alone than when he is in the company of himself.

MEN of genius are frequently condemned to employments as disagreeable to the turn and temper of their minds, as the most nauseous medicine must be to an empty stomach. Confined to toil on a dry and disgusting subject, fixed to a particular spot, and harassed by subordinate duties, they relinquish all expectation of tranquillity on this side the grave. Deprived of enjoying the common pleasures of nature, every object increases their disgust. "It is not for us," they exclaim, "that the youthful zephyrs call forth the budding foliage with their caressing breath; that the feathered choir chant in enlivening strains their rural songs; that the verdant meadows are decked with fragrant flowers." But set these complainants free, give them liberty and leisure to think for themselves, and the enthusiasm of their minds will soon regenerate, and soar into the highest regions of intellectual happiness, with the bold wing and penetrating eye of the bird of *Jove*.

IF

IF Solitude be capable of dissipating the afflictions of persons thus circumstanced, what may not be expected from its influence on those who are enabled to retire, at pleasure, to its friendly shades, and who have no other wish than to enjoy pure air and domestic felicity! When *Antisthenes* was asked what advantages philosophy had afforded him, he answered, “ *It has taught me to subdue myself.*” *Pope* says, he never laid his head upon his pillow, without acknowledging that the most important lesson of life is to learn the art of being happy within ourselves. And it seems to me that we shall all find what *Pope* looked for, when home is our content, and every thing about us, even to *the dog* and *the cat*, partakes of our affection.

IT has, indeed, been truly observed by a celebrated philosopher, that it is equally arrogant and erroneous to imagine, than man is capable, by his own exertions, of reaching real felicity. He may, however, modify the natural disposition of his soul, chastise his taste, curb his inclinations, ameliorate his sentiments, and even subdue his passions; and thereby not only render himself less sensible of the wants of life, but feel even satisfaction under the most untoward circumstances.

HEALTH is certainly essential to happiness, and yet there are circumstances and situations under
which

which the privation of it may be attended with tranquillity.

How frequently have I returned thanks to God, when indisposition has prevented me from going abroad, and enabled me to recruit my weakened powers in solitude and silence ! Obligated to drag through the streets of the metropolis day after day during a number of years, feeble in constitution, weak in limbs ; susceptible, on feeling the smallest cold, to the same sensation as if knives were separating the flesh from the bone ; continually surrounded, in the course of my profession, with the most afflicting sorrows ; it is not surprising that I should thank the Almighty with tears of gratitude, on experiencing even the relief which a confinement by indisposition procured. A physician, if he possesses sensibility, must, in his anxiety to relieve the sufferings of others, frequently forget his own. But, alas ! how frequently must he feel all the horrors of his situation, when he is summoned to attend patients whose maladies are beyond the reach of medicine ! Under such circumstances, the indisposition which excuses my attendance, and leaves me the powers of thought, affords me comparatively a sweet repose ; and, provided I am not disturbed by the polite interruptions of ceremonious visitors, I enjoy a pleasing solitude. One single day passed undisturbed at home in literary leisure, af-

fords to my mind more real pleasure than all the circles of fashionable entertainment are able to bestow.

THE fear of being alone is no longer felt either by the young or old, whenever the mind has acquired the power of employing itself in some useful or agreeable study. Ill-humour may be banished by adopting a regular course of reading. Books, indeed, cannot be inspected without producing a beneficial effect, provided we always read with a pen or pencil in our hand, and note down the new ideas that may occur, or the observations which confirm the knowledge we before possessed; for reading becomes not only useless, but fatiguing, unless we apply the information it affords either to our own characters, or to those of other men. This habit, however, may be easily acquired; and then books become one of the most safe and certain antidotes to lassitude and discontent. By this means a man becomes his own companion, and finds his best and most cheerful friend in his own heart.

PLEASURES of this kind certainly surpass in a great degree all those which result merely from the indulgence of the senses. The pleasures of the mind, generally speaking, signify sublime meditation, the profound deductions of reason, and the brilliant effusions of the imagination; but there
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are also others, for the perfect enjoyment of which neither extensive knowledge nor extraordinary talents are necessary. Such are the pleasures which result from active labour; pleasures equally within the reach of the ignorant and learned, and not less exquisite than those which result solely from the mind. Manual exertions, therefore, ought never to be despised. I am acquainted with gentlemen who understand the mechanism of their watches, who are able to work as painters, locksmiths, carpenters; and who are not only possessed of the tools and implements of every trade, but know how to use them. Such men never feel the least disquietude from the want of society, and are in general the happiest characters in existence.

MENTAL *pleasures* are within the reach of all persons who, free, tranquil, and affectionate, are contented with themselves, and at peace with their fellow-creatures. The mind contemplates the pranks of school, the sprightly aberrations of our boyish days, the wanton stories of early youth, our plays and pastimes, and all the little hopes and fears of infancy, with fond delight. Oh! with what approving smiles, and soft regret, the aged cast their eyes upon those happy times when youthful incarnation prompted all their actions, when every enterprize was undertaken with lively vigour, and executed with undaunted courage; when

difficulties were sought, merely for the purpose of surmounting them ! Let us compare what we were formerly with what we are at present ; or rather, by giving our thoughts a freer range, reflect on the various events we have experienced or observed ; upon the means that the Almighty employs to raise or sink the prosperity of empires ; upon the rapid progress made, even in our time, in every art and science ; upon the diffusion of useful knowledge, and the destruction of dangerous prejudices ; upon the empire which barbarism and superstition have gained, notwithstanding the exertions of genius and reason to prevent them ; upon the sublime power of the human mind and its inefficient productions, and languor will instantly disappear, and tranquillity, peace, and good-humour, prevail.

THUS advantage may in Solitude be attained and relished at every period of our lives ; at the most advanced age, as well as during the vigour of youth. He who to an unbroken constitution joins a free and contented mind, and assiduously cultivates the powers of his understanding, will, if his heart be innocent, at all times enjoy the purest and most unalterable pleasures. Employment animates all the functions of the soul, and calls forth their highest energies. It is the secret consciousness which every person of a lively imagination possesses, of the powers of the mind, and the dignity they

they are capable of attaining, that creates that noble anxiety and ardour which carries their efforts to the sublimest heights. But if, either by duty or situation, we maintain too close an intercourse with society, if we are obliged, in spite of inclination, to submit to frivolous and fatiguing dissipations, it is only by quitting the tumult, and entering into silent meditation, that we feel that effervescence, that desire to break from bondage, to fly from past errors, and avoid in future every noisy and tumultuous pleasure.

THE mind never feels with more energy and satisfaction that it lives, that it is rational, great, active, free, and immortal, than during those moments in which it excludes idle and impertinent intruders.

OF all the vexations of life, there are none so insupportable as those insipid visits, those annoying partialities, which occupy the time of frivolous and fashionable characters. "My thoughts," says *Rousséau*, "will only come when *they* please, "and not when I choose;" and therefore the intrusion of strangers, or of mere acquaintances, were always extremely odious to him. It was for this reason alone that this extraordinary character, who seldom experienced an hour of tranquillity, felt such indignation against the importunate civi-

lities and empty compliments of common conversation, whilst he enjoyed the rational intercourse of sensible and well-informed minds with the highest delight.* How frequently are the brightest beams of intellect obscured by associating with low and

* “ I never could endure, “ says *Rousseau*, “ the empty
 “ and unmeaning compliments of common conversation: but
 “ from conversation useful or ingenious, I have always felt the
 “ highest pleasure, and have never refused to partake of it.” In
 one of those very elegant and sensible Epistles which are published
 under the title of “ *Fitzosborne’s Letters*,” the ideas which
Zimmerman seems to have entertained on this subject are very happily
 expressed. “ I have had occasion,” says the Writer, in a letter
 to *Palamedes*, “ a thousand times, since I saw you, to wish myself
 “ in the land where all things are forgotten; at least, that I did
 “ not live in the memory of certain restless mortals of your acquaintance,
 “ who are visitors by profession. The misfortune is,
 “ no retirement is so remote, nor sanctuary so sacred, as to afford
 “ a protection from their impertinence; and though we were
 “ to fly to the desert, and take refuge in the cells of saints and
 “ hermits, we should be alarmed with their unmeaning voice,
 “ crying even in the wilderness. They spread themselves, in truth,
 “ over the whole face of the land, and lay waste the fairest
 “ hours of conversation. For my part (to speak of them in a
 “ style suitable to their taste and talents) I look upon them not
 “ as paying visits, but visitations; and am never obliged to give
 “ audience to one of this species, that I do not consider myself
 “ as under a judgment for those numberless hours which I
 “ have spent in vain. If these sons and daughters of idleness
 “ and folly would be persuaded to enter into an exclusive society
 “ among themselves, the rest of the world might possess their
 “ moments unmolested: but nothing less will satisfy them than
 “ opening a general commerce, and sailing into every port where
 “ choice or chance may drive them. Were we to live, indeed,
 “ to

and little minds ! how frequently do the soundest understandings become frivolous, by keeping frivolous company ! For, although those bright beams are immediate emanations from the Deity on the mind of man, they must be matured by meditation and reflection, before they can give elevation to genius, and consistency to character.

VIRTUES to which the mind cannot rise even when assisted by the most advantageous intercourse, are frequently the fruits of Solitude. Deprived for ever of the company and conversation of those whom we love and esteem, we endeavour to charm the uneasy void by every effort in our power ; but while *Love* and *Friendship* lead us by the hand, and cherish us by their care, we lean incessantly on their bosoms, and remain inert. Solitude, were it for this reason alone, is indispensably necessary to the human character ; for when men are enabled to depend on themselves alone, the soul, tossed about by the tempests of life, acquires new vigour ;

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learns

“ to the years of the Antediluvians, one might afford to resign
 “ some part of one’s own time in charitable relief of the insuffer-
 “ able weight of theirs ; but since the days of man are shrunk into
 “ a few hasty revolutions of the sun, whole afternoons are much
 “ too considerable a sacrifice to be offered up to tame civility.
 “ What heightens the contempt of this character is, that they
 “ who have so much of the force, have always the least of the
 “ power of friendship : and though they will “ *craze their cha-
 “ riot wheels,*” as *Milton* expresses it, to *destroy your repose*, they
 “ will not drive half the length of a street to *assist your distress.*”

learns to bear with constancy, or avoid with address, those dangerous rocks on which vulgar minds are inevitably wrecked ; and discovers continually new resources, by which the mind resists with stoic courage the rigours of its fate.

WEAK minds always conceive it most safe to adopt the sentiments of the multitude. They never venture to express an opinion upon any subject until the majority have decided ; and blindly follow the sentiments of the many, whether upon men or things, without troubling themselves to inquire who are right, or on which side *truth* preponderates. A love of equity and truth, indeed, is seldom found, except in those who have no dread of Solitude. Men of dissipation never protect the weak, or avenge the oppressed. If the various and powerful hosts of knaves and fools are your enemies, if you have been injured in your property by injustice, or traduced in your fame by calumny, you must not fly for protection and redress to men of light and dissipated characters ; for they are merely the organs of error, and the conduit-pipes of prejudice.

THE *knowledge of ourselves* is in Solitude more easily and effectually acquired than in any other situation ; for we there live in habits of the strictest intimacy with our own bosoms. It is certainly possible

possible for men to be deliberate and wise even amidst all the tumultuous folly of the world, especially if their principles be well fixed before they enter on the stage of life; but integrity is undoubtedly more easily preserved in the innocent simplicity of Solitude, than in the corrupted intercourse of Society. In the world how many men please only by their vices! How many profligate villains, and unprincipled adventurers, of insinuating manners, are well received only because they have learnt the art of administering to the follies, the weaknesses, and the vices of others! The mind, intoxicated with the fumes of that incense which artful flattery is continually offering to it, is rendered incapable of justly appreciating the characters of men. On the contrary, we truly discover in the silence of Solitude the inward complexion of the heart; and learn not only what the characters of men are, but what in truth and nature they ought to be.

How many new and useful discoveries may be made by occasionally forcing ourselves from the vortex of the world, and retiring to the calm enjoyments of study and reflection! To accomplish this end, it is only necessary to commune seriously with our own hearts, and to examine our actions with impartiality. The worldly-minded man, indeed, has reason to avoid this self-examination, for
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the result would in all probability be painful to his feelings; as he who only judges of himself by the flattering opinions which others may have expressed of his character, will, in such a scrutiny, behold with surprise, that he is the miserable slave of habit and public opinion; submitting himself with scrupulous exactness, and the best possible grace, to the tyranny of fashion and established ceremony; never venturing to oppose their influence, however ridiculous and absurd it may be; and obsequiously following the example of others, without daring to resist pursuits which every one seems so highly to approve. He will perceive, that almost all his thoughts and actions are engendered by a base fear of himself, or arise from a servile complaisance to others; that he only seeks to flatter the vanities, and indulge the caprices, of his superiors, and becomes the contemptible minister of these men, without daring to offer them the smallest contradiction, or hazard an opinion that is likely to give them the least displeasure. Whoever with calm consideration views this terrifying picture, will feel, in the silent emotions of his heart, the necessity of occasionally retiring into Solitude, and seeking society with men of nobler sentiments and purer principles.

LET everyone, therefore, who wishes to think with dignity, or live with ease, seek the retreats
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of Solitude, and enter into a friendly intercourse with his own heart. How small a portion of true philosophy, with an enlightened understanding, will render it humble and compliant! But in the mists of prejudice, dazzled by the intellectual glimmer of false lights, every one mistakes the true path, and seeks for happiness in the shades of darkness, and in the labyrinths of obscurity. The habits of retirement and tranquillity can alone enable us to make a just estimate of men and things; and it is by renouncing all the prepossessions which the corruptions of society have implanted in the mind, that we make the first advances towards the restoration of reason, and the attainment of felicity.

WE have hitherto only pointed out one class of the general advantages which may be derived from rational Solitude, but there are many others which apply still more closely to mens' business and bosoms. Who, alas! is there that has not experienced its comforting influence in the keenest adversities of life? Who is there that does not seek relief from its friendly shades in the languors of convalescence, in the pangs of affliction, and even in that distressful moment, when death deprives us of those whose company was the charm and solace of our lives? Happy are they who know the advantages of a *religious retirement*, of that *holy rest* in which the virtues rivet themselves
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more closely to the soul, and in which every man, when he is on the bed of death, devoutly wishes he had lived.

BUT these advantages become more conspicuous when we compare the manner of thinking which employs the mind of a solitary philosopher with that of a worldly sensualist; the tiresome and tumultuous life of the one with the ease and tranquillity of the other; the horrors which disturb the death-bed of vice, with the calm sigh which accompanies the expiring soul of virtue. This is the awful moment in which we feel how important it is to commune morally with ourselves, and religiously with our Creator; to enable us to bear the sufferings of life with dignity, and the pains of death with ease.*

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* PONTANUS, a man celebrated among the early restorers of Literature, thought the study of our own hearts of so much importance, that he has recommended it from his tomb: *Sum Jo-*
ANNES JOVIANUS PONTANUS, quem amaverunt bonæ mœ,
suspexerunt viri probi, honestaverunt regis domini; jam scio qui sim,
veloqui potius fuerim; ego vero te, hospes, noscere in tenebris ne-
queo, sed te ipsum ut noscas rogo.—Seneca also says, “Death
 “ falls heavy upon him who is too much known to others, and
 “ too little to himself:

“ Illi mors gravis incubat

“ Qui, notus nimis omnibus,

“ Ignotus moritur sibi.”

“ To him, alas! to him I fear

“ The face of death will terrible appear,

“ Who

THE sick, the sorrowful, and the discontented, may find equal relief in Solitude; it administers a balm to their tortured souls, heals the deep and painful wounds they have received, and in time restores them to their pristine health and vigour. The deceitful shrine in which the intoxication of sensuality involved health and happiness disappears, and they behold, in the place of imaginary joys, those objects only which afford real pleasure. Prosperity arrays every object in the most glowing and delightful colours; but to adversity every thing appears black and dismal. Nor are the errors of these contrary extremes discovered until the moment when the curtain drops, and dissipates the illusion: the deceitful dream continues until the imagination is silenced. The unhappy then perceive that the Almighty was watching over them, even when they conceived themselves entirely abandoned. The happy then discover the vanity of those pleasures and amusements to which they surrendered themselves so implicitly during the intoxication of the world, and reflect seriously upon their misconduct; upon their present state and future destiny; and upon the modes most likely to conduct them

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“ Who, in his life, flatt’ring his senseless pride,
“ By being known to all the world beside,
“ Does not himself, when he is dying, know,
“ Nor what he is, nor whither he’s to go.”

Cowley.

to true felicity. How miserable should we be, were the Divine Providence to grant us every thing we desire ! At the very instant when we conceive all the happiness of our lives annihilated, God, perhaps, is performing something extraordinary in our favour. Certain it is, that patience and perseverance will, in Solitude, convert the deepest sorrow into tranquillity and joy. Those objects which, at a distance, appear menacing, lose, on a nearer approach, their disagreeable aspect, and, in the event, frequently produce the most agreeable pleasures. He who tries every expedient, who boldly opposes himself to every difficulty, who steadily resists every obstacle, who neglects no exertion within his power, and relies with confidence on the assistance of God, extracts from affliction both its poison and its sting, and deprives misfortune of its victory.*

SORROW

* DR. *Johnson* observes, that “ It is one of the chief precepts of the Stoical Philosophy, that Man should never suffer his happiness to depend upon external circumstances ; a precept, indeed, which that lofty sect has extended beyond the condition of human life, and in which some of them seem to have comprized an utter exclusion of all corporeal pain and pleasure from the regard or attention of a wise man. Such *sapientia insaniens*, as *Horace* calls the doctrine of another sect, such extravagance of philosophy, can want neither authority nor argument for its confutation : it is overthrown by the experience of every hour, and the powers of nature rise up against it. But,” continues he, “ we may very properly inquire,

SORROW, misfortune, and sickness, soon render Solitude easy and familiar to our minds. How willingly do we renounce the world, and become indifferent to all its pleasures, when the insidious eloquence of the passions is silenced, and our powers are debilitated by vexation or ill health! It is then we perceive the weakness of those succours which the world affords. How many useful truths, alas! has the bed of sickness and sorrow instilled even into the minds of Kings and Princes! truths which, in the hour of health, they would have been unable to learn amidst the deceitful counsels of their pretended friends. The time, indeed, in which a valetudinary is capable of employing his powers with facility and success, in a manner conformable to his designs, is short, and runs rapidly away. Those only who enjoy robust health can exclaim, "*Time is my own* ; for he who labours under continual sickness and suffering, and whose avocations depend on the public necessity or caprice, can never say that that he has *one moment to himself*. He must watch

"quire, how near to this exalted state it is in our power to approach, how far we can exempt ourselves from outward influences, and secure to our minds a state of tranquillity: for though the boast of absolute independence is ridiculous and vain, yet a mean flexibility to every impulse, and a patient submission to the tyranny of casual troubles, is below the dignity of that mind, which, however depraved, or weakened, boasts its derivation from a celestial original, and hopes for an union with infinite goodness and invariable felicity."

Rambler, No. 6.

watch the fleeting hours as they pass, and seize an interval of leisure when and where he can. Necessity as well as reason convinces him that he must, in spite of his daily sufferings, his wearied body, or his harrassed mind, firmly resist his accumulating troubles; and, if he would save himself from becoming the victim of dejection, he must manfully combat the difficulties by which he is attacked. The more we enervate ourselves, the more we become the prey of ill health; but determined courage, and obstinate resistance, frequently renovate our powers; and he who, in the calm of Solitude, vigorously wrestles with misfortune, is, in the event, sure of gaining a victory.

THE influence of the mind upon the body is a consolatory truth to those who are subject to constitutional complaints. Supported by this reflection, the effects of *reason* continue unsubdued; the influence of *religion* maintains its empire; and the lamentable truth, that men of the finest sensibility, and most cultivated understanding, frequently possess less fortitude under afflictions than the most vulgar of mankind, remains unknown.*

CAMPENELLA,

* This weakness of human nature is finely illustrated by Dr. Johnson in his celebrated History of *Rasselas*, Prince of Abyssinia. The Prince attends the lectures of a Philosopher, who compared reason to the sun, of which the light is constant, uniform,

CAMPENELLA, incredible as it may seem, suffered by the indulgence of melancholy reflections, a species of mental torture more painful than any bodily torture could have produced. I can, however, from

uniform, and lasting ; communicated various precepts for the conquest of passion ; and displayed the happiness of those who had obtained the important victory, after which *man* is no longer the slave of fear, or the fool of hope ; is no more emaciated by envy, inflamed by anger, emasculated by tenderness, or depressed by grief ; and concluded that this state only was happiness, and that this happiness was in every one's power. *Rasselas* listened to him with the veneration due to the instructions of a superior being, and implored the liberty of visiting so great a master of true wisdom. On the ensuing day the Prince entered the apartment of the Philosopher, whom he found in a room half darkened, with his eyes misty, and his face pale. " Sir," said the Philosopher, " you are come at a time when all human friendship is " useless. What I suffer cannot be remedied ; what I have lost " cannot be supplied. My daughter, my only daughter, from " whose tenderness I expected all the comforts of my age, died " last night of a fever. My views, my purposes, my hopes, are " at an end. I am now a lonely being, disunited from society." The Prince remonstrated against the excess of his affliction. " Young man," replied the Philosopher, " you speak like one " who has never felt the pangs of separation."—" Have you " then forgot the precepts," said *Rasselas*, " which you so " powerfully enforced ? Has wisdom no strength to arm the heart " against calamity ? Consider that external things are naturally " variable, but Truth and Reason are always the same." " What " comfort," said the mourner, " can Truth and Reason afford " me ? Of what effect are they now, but to tell me that my " daughter will not be restored ?" This illustration of the inefficacy of philosophy, to counteract or subdue the sensibilities of human nature under deep calamity, brings to mind an observation

from my own experience, assert that, even in the extremity of distress, every object which diverts the attention, softens the evils we endure, and frequently drives them entirely away. By diverting the attention, many celebrated philosophers have been able not only to preserve a tranquil mind in the midst of the most poignant sufferings, but have even increased the strength of their intellectual faculties, in spite of their corporeal pains. *Rousseau* composed the greater part of his immortal works under the continual pressure of sickness and sorrow.* *Gellert*, who, by his mild, agreeable, and instructive writings, has become the preceptor of Germany, certainly found, in this interesting occupation, the secret remedy against melancholy. *Mendelssohn*, at an age far advanced in life, and not, in general, subject to dejection, was for a long time oppressed by an almost inconceivable derangement of the nervous system; but, by submitting with patience and docility to his sufferings, he still maintains

of *Dr. Goldsmith's*, that "Philosophy may be an excellent horse in the stable, but is generally an arrant jade upon the road."

* The author of that stupendous and elaborate work, "The English Dictionary," thus eloquently and affectingly describes the circumstances under which it was compiled. "It may gratify curiosity to inform it, that THE ENGLISH DICTIONARY was written with very little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great: not in the soft obscurities of retirement, nor under the shelter of academic bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow."

maintains all the noble and high advantages of youth. *Garve*, who was for several years unable to read, to write, or even to think, has since produced his Treatise upon *Cicero*, in which this profound writer, so circumspect in all his expressions, that he appears hurt if any improper word escapes his pen, thanks the Almighty, with a sort of rapture, for the weakness of his constitution, because it had taught him the extraordinary influence which the powers of the mind have over those of the body.

SOLITUDE is not merely desirable, but absolutely necessary, to those characters who possess sensibilities too quick, and imaginations too ardent, to live quietly in the world, and who are incessantly inveighing against men and things. Those who suffer their minds to be subdued by circumstances which would scarcely produce an emotion in other bosoms; who complain of the severity of their misfortunes on occasions which others would not feel; who are dispirited by every occurrence which does not produce immediate satisfaction and pleasure; who are incessantly tormented by the illusions of fancy; who are unhinged and dejected the moment prosperity is out of their view; who repine at what they possess, from an ignorance of what they really want; whose minds are for ever veering from one vain wish to another; who are alarmed at every thing, and enjoy nothing; are not formed for society,

ty, and, if Solitude have no power to heal their wounded spirits, are certainly incurable.

MEN who in other respects possess rational minds and pious dispositions, frequently fall into low spirits and despair; but it is in general almost entirely their own fault. If it proceed, as is generally the case, from unfounded fears; if they love to torment themselves and others on every trivial disappointment or slight indisposition; if they constantly resort to *medicine* for that relief which *reason* alone can bestow; if they fondly indulge, instead of repressing, these idle fancies; if, after having endured the most excruciating pains with patience, and supported the greatest misfortunes with fortitude, they neither can nor will learn to bear the puncture of the smallest pin, or those trifling adversities to which human life is unavoidably subject; they can only attribute their unhappy condition to their own misconduct; and, although they might, by no very irksome effort of their understandings, look with an eye of composure and tranquillity on the multiplied and fatal fires issuing from the dreadful cannon's mouth, will continue shamefully subdued by the idle apprehension of being fired at by pop-guns.

ALL these qualities of the soul, fortitude, firmness, and stoic inflexibility, are much sooner acquired

quired by silent meditation than amidst the noisy intercourses of mankind, where innumerable difficulties continually oppose us ; where ceremony, servility, flattery, and fear, contaminate our dispositions ; where every occurrence opposes our endeavours ; and where, for this reason, men of the weakest minds, and most contracted notions, become more active and popular, gain more attention, and are better received, than men of feeling hearts and liberal understandings.

THE mind, in short, fortifies itself with impregnable strength in the bowers of solitary retirement against every species of suffering and affliction. The frivolous attachments which, in the world, divert the soul from its proper objects, and drive it wandering, as chance may direct, into an eccentric void, die away. Contented, from experience, with the little which nature requires, rejecting every superfluous desire, and having acquired a complete knowledge of ourselves, the visitations of the Almighty, when he chastises us with affliction, humbles our presumptuous pride, disappoints our vain conceits, restrains the violence of our passions, and makes us sensible of our inanity and weakness, are received with composure, and felt without surprise. How many important truths do we here learn of which the worldly-minded man has no idea ! Casting the eye of calm reflection on ourselves, and

on the objects around us, how resigned we become to the lot of humanity! How different every object appears! The heart expands to every noble sentiment; the bloom of conscious virtue brightens on the cheek; the mind teems with sublime conceptions; and, boldly taking the right path, we at length reach the bowers of innocence, and the plains of peace.

ON the death of a beloved friend, we constantly feel a strong desire to withdraw from society; but our worldly acquaintances unite in general to destroy this laudable inclination. Conceiving it improper to mention the subject of our grief, our companions, cold and indifferent to the event, surround us, and think their duties sufficiently discharged by paying the tributary visit, and amusing us with the current topics of the town. Such idle pleasantries cannot convey a balm of comfort into the wounded heart.

WHEN I, alas! within two years after my arrival in Germany, lost the lovely idol of my heart, the amiable companion of my former days, I exclaimed a thousand times to my surrounding friends, "*Oh! leave me to myself!*" Her departed spirit still hovers round me: the tender recollection of her society, the afflicting remembrance of her sufferings on my account, are always present to my

my mind. What mildness and affability ! Her death was as calm and resigned as her life was pure and virtuous. During five long months the lingering pangs of dissolution hung continually round her. One day, as she reclined upon her pillow, while I read to her “ *The Death of Christ*,” by *Rammler*, she cast her eyes over the page, and silently pointed out to me the following passage : “ My breath grows weak, my days are shortened, “ my heart is full of affliction, and my soul prepares to take its flight.” Alas ! when I recall all those circumstances to my mind, and recollect how impossible it was for me to abandon the world at that moment of anguish and distress, when I carried the seeds of death within my bosom, when I had neither fortitude to bear my afflictions, nor courage to resist them, while I was yet pursued by malice, and traduced by calumny, I can easily conceive, in such a situation, that my exclamation might be, “ *Leave me to myself*.” To a heart thus torn by too rigorous a destiny from the bosom that was opened for its reception, from a bosom in which it fondly dwelt, from an object that it dearly loved, detached from every object, at a loss where to fix its affection, or communicate its feelings, Solitude alone can administer comfort.

THE rich and the poor, the happy and the mi-

ferable, the healthy and the sick, in short, all descriptions of persons, whatever may be their stations or their circumstances in life, will experience infinite advantages in a religious retirement from the world. It is not, alas ! in the temples of pleasure, in those meetings where every one drains the cup of folly to its lowest dregs, in those coteries where vulgar gaiety resorts, in brilliant assemblies, or at luxurious boards, that the mind acquires those refined and exalted notions which restrain the sensual appetites, ennoble the pleasures of life, bring futurity to view, and banish, from a short and transitory existence, an inordinate fondness for the dissipations of the world. It is in Solitude alone that we are capable of averting our eyes from those dangerous scenes, and casting them towards the celestial Providence which protects us. It is only during the silent hour of pious meditation that we recur to the consolatory idea, to the bland and satisfactory sentiment, that the eye of the Almighty is for ever tenderly viewing the actions of his creatures, kindly superintending all our concerns, and, by his power and his goodness, directing our ways. The bright image of our Creator appears to us in Solitude on every side.* Emancipated from the
dangerous

* The following address to the Deity is translated from *Boetius* by a celebrated moral Philosopher :

“ O Thou

dangerous fermentation of the passions, we contemplate with seriousness and vigour, with freedom and with confidence, the attainment of supreme felicity, and enjoy in thought the happiness we hope ultimately to reach. In this holy meditation every ignoble sentiment, every painful anxiety, every low thought and vulgar care, vanish from the mind.

SOLITUDE, when it has ripened and preserved the tender and humane feelings of the heart, and created in the mind a salutary distrust of our vain reason and boasted abilities, may be considered to have brought us nearer to God. Humility is the first lesson we learn from reflection, and self-distrust the first proof we give of having obtained a knowledge of ourselves. When, in attending the duties of my profession, I behold, on the bed of sickness, the efforts of the soul to oppose its impending dissolution, and discover, by the increasing torments of the patient, the rapid advances of death; when I see the unhappy sufferer extend his cold and trembling

“ O Thou whose power o’er moving worlds presides,
 “ Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides,
 “ On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
 “ And cheer the clouded mind with light divine !
 “ ’Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast
 “ With silent confidence and holy rest ;
 “ From Thee, *Great God*, we spring ; to thee we tend,
 “ Path, Motive, Guide, Original, and End.”

ling hands to thank the Almighty for the smallest mitigation of his pains ; when I hear his utterance checked by intermingled groans, and view the tender looks, the silent anguish, of his attending friends ; all my fortitude abandons me ; my heart bleeds ; and I tear myself from the sorrowful scene, only to pour my tears more freely over the lamentable lot of humanity, to regret the inefficacy of those medical powers which I am supposed only to have sought with so much anxiety as a means of prolonging my own miserable existence.

“ When in this vale of years I backward look,
 “ And miss such numbers, numbers too of such,
 “ Firmer in health, and greener in their age,
 “ And stricter on their guard, and fitter far
 “ To play life’s subtle game, I scarce believe
 “ I still survive : and am I fond of life,
 “ Who scarce can think it possible I live ?
 “ Alive by miracle ! If I am still alive,
 “ Who long have buried what gives life to live.”

THE wisdom that teaches us to avoid the snares of the world, is not to be acquired by the incessant pursuit of entertainments ; by flying, without reflection, from one party to another ; by continual conversation on low and trifling subjects ; by undertaking every thing and doing nothing. “ He
 “ who would acquire *true wisdom*,” says a celebrated

brated philosopher, “ must learn to live in Solitude.” An uninterrupted course of dissipation stifles every virtuous sentiment. The dominion of reason is lost amidst the intoxications of pleasure; its voice is no longer heard; its authority no longer obeyed: the mind no longer strives to surmount temptations; but, instead of shunning the perils which the *passions* scatter in our way, we run eagerly to find them. The idea of *God*, and the precepts of his holy religion, are never so little remembered as in the ordinary intercourse of society. Engaged in a multiplicity of absurd pursuits, entranced in the delirium of gaiety, inflamed by the continual ebriety which raises the passions and stimulates the desires, every connection between *God* and man is dissolved; the bright and noble faculty of reason obscured; and even the great and important duties of *religion*, the only source of true felicity, totally obliterated from the mind, or remembered only with levity and indifference. On the contrary, he who, entering into a serious self-examination, elevates his thoughts in silence towards his *God*; who consults the theatre of nature, the spangled firmament of heaven, the meadows enamelled with flowers, the stupendous mountains, and the silent groves, as the temples of the *Divinity*; who directs the emotions of his heart to the great Author and Conductor of every thing; who has his enlightened providence continually

tinually before his eyes, must, most assuredly, have already lived in pious Solitude and religious Retirement.

THE pious dispositions which a zealous devotion to God engenders in Solitude, may, it is true, in certain characters, and under particular circumstances, degenerate into the gloom of *superstition*, or rise into the phrenzy of *fanaticism*; but these excesses soon abate; and, compared with that fatal supineness which extinguishes every virtue, are really advantageous. The sophistry of the passions is silent during the serious hours of self-examination; and the perturbations we feel on the discovery of our errors and defects, is converted, by the light of a pure and rational *faith*, into happy ease and perfect tranquillity. The fanatic enthusiast presents himself before the *Almighty* much oftener than the supercilious wit, who derides an holy religion, and calls piety a weakness. *Philosophy* and *Morality* become in Solitude the handmaids of *Religion*, and join their powers to conduct us into the bowers of eternal peace. They teach us to examine our hearts, and exhort us to guard against the dangers of fanaticism. But if virtue cannot be instilled into the soul without convulsive efforts, they also admonish us not to be intimidated by the apprehension of danger. It is not in the moment of joy, when we turn our eyes from God, and our thoughts

thoughts from eternity, that we experience those salutary fervours of the soul, which even Religion, with all her powers, cannot produce so soon as a mental affliction or a corporeal malady. The celebrated *M. Garve*, one of the greatest philosophers of Germany, exclaimed to *Dr. Spalding* and myself, “ I am indebted to my malady for “ having led me to make a closer scrutiny and “ more accurate observation on my own character.”

IN the last moments of life, it is certain that we all wish we had passed our days in greater privacy and Solitude, in stricter intimacy with ourselves, and in closer communion with God. Pressed by the recollection of our errors, we then clearly perceive that they were occasioned by not having shunned the snares of the world, and by not having watched with sufficient care over the inclinations of our hearts. Oppose the sentiments of a solitary man, who has passed his life in pious conference with God, to those which occupy a worldly mind, forgetful of its Creator, and sacrificing its dearest interests to the enjoyment of the moment ; compare the character of a *wise man*, who reflects in silence on the importance of eternity, with that of a *fashionable being*, who consumes all his time at *ridottos*, balls, and assemblies ; and we shall then perceive that solitude, dignified retirement, select

select friendships, and rational society, can alone afford true pleasure, and give us what all the vain enjoyments of the world will never bestow—consolation in death, and hope of everlasting life. But the bed of death discovers most clearly the difference between *the just man*, who has quietly passed his days in religious contemplation, and the *man of the world*, whose thoughts have only been employed to feed his passions and gratify his desires. A life passed amidst the tumultuous dissipations of the world, even when unfulfilled by the commission of any positive crime, concludes, alas ! very differently from that which has been spent in the bowers of Solitude, adorned by innocence, and rewarded by virtue.

BUT, as example teaches more effectually than precept, and curiosity is more alive to recent facts than remote illustrations, I shall here relate the history of a man of family and fashion, who a few years since shot himself in London ; from which it will appear, that men possessed even of the best feelings of the heart, may be rendered extremely miserable, by suffering their principles to be corrupted by the practice of the world.

THE Honourable Mr. Damer, the eldest son of Lord Milton, was five-and-thirty years of age when he put a period to his existence by means
perfectly

perfectly correspondent to the principles on which he had lived. He was married to a rich heiress, the daughter-in-law of *General Conway*. Nature had endowed him with extraordinary talents; but a most infatuated fondness for excessive dissipation obscured the brightest faculties of his mind, and perverted many of the excellent qualities of his heart. His houses, his carriages, his horses, and his liveries, surpassed in splendour and magnificence every thing sumptuous and costly even in the superb and extravagant metropolis of Great-Britain. The fortune he possessed was great; but the variety of lavish expenditures in which he engaged exceeded his income, and he was at length reduced to the necessity of borrowing money. He raised, in different ways, near forty thousand pounds, the greater part of which he employed, with improvident generosity, in relieving the distressed of his less opulent companions; for his heart overflowed with tenderness and compassion; but this exquisite sensibility, which was ever alive to the misfortunes of others, was at length awakened to his own embarrassed situation; and his mind driven, by the seemingly irretrievable condition of his affairs, to the utmost verge of despair. Retiring to a common brothel, he sent for four women of the town, and passed several hours in their company with apparent good spirits and unincumbered gaiety; but, when the dead of night arrived,

he

he requested them, with visible dejection, to retire; and immediately afterwards drawing from his pocket a pistol, which he had carried about him the whole afternoon, blew out his brains. It appeared that he had passed the evening with these women in the same manner as he had been used to pass many others with different women of the same description, without demanding favours which they would most willingly have granted, and only desiring, in return for the money he lavished on them, the dissipation of their discourse, or, at most, the ceremony of a salute, to divert the sorrow that preyed upon his tortured mind. But the gratitude he felt for the temporary oblivion which these intercourses afforded, sometimes ripened into feelings of the warmest friendship. A celebrated actress of the London Theatre, whose *conversations* had already drained him of considerable sums of money, requested of him, only three days before his death, to send her five-and-twenty guineas. At that moment he had only ten guineas about him; but he sent her, with an apology for his inability to comply immediately with her request, all he had, and soon after borrowed the remainder of the money, and sent it to her without delay. This unhappy young man, shortly before the fatal catastrophe, had written to his father, and disclosed to him the distressed situation he was in; and the night, the very night on which he terminated his existence,

existence, his affectionate parent, the good *Lord Milton*, arrived in London, for the purpose of discharging all the debts, and arranging the affairs, of his unhappy son. Thus lived and died this destitute and dissipated man! How different from that life which the innocent live, or that death which the virtuous die!

I HOPE I may be permitted in this place to relate the story of a young lady whose memory I am extremely anxious to preserve; for I can with great truth say of her, as *Petrarch* said of his beloved *Laura*, “The world was unacquainted with the excellence of her character; for she was only known to those whom she has left behind to bewail her loss.”—Solitude was all the world she knew; for her only pleasures were those which a retired and virtuous life affords. Submitting with pious resignation to the dispensations of Heaven, her weak frame sustained, with steady fortitude, every affliction of mortality. Mild, good, and tender, she endured her sufferings without a murmur or a sigh; and, although naturally timid and reserved, disclosed the feelings of her soul with all the warmth of filial enthusiasm. Of this description was the superior character of whom I now write; a character who convinced me, by her fortitude under the severest misfortunes, how much strength Solitude is capable

of conveying to the mind even of the feeblest being. Diffident of her own powers, she listened to the precepts of a fond parent, and relied with perfect confidence on the goodness of God. Taught by my experience, submitting to my judgment, she entertained for me the most ardent affection; and convinced me not by *professions*, but by *actions*, of her sincerity. Willingly would I have sacrificed my life to have saved her; and I am satisfied that she would as willingly have given up her own for me. I had no pleasure but in pleasing her, and my endeavours for that purpose were most gratefully returned. A rose was my favourite flower, and she presented one to me almost daily during the season. I received it from her hand with the highest delight, and cherished it as the richest treasure. A malady of almost a singular kind, a hæmorrhage in the lungs, suddenly deprived me of the comfort of this beloved child, and tore her from my protecting arms. From the knowledge I had of her constitution, I immediately perceived that the disorder was mortal. How frequently during that fatal day did my wounded, bleeding heart bend me on my knees before God to supplicate for her recovery. But I concealed my feelings from her observation. Although sensible of her danger, she never discovered the least apprehension of its approach. Smiles played around her pallid cheeks whenever I entered or quitted the room; and when

worn

worn down by the fatal distemper, a prey to the most corroding grief, a victim to the sharpest and most intolerable pains, she made no complaint; but mildly answered all my questions by some short sentence, without entering into any detail. Her decay and impending dissolution became obvious to the eye; but to the last moment of her life, her countenance preserved a serenity correspondent to the purity of her mind, and the affectionate tenderness of her heart. Thus I beheld my dear, my only daughter, at the age of five-and-twenty, after a lingering suffering of nine long, long months, expire in my arms. So long and so severe an attack was not necessary to the conquest: she had been the submissive victim of ill health from her earliest infancy: her appetite was almost gone when we left Swisserland; a residence which she quitted with her usual sweetness of temper, and without discovering the smallest regret; although a young man, as handsome in his person as he was amiable in the qualities of his mind, the object of her first, her only affection, a few weeks afterwards put a period to his existence. During the few happy days we passed at Hanover, where she rendered herself universally respected and beloved, she amused herself by composing religious prayers, which were afterwards found among her papers, and in which she implores death to afford her a speedy relief from her pains. During the same

period she wrote also many letters, always affecting, and frequently sublime. They were couched in expressions of the same desire speedily to reunite her soul with the Author of her days. The last words that my dear, my well-beloved child uttered, amidst the most painful agonies, were these—"To-day I shall taste the joys of Heaven!" *

How

* The meek, calm, and pious resignation with which this amiable girl is described to have endured the afflictions of life, and defied the torments of death, will perhaps bring to mind the sentiments of that sublime Ode by *Mr. Pope*, of "A dying Christian to his Soul.

" Vital spark of heavenly flame !

" Quit, oh quit this mortal frame !

" Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying ;

" Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !

" Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,

" And let me languish into life !

" Hark ! they whisper ; Angels say,

" Sister Spirit, come away !

" What is this absorbs me quite,

" Steals my senses, shuts my sight,

" Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?

" Tell me, my soul, can this be Death ?

" The world recedes ! it disappears !

" Heav'n opens on my eyes, my ears

" With sounds seraphic ring :

" Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !

" O, Grave ! where is thy Victory !

" O, Death ! where is thy Sting ?

How unworthy of this bright example should we be, if, after having seen the severest sufferings sustained by a female in the earliest period of life, and of the weakest constitution, we permitted our minds to be dejected by misfortunes which courage might enable us to surmount! a female who, under the anguish of inexpressible torments, never permitted a sigh or complaint to escape from her lips; but submitted with silent resignation to the will of Heaven, in hope of meeting with reward hereafter. She was ever active, invariably mild, and always compassionate to the miseries of others. But *we*, who have before our eyes the sublime instructions which a character thus virtuous and noble has here given us, *we*, who, like her, aspire to a seat in the mansions of the blessed, refuse the smallest sacrifice, make no endeavour to stem with courage the torrent of adversity, or to acquire that degree of patience and resignation, which a strict examination of our own hearts, and a silent communion with God, would certainly afford.

SENSIBLE and unfortunate beings! the slight misfortunes by which you are now oppressed, and driven to despair, (for light, indeed, they are, when compared with mine,) will ultimately raise your minds above the low considerations of the world, and give a strength to your power which you now

conceive to be impossible.* You now think yourselves sunk into the deepest abyſs of ſuffering and ſorrow; but the time will ſoon arrive, when you will perceive yourſelves in that happy ſtate in which the mind verges from earth, and fixes its attention on heaven. You will then enjoy a calm repoſe, be ſuſceptible of pleaſures equally ſubſtantial and ſublime, and poſſeſs, in lieu of tumultuous anxieties for life, the ſerene and comfortable hope of immortality. Bleſſed, ſupremely bleſſed, is he who knows the value of retirement and tranquillity, who is capable of enjoying the ſilence of the groves, and all the pleaſures of rural Solitude. The ſoul then taſtes celeftial delight, even under the deepeſt impreſſions of ſorrow and dejection; regains its ſtrength, collects new courage, and acts with perfect freedom. The eye then looks with fortitude on the tranſient ſufferings of diſeaſe; the mind no longer feels a dread of being alone; and we learn to cultivate, during the remainder of our lives, a bed of roſes round even the tomb of death.

THESE

* “ *Explorant adverſa viros, perque aſpera duro*
 “ *Nittitur ad laudem virtus interrita clivo.*”

SILIUS ITALICUS.

“ But oft Adverſity exalts the mind;
 “ And fearleſs Virtue may from perils find
 “ Some means, howe’er depreſs’d, her head to raiſe,
 “ And reach the heights of never-ending praiſe.”

THESE reflections upon the general Advantages resulting from *rational Solitude* and *occasional Retirement*, bring me next to this important question, “*Whether it is easier to live virtuously in Solitude or in the World?*”



CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

THE QUESTION,

WHETHER IT IS EASIER TO LIVE VIRTUOUSLY
IN SOLITUDE, OR IN THE WORLD,

CONSIDERED.

THE virtues, when they are practised in society, are practised merely from a sense of duty. The Clergy afford instruction to the ignorant and consolation to the afflicted. The Lawyers protect the innocent and vindicate the injured. The Physicians visit the sick, and administer relief to their complaints, whether real or imaginary. But not, as they would insinuate, from charitable feelings, and for the sake of humanity. Instruction, consolation, protection, and health, are in such cases afforded not from any particular bias of the heart towards their respective objects, but from a sense of duty which the professors of Law, Divinity, and Physic, respectively entertain; a duty imposed upon them by their peculiar stations in society; and which it would be disgraceful in them not to perform. The words, "*your known humanity,*" words which

which always hurt my feelings, when they introduce the subjects of the letters I daily receive, are nothing but words of ceremony, a common falsehood, introduced by flattery, and supported only by custom. Humanity is a high and important virtue, founded on a nobleness of soul of the first species; and how is it to be known whether a man performs certain actions from this warm and generous motive, or from a cold sense of duty? Good works certainly do not always proceed from motives completely virtuous. The bosom of a man whose mind is constantly immersed in the corrupted currents of the world, is generally shut against every thing that is truly good: he may, however, sometimes do good without being virtuous; for he may be great in his actions, though little in his heart.* Virtue is a quality much more rare than is generally imagined; and therefore the words *humanity*, *virtue*, *patriotism*, and many others of similar kinds, should be used with greater caution than they usually are in the intercourse of mankind. It is only upon particular occasions that they ought to be called forth; for by making them too familiar, their real import is weakened, and the sense of those excellent qualities they express in

a great

* "*Viri potestatibus sublimes,*" says Lord Chancellor BACON, "*ipsi tibi ignoti sunt. Et dum negotiis distrabuntur, tempore carent, quod, sanitati aut corporis, aut animæ suæ consulant.*"

a great degree destroyed. Who would not blush to be called *learned* or *humane*, when he hears the most ignorant complimented on their knowledge, and “*the well-known humanity*” of the most atrocious villain lavishly praised?

MEN are, without doubt, more likely to become really virtuous in the bosom of rational Retirement, than amidst the corruptions of the world.

VIRTUE, for ever frail as fair below,
 Her tender nature suffers in the crowd,
 Nor touches on THE WORLD without a stain.
 The world's infectious; few bring back at eve,
 Immaculate, the manners of the morn.
 Something we thought is blotted; we resolv'd,
 Is shaken; we renounc'd, returns again.
 Each salutation may let in a sin
 Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.
 Nor is it strange: light, motion, concourse, noise,
 All scatter us abroad: thought, outward bound,
 Neglectful of our home affairs, flies off
 In fume and dissipation; quits her charge;
 And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe.

VIRTUE, indeed, of whatever description it may be, cannot be the produce of good example, for virtuous examples are very rarely seen in the world; but arises from a conviction, which silent reflection inspires, that goodness is superior to every other possession,

possession, and alone constitutes the true happiness of life. The greater variety, therefore, of virtuous actions are generally performed in the silence of Solitude, and in the obscurity of Retreat.

THE opportunity of doing public good, of performing actions of extensive utility or universal benevolence, is confined to a few characters. But how many private virtues are there which every man has it in his power to perform without quitting his chamber ! He who can contentedly employ himself at home, may continue there the whole year, and yet, in every day of that year, may contribute to the felicity of other men : he may listen to their complaints, relieve their distresses, render services to those about him, and extend his benevolence in various ways, without being seen by the world, or known by those on whom his favours are conferred.

VIRTUOUS actions are certainly more easily and more freely performed in Solitude than in the world. In Solitude no man blushes at the sight of Virtue, nor fears to make her the beloved companion of his thoughts, and the sacred motive of his actions : but in the world she drags on an obscure existence, and, every where neglected, seems afraid to shew her face. The world is a school of vice,
and

and its intercourse the most baneful species of education. Men possessed of the best inclinations are there surrounded by such a multitude of snares, and beset with such a variety of dangers, that error is daily unavoidable. Many men, who play high and conspicuous characters on the theatre of the world, are totally devoid of virtuous inclinations; others, with excellently good dispositions, are totally incapable of performing any thing great or praise-worthy. Before we engage in the hurrying business of the day, we are perhaps kind, impartial, candid, and virtuous; for then the current of our tempers has not been disturbed or contaminated; but it is impossible, even with the greatest vigilance, to continue through the day perfect masters of ourselves, oppressed as we are with incumbent cares and vexations, tortured by a variety of unavoidable distractions, and obliged to conform to a thousand disagreeable and disgusting circumstances. The folly therefore of mystic minds was in forgetting that their souls were subjected to a body, and aiming, in consequence of that error, at the highest point of speculative virtue. The nature of the human character cannot be changed by living in a hermitage; but the exercise of virtue is certainly easier in those situations where it is exposed to the least danger, and then it loses all its merit. God created many hermits too weak to
 save

have themselves when plunged into the abyss, because he rendered them strong enough not to fall into it.

I SHALL here subjoin an excellent observation by a celebrated Scotch Philosopher: “ It is the
 “ peculiar effect of virtue to make a man’s chief
 “ happiness arise from himself and his own conduct. A bad man is wholly the creature of the
 “ world: he hangs upon its favours; lives by its
 “ smiles; and is happy or miserable in proportion
 “ to his success. But to a virtuous man, success in
 “ worldly matters is but a secondary object. To
 “ discharge his own part with integrity and honour
 “ is his chief aim: having done properly what
 “ was incumbent on him to do, his mind is at rest,
 “ and he leaves the event to Providence. *His*
 “ *Witness is in heaven, and his record is on high.*
 “ Satisfied with the approbation of God, and the
 “ testimony of a good conscience, he enjoys himself, and despises the triumphs of guilt. In proportion as such manly principles rule your heart,
 “ you will become independent of the world,
 “ and will forbear complaining of its discouragements.”

THE first aim and only end of the Philosophy which may be found in this Treatise upon SOLITUDE, is to recommend this noble independence to the
 the

the attention of mankind. It is not my doctrine that men should reside in deserts, or sleep like owls in the hollow trunks of trees; but I am anxious to expel from their minds the excessive fear which they too frequently entertain of the opinion of the world. I would, as far as it is consistent with their respective stations in life, render them independent: I wish them to break through the fetters of prejudice, to imbibe a just contempt for the vices of society, and to seek occasionally a rational Solitude, where they may so far enlarge their sphere of thought and action, as to be able to say, at least during a few hours in every day, "*We are free.*" The true apostles of Solitude have said, "It is only by employing with propriety the hours of a happy leisure, that we acquire a sufficient degree of firmness to direct our thoughts and guide our actions to their proper objects. It is then only that we can quietly reflect on the transactions of life, upon the temptations to which we are most exposed, upon those weaker sides of the heart which we ought to guard with the most unceasing care, and previously arm ourselves against whatever is dangerous in our commerce with mankind. Perhaps, though virtue may appear, at first sight, to contract the bounds of enjoyment, you will find, upon reflection, that, in truth, it enlarges them: if it restrain the excess of some pleasures, it favours

" and

“ and increases others ; it precludes you from none
 “ but such as are fantastic and imaginary, or pernicious and destructive. The rich proprietary
 “ loves to amuse himself in a contemplation of his
 “ wealth, the voluptuary in his entertainments,
 “ the man of the world with his friends and his
 “ assemblies ; but the truly good man finds his
 “ pleasures in the scrupulous discharge of the august duties of life. He sees a new sun shining
 “ before him ; thinks himself surrounded by a
 “ more pure and lively splendour ; every object is
 “ embellished ; and he gaily pursues his career.
 “ He who penetrates into the secret causes of
 “ things, who reads in the respectable obscurity of
 “ a wise Solitude, will return us public thanks.
 “ We immediately acquit ourselves more perfectly in business ; we resist with greater ease
 “ the temptations of vice ; and we owe all these
 “ advantages to the pious recollection which
 “ Solitude inspires, to our separation from mankind, and to an *independence* of the world.”

LIBERTY, leisure, a quiet conscience, and a retirement from the world, are therefore the surest and most infallible means of acquiring a virtuous mind. The passions then need no longer be restrained, nor the fervor of the imagination damped ; the evils of public example lose their effect, and we

smile

smile at the dangers by which we were before so justly alarmed. Domestic life is then no longer, as in the gay world, a scene of languor and disgust, the field of battle to every base and brutal passion, the dwelling-place of envy, vexation, and ill-humour. Peace and happiness inhabit the bosoms of those who avoid the sources of impure delight, and shed their benign and exhilarating influence on all around. He who shuns the contaminated circles of vice, who flies from the insolent behaviour of proud stupidity, or prosperous villainy, who has discovered the vanity of worldly pursuits, and the emptiness of mundane pleasures, retires into private life with permanent content and joyful satisfaction.

THE pleasures of the world, when sacrificed in Solitude on the bright altar of untainted Virtue, lose their seeming splendour and their fancied charms.*

“ I WOULD

* The change of appearances which a fall from the bright throne of Virtue into the dark and dismal abyss of Vice occasions, is finely pictured by MILTON, in his description of the diminished lustre of SATAN.

“ ——— As when the Sun new risen
 “ Looks through the horizontal misty air
 “ Shorn of his beams ; or from behind the Moon
 “ In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds

“ On

“ I WOULD rather shed tears myself than make
 “ others shed them;” said a German lady to me
 one day, without appearing conscious that it was
 almost impossible to say or do any thing more ge-
 nerous. Virtue like this affords more real content

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to

“ On half the Nations, and with fear of change
 “ Perplexes Monarchs; darken’d so, yet shone
 “ Above them all th’ ARCH ANGEL; but his face
 “ Deep scars of thunder had intrench’d, and care
 “ Sat on his faded cheek.”

So also when SATAN says to ITHURIEL and ZEPHON,

“ Know ye not me? Ye knew me once no mate
 “ For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar:
 “ Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,
 “ The lowest of your throng; or if you know,
 “ Why ask ye?”

ZEPHON replies,

“ Think not, revolted spirit, thy shape the same;
 “ Or undiminish’d brightness to be known,
 “ As when thou stoodst in heaven upright and pure;
 “ That glory then, when thou no more wast GOOD,
 “ Departed from thee; and thou resemblest now
 “ Thy sin and place of doom, obscure and foul.”
 “ ————— abash’d the Devil stood,
 “ And felt how awful *Goodness* is; and saw
 “ *Virtue* in her shape how lovely: saw and pin’d
 “ His loss; but chiefly to find here obscur’d
 “ His lustre visibly impair’d —————”

So the Angel GABRIEL discerns him passing through the shade

“ In faded splendour wan —————”

to the heart than all the enjoyments of the world, which are only fought to consume the tedious irksome hours, and to drown the anxious cares which molest the bosoms of its votaries. Although Vice is continually casting her filken nets, and involving within her glittering lines such multitudes of every rank and station, there is not a villain in existence, whose mind does not silently acknowledge that Virtue is the corner-stone of the Temple of Felicity, as well in the habitations of the world as in the bowers of Solitude; and that to watch over every seductive desire, whether present or approaching, and to conquer vice by the pursuit of useful pleasure, is a victory of the noblest kind, followed by virtue, and rewarded with happiness. Happy is the man who carries with him into Solitude the peace of mind which such a victory procures, for he will then be able to preserve it in its genuine purity. Of what service would it be to leave the world, and seek the tranquillity of retirement, while misanthropy still lurks within the heart? It is the most important, and ought to be the first and last endeavour of our lives, to purify and tranquillize our bosoms; for when this task is once performed, the happiness of Solitude is then secured. But while any portion of the perturbed spirit of misanthropy fours our minds, and checks the benevolent effusions of our hearts, we cannot acquire, either on lofty mountains or in flowery plains,

plains, in dreary Solitude or in gay Society, that divine content so essential to true felicity. Our retreat from the world must not be prompted by a hatred and malevolence against mankind: we must learn to shun the society of the wicked, without relinquishing our wishes for their felicity.

AN essential part of the virtue we acquire in Solitude arises from an ability to appreciate things according to their real value, without paying any regard to the opinion of the multitude. When Rome, after the conquest of the Pirates, removed *Lucullus* from the head of the army, in order to give the command of it to *Pompey*, and resigned by this act the government of the Empire to the discretion of a single man, that artful citizen beat his breast, as a token of grief at being invested with the honour, and exclaimed, “ Alas !
 “ am I continually to be involved in endless trou-
 “ bles? How much happier should I have been
 “ had my name been unknown, or my merits
 “ concealed! Must I be eternally in the field of
 “ battle? Must my limbs never be relieved from
 “ this weight of armour? Shall I never escape
 “ from the envy that pursues me, and be able to
 “ retire with content and tranquillity to the en-
 “ joyment of rural Solitude, with my wife and
 “ children?” He spoke truth in the language of

diffimulation; for he had not yet learned really to esteem that which all men possessed of ambition and the lust of power despise; nor did he yet condemn that which, at this period of the Republic, every Roman who was eager to command esteemed more than all other things. But *Manlius Curius*, the noblest Roman of the age, really possessed the sentiments which *Pompey* expressed. Having vanquished several warlike nations, driven *Pyrrhus* out of Italy, and enjoyed three times the honour of a triumph, he retired to his cottage in the country, and there cultivated, with his own victorious hands, his little farm, where, when the Ambassadors from the Samnites arrived to offer him a large present of gold, he was found, seated in his chimney corner, dressing turnips. The noble recluse refused the present, and gave the ambassadors this answer: "A man
 " that can be satisfied with such a supper has no
 " need of gold; and I think it more glorious
 " to conquer the owners of it, than to possess it
 " myself."

THE perfect happiness which *Curius* enjoyed in dressing this humble meal, may be truly envied by the greatest Monarchs and most luxurious Princes. It is a melancholy truth, but too well known to Kings and Princes, that under many circumstances



Kirk del.

Ridley sculp.

Curius, refusing the Samnites' Gold.

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cumstances they are deprived of real friends; and this is the reason why they ask the advice of many, and confide in none. Every man of candour, reflection, and good sense, pities the condition of virtuous Sovereigns; for even the best of Sovereigns are not totally exempt from fears and jealousies. Their felicity never equals that of a laborious and contented husbandman; their pleasures are neither so pure nor so permanent, nor can they even experience the same tranquillity and unalloyed content. The provisions, indeed, of a peasant are coarse, but to his appetite they are delicious: his bread is hard, but he goes to it fatigued by the honest labours of the day, and sleeps sounder on his mat of straw than monarchs on their beds of down.*

* The restlessness which hangs around the thorny pillow of Royalty, and prevents the wearied eye of greatness from tasting that sweet and comfortable repose which relieves the unambitious toil of humble industry, is finely described by our immortal Poet SHAKESPEARE, in the Soliloquy of HENRY THE FOURTH.

“ How many thousands of my poorest subjects
 “ Are at this hour asleep!—O, Sleep, O, gentle Sleep!
 “ Nature’s soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 “ That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
 “ And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
 “ Why rather, Sleep, ly’st thou in smoky cribs,
 “ Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 “ And hush’d with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
 “ Than in the perfum’d chambers of *the great*,
 “ Under high canopies of costly state,
 “ And lull’d with sounds of sweetest melody?

“ O, thou dull God, why ly’st thou with *the vile*
“ In loathsome beds, and leav’st the *kingly* couch
“ A watch-case, or a common larum bell?
“ Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
“ Seal up the *ship-boy’s* eyes, and rock his brain
“ In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
“ And in the visitation of the winds,
“ Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
“ Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
“ With deaf’ning clamours in the slippery shrouds,
“ That, with the hurly, Death itself awakes?
“ Can’st thou, O, partial Sleep! give thy repose
“ To the wet *sea boy* in an hour so rude,
“ And in the calmest and the stillest night,
“ With all appliances and means to boot,
“ Deny it to a *king*! Then, happy, lowly *clown*,
“ Uneasy lies the head that wears a *crown*.”

HENRY IV. Part 2, Act 3, Scene 1.



CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

THE ADVANTAGES OF SOLITUDE IN EXILE.

THE advantages of Solitude are not confined to rank, to fortune, or to circumstances. Fragrant breezes, magnificent forests, richly tinted meadows, and that endless variety of beautiful objects which the birth of spring spreads over the face of nature, enchant not only Philosophers, Kings, and Heroes, but ravish the mind of the meanest spectator with exquisite delight. An English author has very justly observed, that “ it is not necessary that he who looks with pleasure on the colour of a flower, should study the principles of vegetation ; or that the *Ptolemaick* and *Copernican* systems should be compared, before the light of the Sun can gladden, or its warmth invigorate. Novelty in itself is a source of gratification ; and *Milton* justly observes, that to him who has been long pent up in cities, no rural object can be presented, which will not delight or refresh some of his senses.*”

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EXILES

* The lines of *Milton* upon this subject are so extremely beautiful, that we shall make no apology for transcribing them.
On *Satan's* entrance into Paradise,

“ EVE

EXILES themselves frequently experience the advantages and enjoyments of Solitude. Instead of the world from which they are banished, they form, in the tranquillity of retirement, a new world for themselves; forget the false joys and fictitious pleasures which they followed in the zenith of greatness, habituate their minds to others of a nobler kind, more worthy the attention of rational beings;* and, to pass their days with

“ ————— Eve separate he spies,
 “ Veil’d in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,
 “ Half spied, so thick the roses blushing round
 “ About her glowed —————”

“ Nearer he drew, and many a walk traversed
 “ Of stateliest covert, Cedar, Pine, or Palm;
 “ Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen,
 “ Among thick woven arborets and flowers,
 “ Imbordered on each bank —————”

“ Much he the place admir’d, the person more.
 “ As one who long in populous cities pent,
 “ Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
 “ Forth issuing on a summer’s morn to breathe
 “ Among the pleasant villages and farms
 “ Adjoined, from each thing met conceives delight,
 “ The smell of grain, or tedded grafs, or kine,
 “ Or dairy; each rural sight, each rural sound,
 “ If chance, with nymph-like step, fair virgin pass,
 “ What pleasing seem’d, for her now pleases more,
 “ She most, and in her looks seems all delight.”

PARADISE LOST, Book 9, line 438.

* CICERO says, “ *Multa præclare DIONYSIUS PHALEREUS*
 “ *in illo exilio scripsit; non in usum aliquem suum, quo erat orbatus;*
 “ *sed animi, cullus ille, erat ei quasi quidam humanitatis cibus.*”

tranquillity, invent a variety of innocent felicities, which are only thought of at a distance from society, far removed from all consolation, far from their country, their families, and their friends.

BUT *exiles*, if they wish to insure happiness in retirement, must, like other men, fix their minds upon some one object, and adopt the pursuit of it in such a way as to revive their buried hopes, or to excite the prospect of approaching pleasure.

MAURICE, Prince of Isenbourg, distinguished himself by his courage during a service of twenty years under *Ferdinand*, Duke of Brunswick, and Marshal *Broglio*, and in the war between the Russians and the Turks. Health and repose were sacrificed to the gratification of his ambition and love of glory. During his service in the Russian army, he fell under the displeasure of the Empress, and was sent into exile. The calamitous condition to which persons exiled by this government are reduced is well known; but this philosophic Prince contrived to render even a Russian banishment agreeable. While oppressed both in body and in mind, by the painful reflection which his situation at first created, and reduced by his anxieties to a mere skeleton, he accidentally met with the little Essay written by *Lord Bolingbroke* on the subject of Exile. He read it several times,

times, and “ in proportion to the number of times
“ I read,” said the Prince, in the preface to the elegant and nervous translation he made of this work,
“ I felt all my sorrows and disquietudes vanish.”

THIS Essay by *Lord Bolingbroke* upon Exile is a master-piece of stoic philosophy and fine writing. He there boldly examines all the adversities of life. “ Let us,” says he, “ set all our past and present afflictions at once before our eyes : let us resolve to overcome them, instead of flying from them, or wearing out the sense of them with long and ignominious patience. Instead of palliating remedies, let us use the incision knife and the caustic, search the wound to the bottom, and work an immediate and radical cure.”

PERPETUAL banishment, like uninterrupted Solitude, certainly strengthens the powers of the mind, and enables the sufferer to collect sufficient force to support his misfortunes. Solitude, indeed, becomes an easy situation to those exiles who are inclined to indulge the pleasing sympathies of the heart ; for they then experience pleasures that were before unknown, and from that moment forget those they tasted in the more flourishing and prosperous conditions of life.

BRUTUS,

BRUTUS, when he visited the banished *Marcellus* in his retreat at Mytilene, found him enjoying the highest felicities of which human nature is susceptible, and devoting his time, as before his banishment, to the study of every useful science. Deeply impressed by the example this unexpected scene afforded, he felt, on his return, that it was *Brutus* who was exiled, and not *Marcellus* whom he left behind. *Quintus Metellus Numidicus* had experienced the like fate a few years before. While the Roman people, under the guidance of *Marius*, were laying the foundation of that tyranny which *Cæsar* afterwards completed, *Metellus* singly, in the midst of an alarmed Senate, and surrounded by an enraged populace, refused to take the oath imposed by the pernicious laws of the tribune *Saturnius*; and his intrepid conduct was converted, by the voice of faction, into an high crime against the State; for which he was dragged from his senatorial seat by the licentious rabble, exposed to the indignity of a public impeachment, and sentenced to perpetual exile. The more virtuous citizens, however, took arms in his defence, and generously resolved rather to perish than behold their country unjustly deprived of so much merit: but this magnanimous Roman, whom no persuasion could induce to do wrong, declined to increase the confusion of the Commonwealth by encouraging resistance, conceiving

ceiving it a duty he owed to the laws, not to suffer any sedition to take place on his account. Contenting himself with protesting his innocence, and sincerely lamenting the public phrensy, he exclaimed, as *Plato* had done before during the distractions of the Athenian Commonwealth, “ If the times “ should mend, I shall recover my station; if not, “ it is a happiness to be absent from Rome;” and departed without regret into exile, fully convinced of its advantages to a mind incapable of finding repose except on foreign shores, and which at Rome must have been incessantly tortured by the hourly sight of a sickly State and an expiring Republic.

RUTILIUS also, feeling the same contempt for the sentiments and manners of the age, voluntarily withdrew himself from the corrupted metropolis of the Republic. Asia had been defended by his integrity and courage against the ruinous and oppressive extortion of the publicans. These noble and spirited exertions, which he was prompted to make not only from his high sense of justice, but in the honourable discharge of the particular duties of his office, drew on him the indignation of the Equestrian Order, and excited the animosity of the faction which supported the interests of *Marius*. They induced the vile and infamous *Apicius* to become the instrument of his destruction. He was accused of corruption! and, as the authors and abettors

tors of this false accusation sat as judges on his trial, *Rutilius*, the most innocent and virtuous citizen of the Republic, was of course condemned; for, indeed, he scarcely condescended to defend the cause. Seeking an asylum in the East, this truly respectable Roman, whose merits were not only overlooked, but traduced, by his ungrateful country, was every where received with profound veneration and unqualified applause. He had, however, before the term of his exile expired, an opportunity of exhibiting the just contempt he felt for the treatment he had received; for when *Sylla* earnestly solicited him to return to Rome, he not only refused to comply with his request, but removed his residence to a greater distance from his infatuated country.

CICERO, however, who possessed in an eminent degree all the resources and sentiments which are necessary to render Solitude pleasant and advantageous, is a memorable exception to these instances of happy and contented exiles. This eloquent patriot, who had been publicly proclaimed "*The Saviour of his Country*," who had pursued his measures with undaunted perseverance, in defiance of the open menaces of a desperate faction, and the concealed dangers of hired assassins, sunk into dejection and dismay under a sentence of exile. The strength of his constitution had long been impaired
by

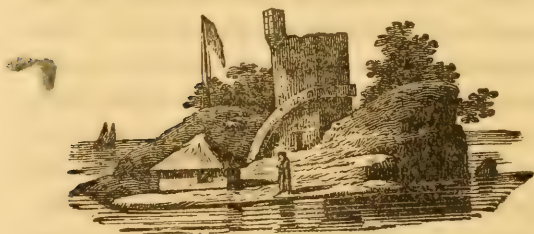
by his incessant anxiety and fatigue; and the terrors of banishment so oppressed his mind, that he lost all his powers, and became, from the deep melancholy into which it plunged him, totally incapable of adopting just sentiments, or pursuing spirited measures. By this weak and unmanly conduct he disgraced an event by which Providence intended to render his glory complete. Undetermined where to go, or what to do, he lamented, with effeminate sighs and childish tears, that he could now no longer enjoy the luxuries of his fortune, the splendor of his rank, or the charms of his popularity. Weeping over the ruins of his magnificent mansion, which *Clodius* levelled with the ground, and groaning for the absence of his wife *Terentia*, whom he soon afterwards repudiated, he suffered the deepest melancholy to seize upon his mind; became a prey to the most inveterate grief; complained with bitter anguish of wants, which, if supplied, would have afforded him no enjoyment; and acted, in short, so ridiculously, that both his friends and his enemies concluded that adversity had deranged his mind. *Cæsar* beheld with secret and malignant pleasure the man who had refused to act as his Lieutenant suffering under the scourge of *Clodius*. *Pompey* hoped that all sense of *his* ingratitude would be effaced by the contempt and derision to which a benefactor, whom he had shamefully abandoned, thus meanly exposed

exposed his character. *Atticus* himself, whose mind was bent on magnificence and money, and who, by his temporizing talents, endeavoured to preserve the friendship of all parties without enlisting in any, blushed for the unmanly conduct of *Cicero*, and, in the censorial style of *Cato*, instead of his own plausible dialect, severely reproached him for continuing so meanly attached to his former fortunes. Solitude had no influence over a mind so weak and depressed as to turn the worst side of every object to its view. He died, however, with greater heroism than he lived. "Approach, 'old soldier!'" cried he, from his litter, to *Pompilius Lænas*, his former client and present murderer, "and, if you have the
" courage, take my life."

"THESE instances," says *Lord Bolingbroke*,
" shew, that as a change of place, simply con-
" sidered, can render no man unhappy, so the
" other evils which are objected to exile, either
" cannot happen to wise and virtuous men, or, if
" they do happen to them, cannot render them
" miserable. Stones are hard, and cakes of ice are
" cold, and all who feel them feel alike; but the
" good or the bad events which fortune brings
" upon us, are felt according to the qualities that
" we, not they, possess. They are in themselves in-
" different and common accidents, and they acquire
" strength

“ strength by nothing but our vice or our weakness. Fortune can dispense neither felicity nor infelicity, unless we co-operate with her. Few men who are unhappy under the loss of an estate would be happy in the possession of it ; and those who deserve to enjoy the advantages which *exile* takes away, will not be unhappy when they are deprived of them.”

AN *exile*, however, cannot hope to see his days glide quietly away in rural delights and philosophic repose, except he has conscientiously discharged those duties which he owed to the world, and given that example of rectitude to future ages, which every character exhibits who is as great after his fall as he was at the most brilliant period of his prosperity.



CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

THE ADVANTAGES OF SOLITUDE IN OLD AGE ;

AND ON

THE BED OF DEATH.

THE decline of life, and particularly the condition of *old age*, derive from Solitude the purest sources of uninterrupted enjoyment. Old age, when considered as a period of comparative quietude and repose, as a serious and contemplative interval between a transitory existence and an approaching immortality, is, perhaps, the most agreeable condition of human life : a condition to which Solitude affords a secure harbour against those shattering tempests to which the frail bark of man is continually exposed in a short, but dangerous, voyage of the world ; a harbour from whence he may securely view the rocks and quicksands which threatened his destruction, and which he has so happily escaped.

MEN are by nature disposed to investigate the various properties of distant objects before they think of contemplating their own characters ; like modern travellers, who visit foreign countries before

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they

they are acquainted with their own. But prudence will exhort the young, and experience teach the aged, to conduct themselves on very different principles; and both the one and the other will find that *Solitude and self-examination* are the beginning and the end of true wisdom.

O! lost to Virtue, lost to manly thought,
 Lost to the noble sallies of the soul!
 Who think it Solitude to be alone.
 Communion sweet! communion large and high!
 Our Reason, guardian angel, and our God,
 Then nearest these when others most remote;
 And *all*, ere long, shall be remote but these.

THE levity of youth, by this *communion large and high*, will be repressed, and the depression which sometimes accompanies old age entirely removed. An unceasing succession of gay hopes, fond desires, ardent wishes, high delights, and unfounded fancies, form the character of our early years; but those which follow are marked with melancholy and increasing sorrows. A mind, however, that is invigorated by observation and experience, remains dauntless and unmoved amidst both the prosperities and adversities of life. He who is no longer forced to exert his powers, and who, at an early period of his life, has well studied the manners of men, will complain very little of the ingratitude

ingratitude with which his favours and anxieties have been requited. All he asks is, that the world will let him alone; and having a thorough knowledge, not only of his own character, but of mankind, he is enabled to enjoy the comforts of repose.*

It is finely remarked by a celebrated German, that there are political as well as religious Carthians, and that both orders are sometimes composed of most excellent and pious characters. "It is,"

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says

* Worldly hopes expire in old age; and if he who has attained that period has not provided himself with another hope, a *man of years* and a *man of misery* mean the same thing. Therefore the same steps are to be taken, whether we would sweeten the remaining dregs of life, or provide a triumph for eternity. There is a noble absence from earth while we are yet on it. There is a noble intimacy with heaven while we are yet beneath it. And can it be hard for us to lay aside this world, since they that have fared best in it have only the fewest objections against it? The worldly wishes which an old man sends out are like *Noah's* doves; they cannot find whereon to light, and must return to his own heart again for rest. Out of pure decency to the dignity of human nature, of which the decays and imperfections should not be exposed, men in years should, by Retirement, fling a veil over them, and be, with respect to the world, at least a little *buried* before they are *interred*. An old man's too great familiarity with the public is an indignity to the *human* and a neglect of the *divine nature*. His fancying himself to be still properly one of this world, and on a common footing with the rest of mankind, is as if a man getting drunk in the morning, after a long nap, lifting his drowsy eyelids at sun-set, should take it for break of day.

Dr. Young's Letters.

says this admirable writer, “ in the deepest and
 “ most sequestered recesses of forests that we meet
 “ with the peaceful sage, the calm observer, the
 “ friend of truth, and the lover of his country,
 “ who renders himself beloved by his wisdom, re-
 “ vered for his knowledge, respected for his vera-
 “ city, and adored for his benevolence; whose
 “ confidence and friendship every one is anxious
 “ to gain; and who excites admiration by the elo-
 “ quence of his conversation, and esteem by the
 “ virtue of his actions, while he raises wonder by
 “ the obscurity of his name, and the mode of his
 “ existence. The giddy multitude solicit him to
 “ relinquish his solitude, and seat himself on the
 “ throne; but they perceive inscribed on his fore-
 “ head, beaming with sacred fire, “ *Odi profanum*
 “ *vulgus et arceo*; and, instead of being his sedu-
 “ cers, become his disciples.” But, alas! this ex-
 traordinary character, whom I saw some years ago
 in Weteravia, who inspired me with filial re-
 verence and affection, and whose animated coun-
 tenance announced the superior wisdom and happy
 tranquillity of his mind, is now no more. There
 did not perhaps at that time exist in any court a
 more profound statesman: he was intimately ac-
 quainted with all, and corresponded personally with
 some of the most celebrated Sovereigns of Europe.
 I never met with an observer who penetrated with
 such

such quick and accurate sagacity into the minds and characters of men, who formed such true opinions of the world, or criticised with such discerning accuracy the actions of those who were playing important parts on its various theatres. There never was a mind more free, more enlarged, more powerful, or more engaging; or an eye more lively and inquisitive. He was the man, of all others, in whose company I could have lived with the highest pleasure, and died with the greatest comfort. The rural habitation in which he lived was simple in its structure; and modest in its attire; the surrounding grounds and gardens laid out in the happy simplicity of nature; and his fare healthy and frugal. I never felt a charm more powerful than that which filled my bosom while I contemplated the happy Solitude of the venerable *Baron de Schautenbach* at *Weteravia*.

ROUSSEAU, feeling his end approach, also passed the few remaining years of an uneasy life in Solitude. It was during old age that he composed the best and greater part of his admirable works; but, although he employed his time with judicious activity, his feelings had been too deeply wounded by the persecutions of the world, to enable him to find complete tranquillity in the bowers of retirement. Unhappily he continued ignorant of the danger of his situation, until the vexations of his

mind, the disorders of his body, and his unpardonable neglect of health, had rendered his recovery impossible. It was not until he had been many years tormented by physicians, and racked by a painful malady, that he took up his pen ; and his years increased only to increase the visible effect of his mental and corporeal afflictions, which at length became so acute, that he frequently raved wildly, or fainted away under the excess of his pains.

IT is observed by one of our refined critics, that “ all *Rousseau* wrote during his old age “ is the effect of madness.” “ Yes,” replied his fair friend, with greater truth, “ but he “ raved so pleasantly, that we are delighted to “ run mad with him.”

THE mind becomes more disposed to seek its “ *Guardian Angel and its God*,” the nearer it approaches the confines of mortality. When the ardent fire of youth is extinguished, and the meridian heat of life’s short day subsides into the soft tranquillity and refreshing quietude of its evening, we feel the important necessity of devoting some few hours to pious meditation before we close our eyes in endless night ; and the very idea of being able to possess this interval of holy leisure, and to hold this sacred communion with God, recreates
the

the mind, like the approach of spring after a dull, a dreary, and a distressing winter.

PETRARCH scarcely perceived the approaches of old age. By constant activity he contrived to render retirement always happy, and year after year rolled unperceived away in pleasures and tranquillity. Seated in a verdant arbour in the vicinity of a Carthusian Monastery, about three miles from Milan, he wrote to his friend *Settimo* with a simplicity of heart unknown in modern times. “ Like a wearied traveller, I increase
 “ my pace in proportion as I approach the end of
 “ my journey. I pass my days and nights in reading and writing: these agreeable occupations alternately relieve each other, and are the only
 “ sources from whence I derive my pleasures. I
 “ lie awake and think, and divert my mind by
 “ every means in my power, and my ardour increases as new difficulties arise. Novelty incites,
 “ and obstacles sharpen, my resistance. The labours I endure are certain, for my hand is tired
 “ of holding my pen: but whether I shall reap the
 “ harvest of my toils I cannot tell. I am anxious
 “ to transmit my name to posterity: but if I am
 “ disappointed in this wish, I am satisfied the age
 “ in which I live, or at least my friends, will know
 “ me, and this shall satisfy me. My health
 “ is so good, my constitution so robust, and my

“temperament so warm, that neither the advance
 “of years, nor the most serious occupation, have
 “power to conquer the rebellious enemy by
 “which I am incessantly attacked. I should cer-
 “tainly become its victim, as I have frequently
 “been, if Providence did not protect me. On
 “the approach of spring, I take up arms against
 “the flesh, and am even at this moment strug-
 “gling for my liberty against this dangerous
 “enemy.”

A RURAL retreat, however lonely or obscure,
 contributes to increase the fame of those great and
 noble characters who relinquish the world at an
 advanced period of their lives, and pass the remain-
 der of their days in rational solitude: their lustre
 beams from their retirement with brighter rays
 than those which shone around them in their
 earliest days, and on the theatre of their glory.
 “It is in solitude, in exile, and on the bed of
 “death,” says *Pope*, “that the noblest charac-
 “ters of antiquity shone with the greatest splen-
 “dor; it was then they performed the greatest
 “services; for it was during those periods that
 “they became useful examples to the rest of
 “mankind.” And *Rousseau* appears to have en-
 tertained the same opinion. “It is noble,” says
 he, “to exhibit to the eyes of men an example
 “of the life they ought to lead. The man who,
 “when

“ when age or ill health has deprived him of activity, dares to reſound from his retreat the voice of truth, and to announce to mankind the folly of thoſe opinions which render them miſerable, is a public benefactor. I ſhould be of much leſs uſe to my countrymen, were I to live among them, than I can poſſibly be in my retreat. Of what importance can it be, whether I live in one place or another, provided I diſcharge my duties properly ?”

A CERTAIN young lady of Germany, however, was of opinion that *Rouſſeau* was not entitled to praiſe. She maintained that he was a dangerous corrupter of the youthful mind, and that he had very improperly diſcharged his duties, by diſcovering in his *Confessions* the moral defects and vicious inclinations of his heart. “ Such a work written by a man of virtue,” ſaid ſhe, “ would render him an object of abhorrence: but *Rouſſeau*, whoſe writings are calculated to captivate the wicked, proves, by his ſtory of the *Ruban volé*, that he poſſeſſes a heart of the blackeſt dye. It is evident, from many paſſages in that publication, that it was vanity alone which guided his pen; and from many others, that he felt himſelf conſcious he was diſcloſing falſehoods. There is nothing, in ſhort, throughout the work, that bears the ſtamp of truth; and all it informs us of is,

“ that

“ that *Madame de Warens* was the original
 “ from which he drew the character of *Julia*.
 “ These unjustly celebrated *Confessions* contain,
 “ generally speaking, a great many fine words,
 “ and but very few good thoughts. If, instead of
 “ rejecting every opportunity of advancing him-
 “ self in life, he had engaged in some industrious
 “ profession, he might have been more useful to
 “ the world than he has been by the publication
 “ of his dangerous writings.”

THIS incomparable criticism upon *Rousseau* merits preservation; for, in my opinion, it is the only one of its kind. The *Confessions* of *Rousseau* are a work certainly not proper for the eye of youth; but to me it appears one of the most remarkable philosophic publications that the present age has produced. The fine style and enchanting colours in which it is written are its least merits. The most distant posterity will read it with rapture, without enquiring what age the venerable author had attained when he gave to the world this last proof of his sincerity.

AGE, however advanced, is capable of enjoying real pleasure. A virtuous old man passes his days with serene gaiety, and receives, in the happiness he feels from the benedictions of all around him, a rich reward for the rectitude and integrity of his

his past life; for the mind reviews with joyful satisfaction its honourable and self-approving transactions: nor does the near prospect of the tomb give fearful emotion to his undismayed and steady soul.

THE Empress *Maria Theresa* has caused her own mausoleum to be erected, and frequently, accompanied by her family, visits, with serenity and composure, a monumental depository, the idea of which conveys such painful apprehension to almost every mind. Pointing it out to the observation of her children, “Ought we to be “proud or arrogant,” says she; “when we here “behold the tomb in which, after a few years, “the poor remains of Royalty must quietly repose?”

THERE are few men capable of thinking with so much sublimity. Every one, however, is capable of retiring, at least occasionally, from the corruptions of the world; and if, during this calm retreat, they shall happily learn to estimate their past days with propriety, and to live the remainder in private virtue and public utility, the *tomb* will lose its menacing aspect, and *death* appear like the calm evening of a fine and well-spent day.

THE

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The man how blest who, sick of gaudy scenes,
Is led by choice to take his favourite walk
Beneath Death's gloomy, silent, cypress shades,
Unpierc'd by Vanity's fantastic ray;
To read his monuments, to weigh his dust,
Visit his vaults, and dwell among the *Tombs!*
Forth from the *Tomb*, as from an humble shrine,
Truth, radiant Goddess! sallies on the soul,
And puts Delusion's dusky train to flight;
Dispels the mists our sultry passions raise,
From objects low, terrestrial, and obscure,
And shews the real estimate of things.*

A RELIGIOUS disposition frequently mixes itself in retirement with the innocent and moral enjoyments of the heart, and promotes, by reciprocal effects, the highest pleasures of Solitude. A simple, virtuous, and tranquil life, prepares and prompts

* *Charles the Fifth* resolved to celebrate his own obsequies before his death. He ordered his tomb to be erected in the chapel of the Monastery. His domestics marched thither in funeral procession with black tapers in their hands. He himself followed in his shroud. He was laid in his coffin with much solemnity. The service of the dead was chaunted, and *Charles* joined in the prayers which were offered up for the rest of his soul, mingling his tears with those which his attendants shed, as if they had been celebrating a real funeral. The ceremony closed with sprinkling holy water on the coffin in the usual form, and all the assistants retiring, the doors of the chapel were shut. Then *Charles* rose out of the coffin, and withdrew to his apartment, full of those awful sentiments which such a singular solemnity was calculated to inspire.

prompts the mind to raise itself towards its God; the contemplation of the Divine Nature fills the heart with religious devotion; and the sublime effect of Religion is tranquillity. When the mind is once touched with the true precepts of our holy Religion, the vanities of the world lose their charms, and the bosom feels the miseries and torments of humanity with diminished anguish. All around is calm and quiet. The tumultuous din of society appears like thunder rolling at a distance: and the pious recluse joyfully exclaims, in the words of the Poet,

“ Blest be that hand divine, which gently laid
“ My heart at rest beneath this humble shed.
“ The world’s a stately bark on dang’rous seas,
“ With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril :
“ Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
“ I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
“ As that of seas remote or dying storms ;
“ And meditate on scenes more silent still ;
“ Pursue my theme, and fight the fear of Death.
“ Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
“ Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
“ Eager Ambition’s fiery chace I see ;
“ I see the circling hunt of noisy men
“ Burst Law’s inclosure, leap the mounds of right,
“ Pursuing and pursu’d, each other’s prey,
“ As wolves for rapine ; as the fox for wiles ;
“ Till Death, that mighty hunter, earths them all.”

WHEN

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WHEN *Addison* perceived that he was given over by his physicians, and felt his end approaching, he sent for *Lord Warwick*, a young man of very irregular life and loose opinions, whom he had diligently, but vainly, endeavoured to reclaim, but who by no means wanted respect for the person of his preceptor, and was sensible of the loss he was about to sustain. When he entered the chamber of his dying friend, *Addison*, who was extremely feeble, and whose life at that moment hung quivering on his lips, observed a profound silence. The youth, after a long and awful pause, at length said, in low and trembling accents, "Sir, you desired "to see me: signify your commands, and be assured I will execute them with religious fidelity." *Addison* took him by the hand, and with his expiring breath replied, "Observe with what tranquillity a Christian can die." Such is the consolation which springs from a due sense of the principles and a proper practice of the precepts of our holy Religion: such the high reward a life of simplicity and innocence bestows.

RELIGION's force divine is but display'd
In deep desertion of all human aid;
To succour in extremes is her delight,
And cheer the heart when terror strikes the fight.
We, disbelieving our own senses, gaze,
And wonder what a mortal's heart can raise,

To



Kirk del.

Ridley sculp.

Death of 'Addison'

Published by Vernor & Howard March 17th 1700.



To triumph at misfortunes, smile in grief,
 And comfort those who came to bring relief :
 We gaze ; and as we gaze, wealth, fame decay,
 And all the world's vain glories fade away.

HE who during the retirement of the day seriously studies, and during the silence of the night piously contemplates the august doctrines of the *Revelation*,* will be convinced of their power by experiencing their effect. He will review with composure his past errors in society, perceive with satisfaction his present comfort in Solitude, and
 aspire

* An author of great piety and good sense, after describing, in a letter on the Dignity of Man, the extraordinary benefits conferred by Revelation, bursts out into the following spirited apostrophe : “ O, blessed Revelation ! that opens such wonders ! O, “ dreadful Revelation ! if it open them in vain. And are there “ those with whom they go for nought ? Strange men ! in possession of a blessing, the bare hopes of which supported the spirits of the wise for four thousand years under all the calamities “ of life and terrors of death ; and know they not that it is “ in their hands ? or, knowing, cast it away as of no value ? A “ blessing, the very shadow of which made the body of the Patriarchal and Jewish Religion ! A blessing, after which the “ whole earth panted as the hart for the water brooks ! A blessing on which the heavenly host were sent to congratulate “ mankind ; and sing the glad tidings in their transported hearts ! “ A blessing which was more than an equivalent for Paradise lost ! And is this blessing declined, rejected, exploded, despised, ridiculed ? O, unhappy men ! The frailty of *man* is “ almost as incomprehensible as the mercies of God.”

aspire with hope to future happiness in heaven. He will think with the freedom of a philosopher, live with the piety of a Christian, and renounce with ease the poisonous pleasures of society, from a conviction that they weaken the energies of his mind, and prevent his heart from raising itself towards his God. Disgusted with the vanities and follies of public life, he will retire into privacy, and contemplate the importance of eternity. Even if he be still obliged occasionally to venture on the stormy sea of busy life, he will avoid with greater skill and prudence the rocks and sands by which he is surrounded, and steer with greater certainty and effect from the tempests which most threaten his destruction; rejoicing less at the pleasant course which a favourable wind and clear sky may afford him, than at his having happily eluded such a multitude of dangers.

THE hours consecrated to God in Solitude, are not only the most important, but, when we are habituated to this holy communion, the happiest of our lives. Every time we silently elevate our thoughts towards the great Author of our Being, we recur to a contemplation of ourselves; and being rendered sensible of our nearer approach, not only in idea, but in reality, to the seat of eternal felicity, we retire, without regret, from the noisy
multitude

multitude of the world. A philosophic view and complete knowledge of the nature of the species creep by degrees upon the mind; we scrutinize our characters with greater severity; feel with redoubled force the necessity of a reformation; and reflect with substantial effect on the glorious end for which we were created. Conscious that human actions are acceptable to the Almighty mind only in proportion as they are prompted by motives of the purest virtue, men ought benevolently to suppose that every good work springs from an untainted source, and is performed merely for the benefit of mankind; but human actions are exposed to the influence of a variety of secondary causes, and cannot always be the pure production of an unbiassed heart. Good works, however, from whatever motive they arise, always convey a certain satisfaction and complacency to the mind. But when the real merit of the performer is to be actually investigated, the inquiry must always be whether the mind was not actuated by sinister views, by the hope of gratifying a momentary passion, by the feelings of self-love, rather than by the sympathies of brotherly affection? And these subtle and important questions are certainly discussed with closer scrutiny, and the motives of the heart explored and developed with greater sincerity, during those hours when we are alone before God than in any other situation.

Safety dwells
 Remote from multitude. The World's a school
 Of wrong ; and what proficients swarm around !
 We must or imitate or disapprove ;
 Must list as their accomplices or foes.
That stains our innocence, *this* wounds our peace.
 From Nature's birth hence Wisdom has been smit
 With sweet recess, and languish'd for the shade,
 The sacred shade of *Solitude*, which inspires
 The awful presence of the Deity.
 Few are the faults we flatter when alone.
 Vice sinks in her allurements ; is ungilt ;
 And looks, like other objects, black by night.
 Night is fair Virtue's immemorial friend ;
 By night the Atheist half believes a GOD.

FIRM and untainted virtue, indeed, cannot be so easily and efficaciously acquired, as by practising the precepts of Christianity in the bowers of Solitude. Religion refines our moral sentiments, disengages the heart from every vain desire, renders it tranquil under misfortunes, humble in the presence of God, and steady in the society of men. A life passed in the practice of every virtue, affords us a rich reward for all the hours we have consecrated to its duties, and enables us in the silence of Solitude to raise our pure hands and chaste hearts in pious adoration to our Almighty Father.

How

How “low, flat, stale, and unprofitable, seem all the uses of this world,” when the mind, boldly soaring beyond this lower sphere, indulges the idea that the pleasures which result from a life of innocence and virtue may be faintly analagous to the felicities of Heaven! At least, I trust we may be permitted unoffendingly to conceive, according to our worldly apprehension, that a free and unbounded liberty of thought and action, a high admiration of the universal system of Nature, a participation of the Divine Essence, a perfect communion of friendship, and a pure interchange of love, may be a portion of the enjoyments we hope to experience in those regions of eternal peace and happiness where no impure or improper sentiment can taint the mind. But notions like these, although they agreeably flatter our imaginations,*

X 2

shed

* *Men* in general fondly hope to find in the next world all that is flattering to their tastes, inclinations, desires, and passions, in the present. I therefore entirely concur in opinion with *M. Garve*, a celebrated German philosopher, that those persons who hope that God will hereafter reward them with riches and honours, cannot possess true humility of heart. It was sentiments like these which occasioned an extremely beautiful young lady to wish she might be permitted to carry with her, when she died, a fine garment of silver tissue, richly zoned with feathers, and to walk in Heaven on carpets of rose leaves, spread upon the firmament. It was also from similar sentiments, that, in a full assembly of women of fashion, where the question was agitated, *Whether marriages were good to all eternity?* that they unanimously exclaimed, “*God forbid it!*”

shed at present but a glimmering light upon this awful subject, and must continue, like dread and visions of the mind, until the clouds and thick darkness which surround the tomb of mortality no longer obscure the bright glories of everlasting life; until the veil shall be rent asunder, and the *Eternal* shall reveal those things which no eye hath seen, no ear has heard, and which passeth all understanding. For I acknowledge, with awful reverence, and silent submission, that the knowledge of eternity is to the human intellect like that which the colour of crimson appeared to be in the mind of a blind man, who compared it to the *sound of a trumpet*.* I cannot, however, conceive, that a notion more comfortable can be entertained, than that eternity promises a constant and uninterrupted tranquillity; although I am perfectly conscious that it is impossible to form an adequate idea of the nature of that enjoyment which is produced by a happiness without end. An everlasting tranquillity is in my imagination the highest possible felicity, because I know of no felicity upon earth higher than that which a peaceful mind and contented heart afford.

SINCE, therefore, internal and external tranquillity is, upon earth, an incontestable commencement

* See *Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding*.

mencement of *beatitude*, it may be extremely useful to believe, that a rational and qualified seclusion from the tumults of the world may so highly rectify the faculties of the human soul, as to enable us to acquire in “blissful Solitude” the elements of that happiness we expect to enjoy in the world to come.

He is the happy man whose life e'en now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come,
Who, doom'd to an obscure but tranquil state,
Is pleas'd with it, and, were he free to choose,
Would make his fate his choice; whom peace, the
fruit

Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness; bespeak him one
Content, indeed, to sojourn while he must
Below the skies, but having there his home,
The world o'erlooks him in her busy search
Of objects more illustrious in her view;
And, occupy'd as earnestly as she,
Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.
She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not;
He seeks not hers, for he has prov'd them vain.
He cannot skim the ground like such rare birds
Pursuing gilded flies, and such he deems
Her honours, her emoluments, her joys.

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Therefore in Contemplation is his bliss,
Whose power is such, that whom she lifts from earth
She makes familiar with a Heav'n unseen,
And shows him glories yet to be reveal'd.

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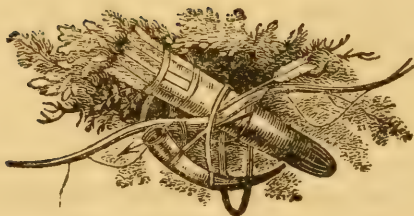
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